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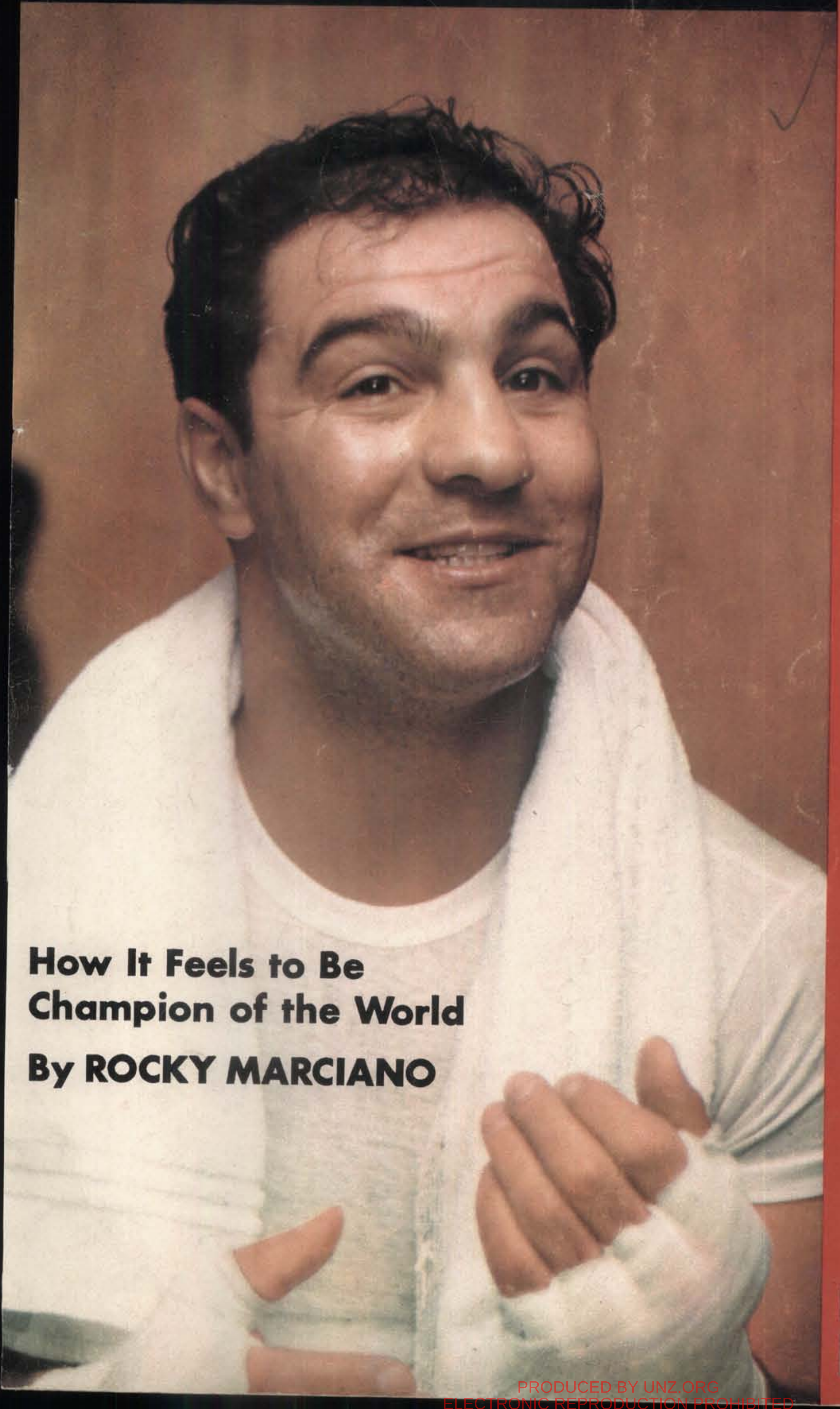
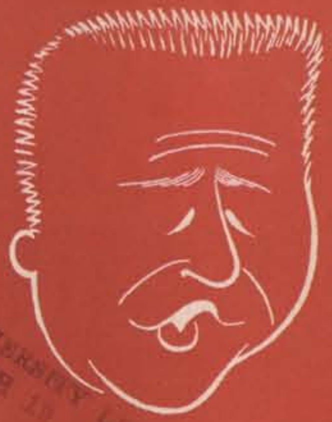
MAY 13, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS



How It Feels to Be Champion of the World

By ROCKY MARCIANO



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By GEORGE GOBEL

Child Guidance—And All Like That

•

SENATOR GEORGE

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SOCIAL SECURITY

- What's New
- Your Nest Egg

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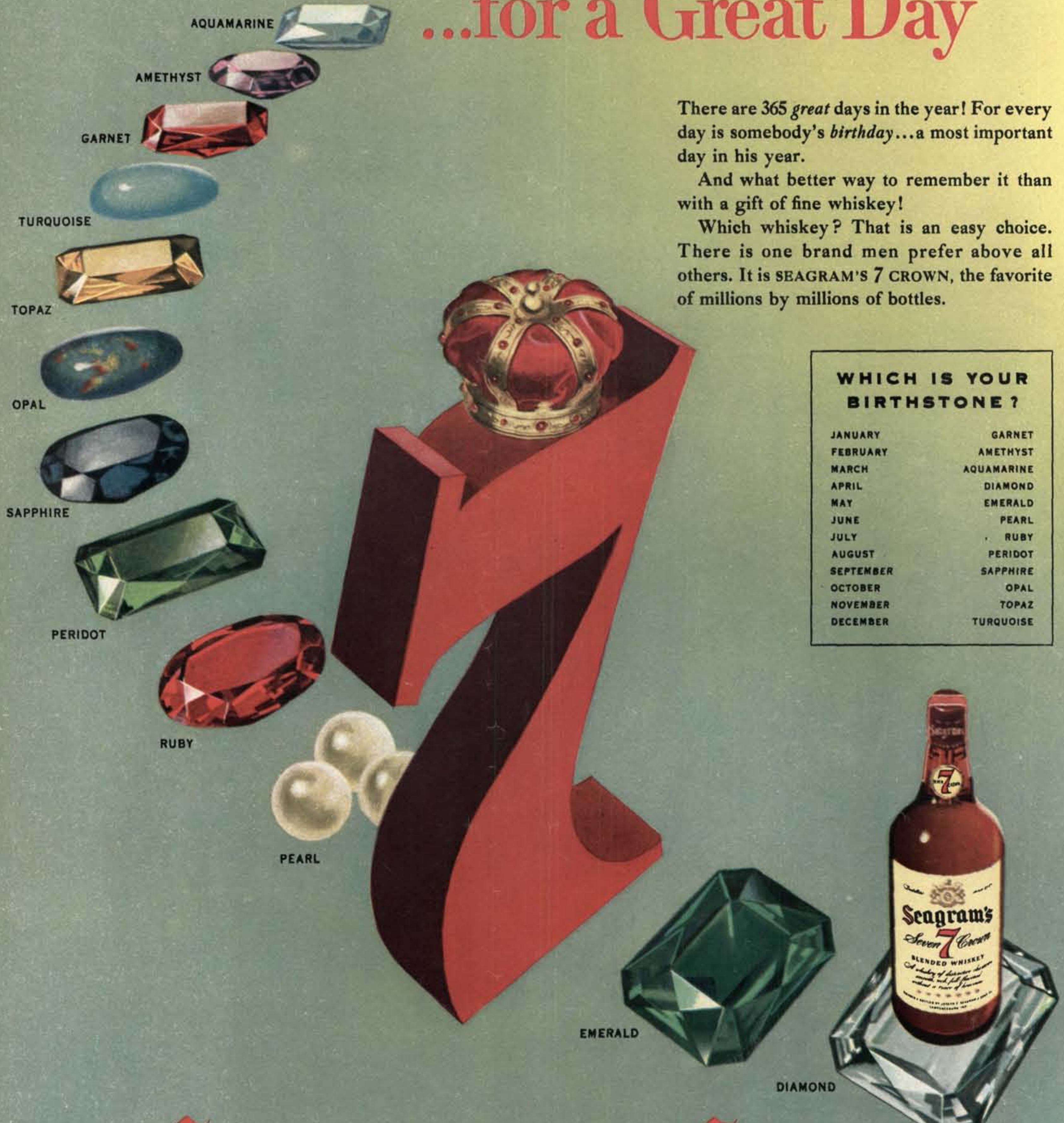
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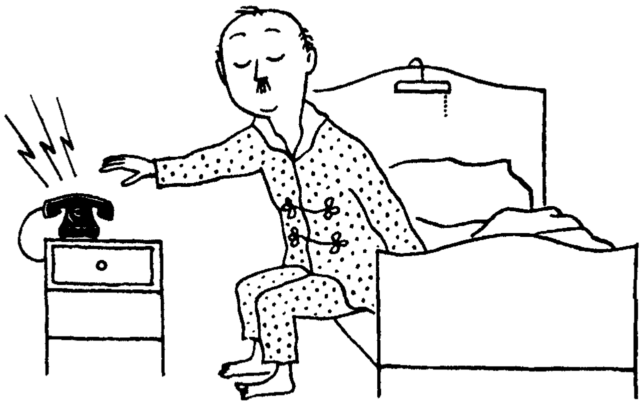
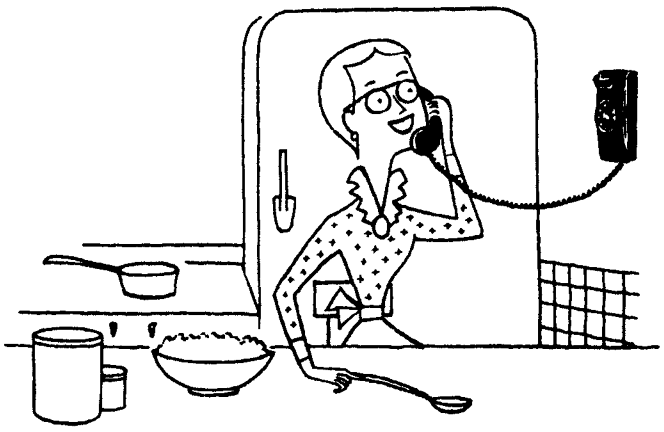
Telephone Diary

HOUSEWIFE TELLS HOW FAMILY'S TELEPHONES SAVE STEPS, TIME AND WORRY—DAY AND NIGHT



4 A.M. Jack's a sound sleeper but he woke up fast when he heard the news. "It's a boy!" he shouted. "Nearly eight pounds. Mary's fine." Then I talked and Jack talked. Bless that bedroom telephone!

8 A.M. to 11 A.M. Just couldn't wait to tell Betty and Peggy about the baby. Then I ordered Jack's favorite roast for dinner and was lucky to get a hairdresser appointment. A grandmother must keep young!



5 P.M. Wouldn't you know! The very night I have something special for dinner Jack gets held up at the office. But it wasn't too bad: He telephoned he'd be an hour late. It's wonderful to have a telephone in the kitchen.

10 P.M. Such excitement! First Jack Jr's baby. Then Alice tells us she's engaged. I wasn't too surprised because of all those telephone calls and dates. I'm so glad it's that nice Bob Johnson.

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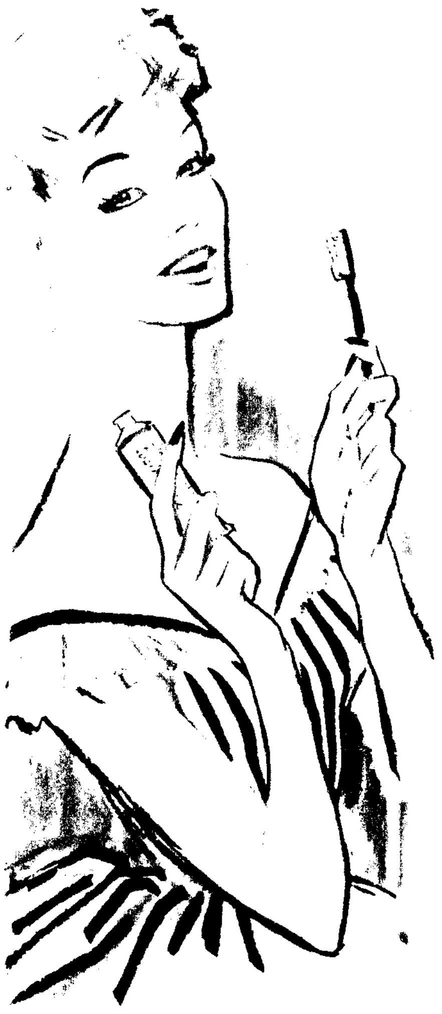

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for Your EYES

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Collier's

MAY 13, 1955

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ARTICLES

SOCIAL SECURITY . . . . Helen Hill Miller 28
SENATOR GEORGE—IKE'S FAVORITE DEMOCRAT. . . . . Robert J. Donovan 32
CRASHING PLANES ON PURPOSE . . . . *James J. Haggerty, Jr.* 36
BREATH OF LIFE. . . . . J. D. Ratcliff 38
FASHIONS FROM THE CASBAH 54
WARM-WEATHER SKIING. . . . . Howard Cohn 64
DO YOU KNOW CORN WHEN YOU SEE IT? . . . . Robert Froman 78
CHILD GUIDANCE—AND ALL LIKE THAT. . . . . George Gobel 90

SPECIAL

HOW IT FEELS TO BE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD
Rocky Marciano with W. C. Heinz 23

SHORT STORIES

STAR OF THE FAMILY (The Short Short Story) . . . . Arthur Myers 10
I'M A GHOST. . . . . William R. Scott 42
BASE RUNNERS NEED BRAINS . . . . Charles Einstein 58
CUSTOM OF DANGER . . . . Larry Finn 66
THE REFORMING OF PARLOR DAVIS . . . . Peerce Platt 74

SERIAL

THE DARKEST HOUR (Conclusion) . . . . William P. McGivern 82

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 16
LETTERS 18
OFFICE TYPES. . . . . Bob Schroeter 72
COLLIER'S COMMENT 94

THE COVER . . Garry Winogrand

Rocky Marciano talks. For the world champion's own story of what it feels like to be at the top of the heap, turn to page 23. The caricature of George Gobel, whose helpful (?) hints to parents begin on page 90, is the work of Al Hirschfeld. He also illustrates John O'Hara's regular column

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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"I saw few die of hunger... of eating, a hundred thousand."

Benj. Franklin

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK—1736

Benjamin Franklin's observation that he saw more people die from eating than from starvation is certainly pertinent today when so much overweight is due to overeating.

Are you one of the 25 million Americans who are forced to loosen the belt a notch or two . . . or who are having trouble making the hooks and eyes meet?

If so, the chances are better than 9 out of 10 that your extra pounds have accumulated because you are either eating more, or you have made no changes in your food habits as you have grown older or become less active.

When you store up weight, you are also likely to store up future troubles. These could include diabetes, gall bladder and kidney disorders, heart disease or high blood pressure . . . to mention a few.

In fact, studies show that the death rate from all causes is 22 percent higher for people who are from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for people of normal weight. Among people who are 25 percent overweight, mortality is, on the average, about 75 percent higher.

If you are overweight, why delay the obvious advantages of reducing? Before you start to reduce, however, there are some pitfalls you will want to know about and avoid.

First are the drastic dietary fads which usually limit you to a few foods, and second is the indiscriminate use of so-called "reducing pills." Only when overweight is accompanied by a serious disease . . . such as dangerously high blood pressure . . . may quick reducing be desirable.

The safe and sane diet is the one that reduces you *slowly* . . . two to three pounds per week . . . and that *permanently* keeps you at your best weight. In fact, throughout adult life it is a good rule to keep your weight at slightly below the level that is normal for your age and body build, or bone structure.

It is always wise to let your doctor decide what you should weigh and, equally important, let him plan your reducing diet. He will see to it that your meals are properly balanced, especially in protein, vitamin and mineral content.

Do not expect too much too soon when you start dieting. It took a long time to acquire those surplus pounds . . . and it will take time to lose them. If you want to keep check on your progress, weigh yourself weekly, rather than day to day. If you stick to your diet, your weekly weighings will eventually show how much you are losing in weight.

Once your weight is down, try to avoid any return to your old ways of overeating . . . and gaining. One of the best things you can do is to take this simple exercise daily . . . *push yourself away from the table before you are tempted by second helpings.*

Remember, *permanent* weight control usually brings a rich reward—*better health and added years in which to enjoy it.*

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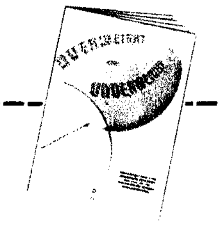

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IT IS one year, less one week, since I have been on safari in the Film Colony. They have, as usual, been having a little trouble with the Mew-Mews, or gossips, but the natives are in general happier than on my last expedition. Employment is at a higher rate, which means that the natives are spending more money on beads and brightly colored materials. Trading is brisk, and in the canteens there are more frequent calls for strong drink. I have noticed that marriages are on the incline and I have heard that there has been a revival of the tribal custom of polygamy, always an index in studying the prosperity of these fascinating folk.

Not to continue the safari analogy to the point where it bores me (and you), I have been in Los Angeles County for a now concluding visit of nine days' duration, and things are looking up. Steadfast readers will recall that when I was out here a year ago I communicated some of the alarm and simulated optimism that prevailed at that time. Now that state of mind seems to have undergone a change for the better. Picture People apparently have conquered their paralyzing fear of the television ogre, and at dinner parties and business luncheons I have heard no more about the electronic villain than I have about the Academy Awards, which is almost nothing. For their sake, and for my selfish own, I hope and trust that the current optimistic mood is more reliable than the pessimistic one of a year ago.

Almost the first thing I heard was that Things were happening at Miraculous Studio. (The name has been changed to protect the innocent, although I don't know who the innocent are.) The way I heard it, they were having all sorts of all-day and all-night conferences of the high brass at Miraculous. The bigwigs were being brought in from all over the world to meet and decide what to do about the head producing man. It seems the head producing man gets recurring pains in the back, sacroiliac or something, which necessitate his taking time off, and the bigwigs have been wondering, in secret sessions that everybody in the industry knows about, whether to replace him, or put in a temporary substitute, or what. That, of course, is a perfectly normal concern. If you were running a big business and the plant superintendent's hangnails took him away two or three times a month, you would begin to worry a little. The bigwigs are behaving in perfectly normal fashion. And that is precisely my point.

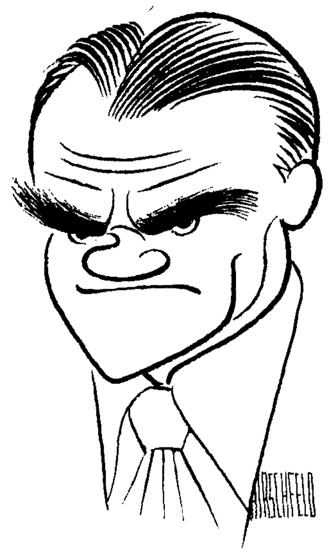
A year ago, the head producing man could have taken off enough time to have a new back put in and nobody would have been unduly bothered. They wouldn't have had meetings about him. But the fact that they are having meetings now is one of the best indications I can imagine that business is good and expected to be better. They want a producer in there who is producing all the time, and if he can't be in there, they want to hire somebody who can be.

A friend of mine who is an agent was one of the long-face men a year ago. He is a humorously sour man anyway, but last year he was awfully glad he had bought those annuities. His wife, also an agent, was working hard, but she too was comforted by those annuities and actually told me then that agenting was a waste of time in that 1954 market.

Well, I saw the agent couple at a dinner party the other night. She has a new car, a sports job of expensive make, and she and her husband are about to take off for a little vacation in Europe. They're so unworried that she has quit agenting and they have turned over the responsibilities of the office to their partner.

In the days immediately preceding the night of the 1954 Academy Awards I was told repeatedly that I was smart to visit Hollywood when I did, because I was going to see what would probably be the last of the Academy festivities. And I also heard a great deal of grumbling among picture people about the televising of the ceremonies. "We're stupid, we're really stupid," they would say. "The thing that's putting us out of business, the television, we let them televise the thing, and what are we doing? We're keeping people out of movie houses. We're dying, but we let them make money out of us. Boy, are we ever stupid?"

AL HIRSCHFELD



In Love Me or Leave Me, Jimmy Cagney is back better than ever

This week you hear no such talk. They are no longer afraid.

Now you would not be interested in a wordy report by me (or a wordy report by anyone else) on what has created the condition that has destroyed that fear. It would take me a year, and a very boring year, to make a study, and by the time I got around to writing my report, conditions would have changed and my report would be strictly for the archives. But my guess may be as good as yours, and my guess is that for the present a saturation point has been reached in the ownership of television sets. The people who are going to own television sets now own them (I am not saying the owners are not going to buy new ones to replace the sets they now own). It is my guess that all the people who can afford them, at present prices, have them. And when that saturation point was reached, television entertainment ceased to have any novelty value. Except for a few die-hards and the people who live in unreachable areas, the country has begun to take television for granted, in a way comparable to the acceptance of radio that was reached around—at a guess—1939.

Factor II, following close on the theories in the preceding paragraph: I don't think people have become addicted to television as they did to radio. Everybody, or practically everybody, I know watches some television, but nobody is the television fan he was two years ago, and nobody is or ever was the addict of television that I was of radio. I knew a Cabinet officer whose almost sole recreation was that half hour on Sunday evening with the Jack Benny radio program. I know a multimillionaire who would not go to a party or keep a business engagement if it meant missing Amos 'n' Andy; and, to reduce the level of listenership, I myself had so many favorite radio programs that not only is it a wonder I ever got any work done, it's a wonder I ever got any sleep, read anything, saw any plays, attended any movies. The only television programs that I really hate to miss are the Jackie Gleason Show and Mr. Peepers. There are others that I like, in varying degrees, but those two are my basic requirements. (My newsman is John K. M. McCaffery.)

I have been doing some thinking about why I believe the public atti-

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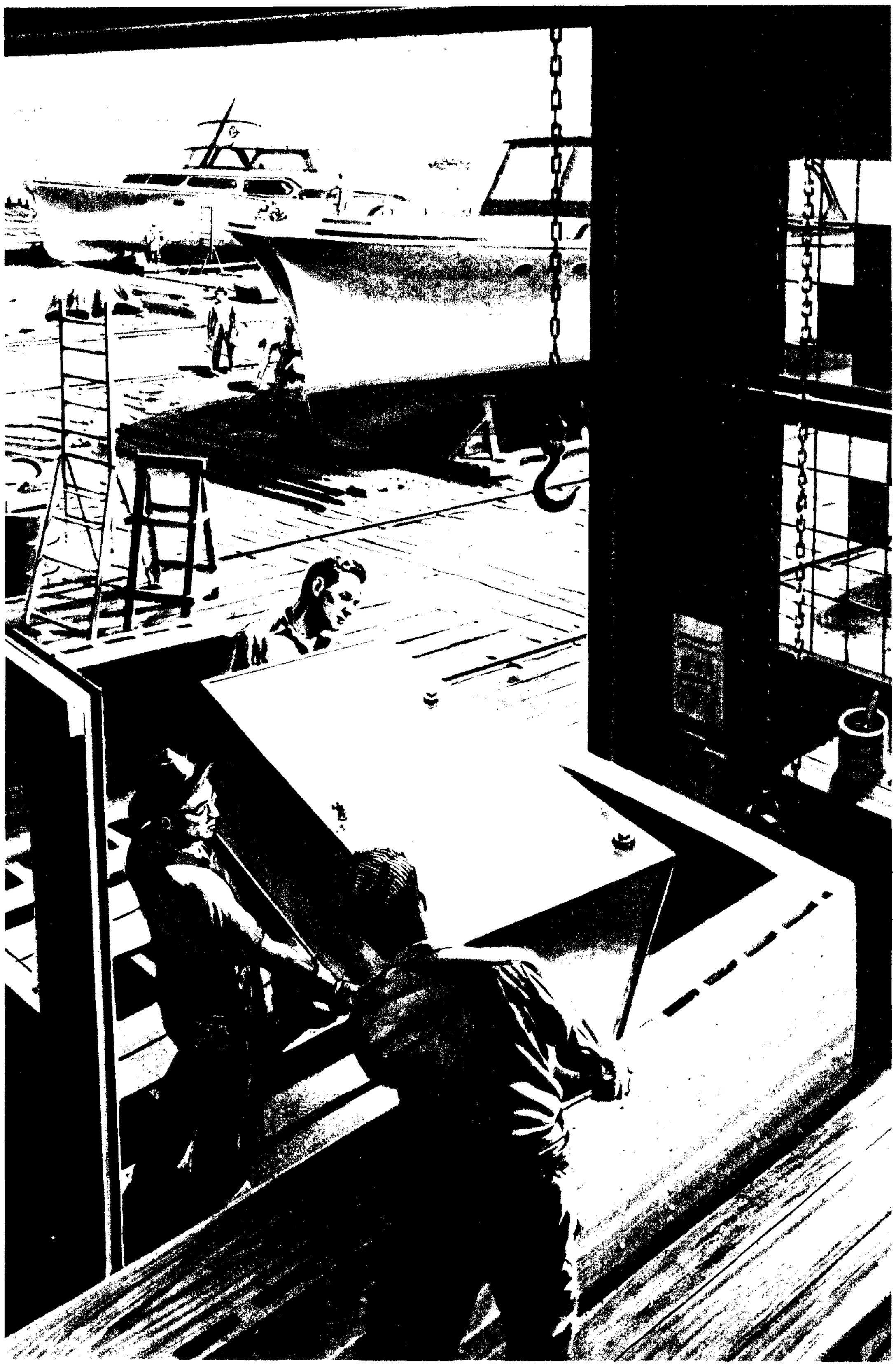

Building for the future, always build Inco Nickel into your plans. In power boats, for example, plan Inco-made Monel into gas tanks, water tanks, shafts. Fastenings, too. It's corrosion-resisting!

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So when you're building or buying a power boat, make sure you get well-made gas tanks that won't leak. Tanks of Monel, the long-lasting Inco Nickel Alloy!

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So if you're a power boat owner or hope to be one—if you're a boat builder or designer—plan Inco Nickel into your gas tanks. Your water tanks. Into your fastenings, your fittings. Into your shaft—where the extra toughness and ruggedness of this corrosion-resisting Inco Nickel Alloy can save you many a costly lay-up over the years.

To help you in your planning, write for a free copy of Cal Calahan's booklet, "When Metals Go To Sea." He's a seasoned old salt, Cal, and what he says about metals he's learned from years afloat. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 139d, New York 5, N. Y.

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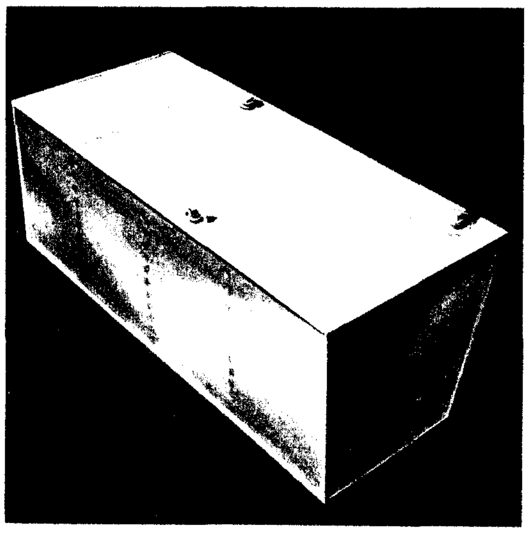

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tude toward television is what I believe it to be. The quick answer, of course, is the mediocrity of the programs. I read, especially in The New York Times, that one of the big troubles with television is the writing, and I'll certainly go along with that, but the fellow who writes about television for The Times has gone further and declared that the trouble is the lack of new, young writers. This is an interesting theory, because it leaves the inference that new, young writers are automatically going to be *good,* young writers, who will solve television's problems as soon as they are given the chance. Which, of course, is nonsense.

Writing, whether it's for television or radio or movies or vaudeville or magazines or book publishers, is not learned overnight or in a year. Or five years. Or ten years. There is nothing so special about television that is going to make good writers of people who happen to want to be writers and happen to be young.

What The Times man means, but what he never came close to saying, is that television needs new writing—good writing, whether it comes from the nineteen-year-old authoress of Bonjour Tristesse, or from Percy MacKaye, who is eighty years old. Writing is one occupation in which ability is not dependent on youth or beauty, and that may be the mildest statement I have ever written. While still on the subject I might remind the crusaders for youth that at one point the movie industry signed up about four thousand bright young men from Dartmouth who wanted to write and the only one I've heard of in recent years is Budd Schulberg. So much for writing and television.

This trip to Picture Business, unlike my 1954 trip, was at the invitation of one of the big companies. I might as well come out and say that the company is 20th Century-Fox. I have worked at 20th twice before in my fascinating past and it was on the Fox lot, as a matter of fact, that I wrote the one script that I take some pride in. The picture was called Moontide and starred Jean Gabin, Claude Rains, Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell, and was produced by Mark Hellinger. Even in recent years people have caught the picture at revival houses and have told me they liked it, although it was not a big financial success on first run. In any event, it was a good picture and I am back at the studio that made it. Since this is a candid and personal department, I will tell you how it happens I am once again writing a movie.

Twentieth Century-Fox is going to do a film more or less based on the song-writing team of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, the enormously successful threesome who wrote ASCAP only knows how many hits. The Birth of the Blues, Lucky Day, Just a Memory, It All Depends on You, Good News, The Varsity Drag, Just Imagine, Button Up Your Overcoat, Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries, Without Love, You're the Cream in My Coffee—and so on. I don't know what conversations took place before they decided on me, but since I wrote the libretto of a twice successful musical comedy on Broadway, someone obviously said, "Let's try O'Hara," and negotiations got under way.

This is what they do in a case like that: the producer gets in touch with a Hollywood agent, who in turn gets in touch with my New York play agent, who gets in touch with me, you may be sure. The producer and the agents talk money (I stay out of that; I could easily louse up the deal at that stage of negotiations). The money is agreed upon by producer and agent and, by remote control, me. I am accordingly signed to do what is known as a "treatment." A treatment is, roughly, a story plan, an unabbreviated synopsis.

I am given a certain length of time in which to write the treatment, and if what I have written is satisfactory or at least not hopeless, I am then signed to do the screenplay, and the screenplay is what they use in the film, like a play on the stage. Some writers write screenplays that include directions for every setup and movement of the camera, and I have seen screenplays that were as fat as the World Almanac. I also have seen what the director and the cameraman do to those directions, and to say that they ignore them is to speak with what is for me unaccustomed restraint. After I have finished the screenplay I take my million dollars and buy some provisions for next winter.

My own deal on this picture allows me to come out to the West Coast to discuss the treatment with the producer. I now return to the East Coast, where I live, and work on the treatment. Our discussions included not only conversations about the characters and story, but we also ran other musical films, wholly or in part, to avoid repetition and banality and, quite frankly, to look at the work of actors and actresses and various other talented people who might be useful to us. I may say I have no authority in the selection of performers or other contributors to the film, but I am encouraged to make suggestions and to criticize. All my life I have been in or near show business and I have a pretty good memory, so it isn't only politeness that causes the producer to hear me out. But as I said a few seconds ago, I have no authority, and that has its advantages, especially when you know as many people in show business as I do. I can't hire anybody, I can't fire anybody, so the actresses who speak to me now will be speaking to me six months from now.

In the unlikely event that you are worried about what effect my working for 20th Century-Fox will have on my judgments of the other companies' product, let me put your worries at rest. Right now I am full of delight because I have seen a relentlessly effective performance by a man who is not going to be in "my" picture, but is in a picture made by Metro, and a musical at that. I refer to my friend James Cagney's work in Love Me or Leave Me, the Ruth Etting story. And there's nothing wrong with Doris Day's performance either. But you Cagney fans, or we Cagney fans, can stop holding our breath. Our boy is back again and better than ever. ▲▲▲

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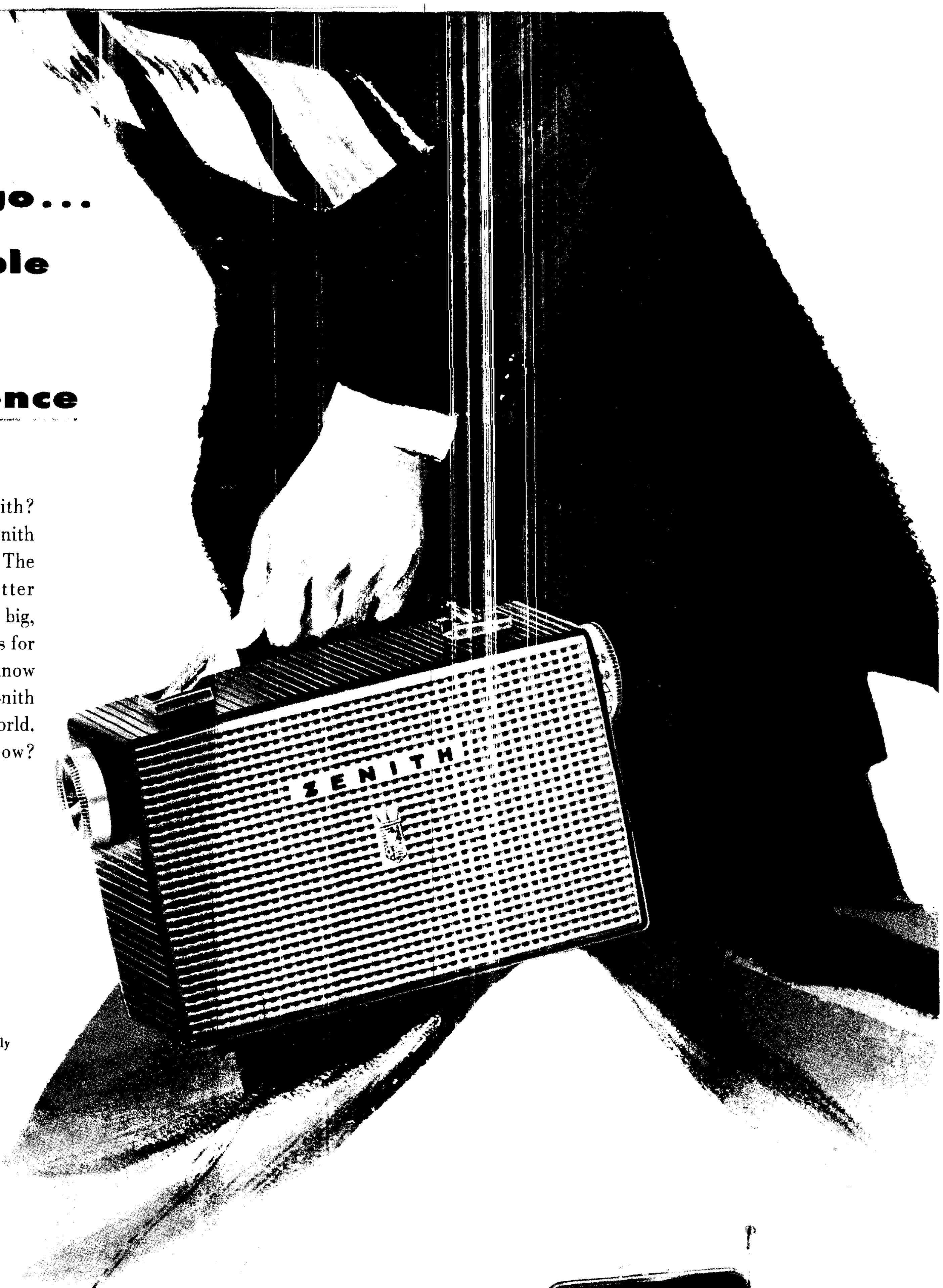

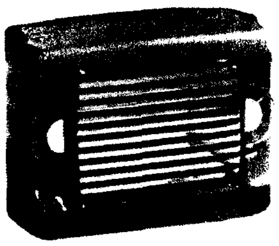

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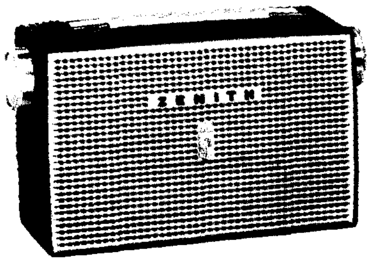

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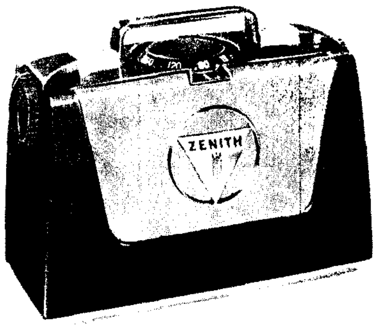

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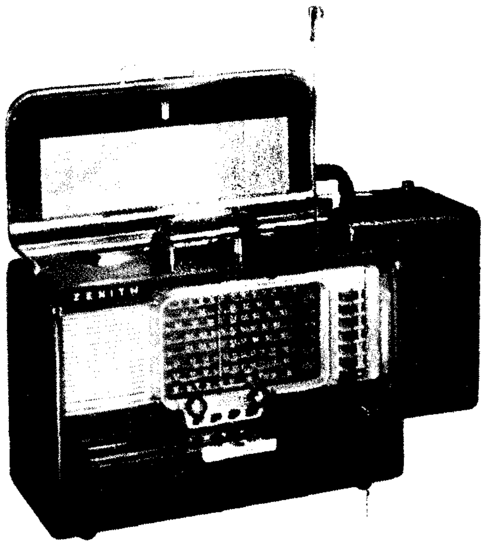

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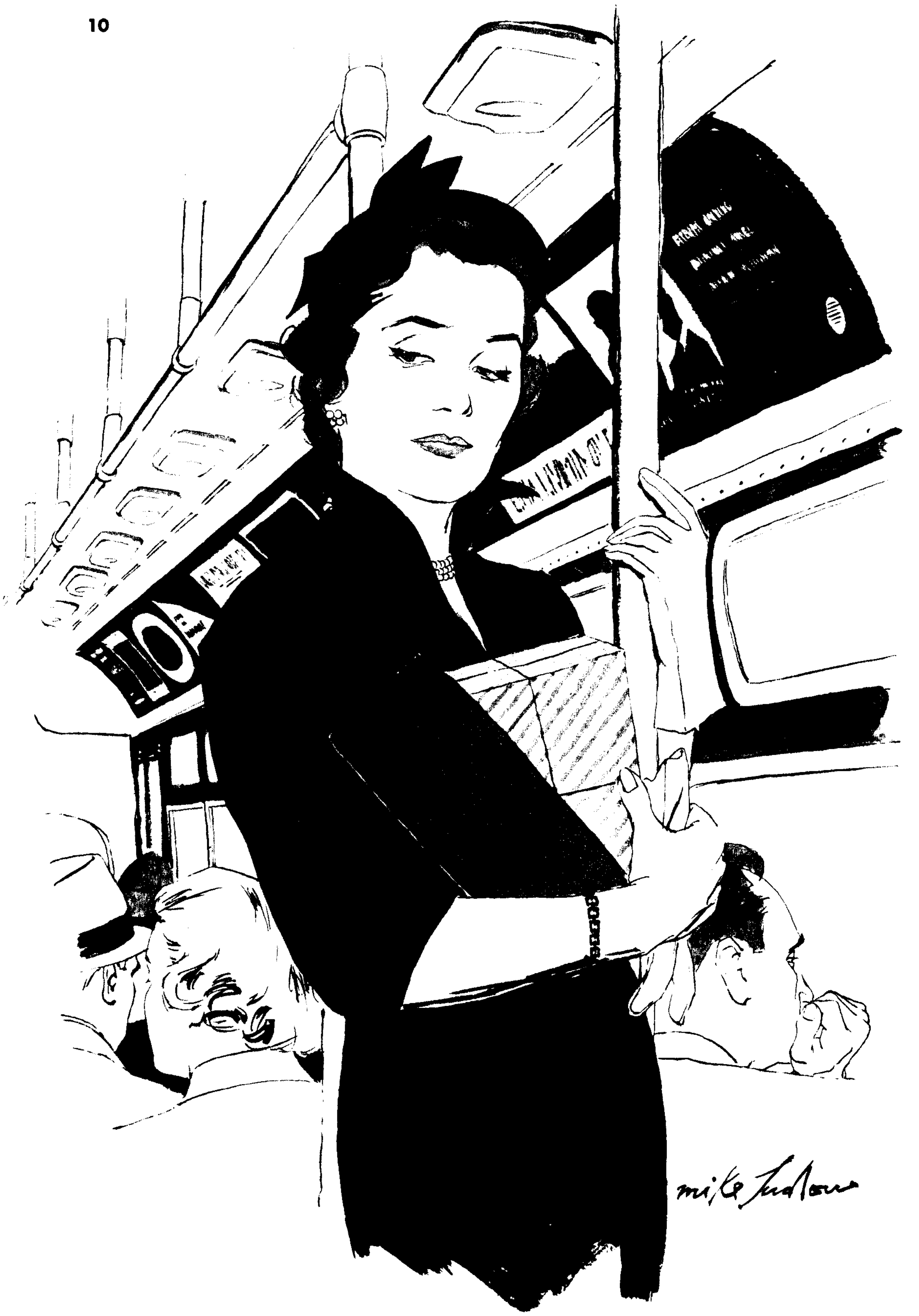

After her interview with the inquiring reporter, Martha felt a sudden overwhelming need to assert herself —to be a model or run for Congress

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Star of the Family

By ARTHUR MYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

THE crisis in Martha Stewart's life began, she decided as she looked back on it, the afternoon she was interviewed by that inquiring reporter. He was a pleasant young man who had accosted her as she emerged from the revolving door of the Downtown Department Store. He said, his pencil poised, "Madam, what do you think of the current French political crisis?"

It wasn't the question that bothered Martha. She had just finished reading about the current French political crisis over breakfast. It was after he had duly recorded her words that the trouble in Martha's psyche began.

"Your name and address?" he asked. She gave them to him. "And occupation?"

Martha frowned and hesitated for a long moment. Finally she murmured, "Housewife."

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, and was gone.

Martha waited a second, feeling let down, and then clutched her parcels tighter and made for the bus stop and home. She got her normal portion of shoves as she got onto the bus, but today, instead of shrinking graciously, she pushed back. She felt a sudden, overwhelming need to assert herself.

Housewife! she thought bitterly. When he said occupation, I should have said sales executive, or personnel director, or terrific sculptor, or gorgeous model who's thinking of running for Congress. That'd have made him take notice. She glanced at her reflection in the window opposite her and felt drab, workaday and utterly unaccomplished.

Why must she be the lame duck of the family? Jim, her husband, was so successful. Not that she didn't want him to be—she reveled in it—but he was so good at everything: a successful architect, a councilman in the suburb where they lived, a trustee of his college. Even in his hobbies he was outstanding. Their mantelpiece was full of trophies—figurines of golfers or bowlers or fishermen. It was enough to give anybody an inferiority complex.

And the kids! Greg, at fifteen, was already another edition of his father: president of his class, a top student and, although only a sophomore, possessor of a high-school varsity basketball letter. And Betty, at thirteen, was beginning to show suspicious symptoms too. She was on the junior-high council, was a Girl Scout patrol leader, and had of late been demonstrating a talent for painting.

Martha bit her lip in self-reproach. She should be proud to have such a wonderful family. And she was! But they made her feel so ordinary.

About four o'clock Betty came home. "Mother," she cried, "guess what?"

Martha felt a sinking sensation, which she tried to suppress. "What, dear?" she asked.

"You remember those sketches I drew down along the river?" Betty went on, her face shining. "Well, Miss Hadley showed them to somebody at the Playhouse and they're going to exhibit them!"

Martha felt the familiar struggle between pride and resentment. "That's wonderful, dear," she managed to say. It *was* quite a honor. The Playhouse was a professional stock company that often held lobby exhibits of local artists' work. Martha was startled that they would show Betty's sketches, even though she knew they were good. She hadn't known they were *that* good.

"They're giving me a plaque!" Betty exclaimed.

"A plaque?" Martha said blankly.

"Yes, they give all their artists plaques. I don't know what it's going to look like, but can I hang it over the mantelpiece, Mother?"

If you can find room with all the rest of the stuff there, Martha thought. She said: "Of course, we'll be honored. It's wonderful, dear!"

An hour later Greg came rushing into the kitchen, his varsity letter fairly glowing. "Hi, Mother," he shouted, and began to sniff ecstatically. "Pot roast!"

"You guessed it, Gregory, my boy," Martha said.

Greg raised his hand in protest. "Just a minute, Mrs. Stewart. Call me Sam—Sam Rayburn, that is. The Speaker of the House of Representatives."

"Oh," Martha said, confused.

Greg opened the refrigerator and speared one of Martha's lemon meringue tarts. "Here's the pitch, Mom. They're putting on an all-county high-school Congress next week. And guess who's going to be

[illegible] appreciates the best...

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Speaker of the House?" He gulped the tart in one bite and said, "I am."

"That's just grand, Greggie. I mean Sam."

"Picture in the paper, too," he said.

Martha smiled dutifully. She had had her picture in the paper once in her life, when she got married. Anybody could get married. "Swell," she said.

"Another thing," Greg said. "I get to keep the gavel. The one I call the House to order with. I get my name engraved on it."

"My, my."

"Think I'll put it up on the mantelpiece," Greg mused. "Okay?"

"It'll be a worthy addition," Martha replied. She thought: That mantelpiece is going to break down someday, and I'll be very tempted to let it lie. . . .

"Martha," said Jim Stewart at the dinner table that evening, "you put sugar in my coffee!"

"I did?" Martha said abstractedly. "How silly of me. Here, I'll give you another cup."

Jim's eyes were incredulous. "In sixteen years of married life I have never taken sugar in my coffee!" He smote his breast in mock consternation.

"I said I'd give you another!" Martha snapped. Immediately, she could have bitten her tongue. What was the matter with her? Contritely, she said, "One cuppa java comin' up, no sugar."

Jim smiled. "Thanks, honey," he said. He leaned back, expansive, relaxed. But there was a look in his eye. After sixteen years, Martha could tell.

"What's new since this morning?" she asked.

Jim cleared his throat. "Well, as a matter of fact, I have a little piece of news. You knew the state architects are meeting here this year?"

"Yes," Martha said hollowly.

"Well," Jim said, picking modestly at his napkin, "they've asked me to be toastmaster. And incidentally, I'm getting a framed certificate for that apartment house we put up over in Troy."

" 'Incidentally,' he says!" Greg exclaimed.

"That's wonderful, Dad," said Betty.

Jim glanced toward the living room. "Think I'll hang it over the mantelpiece."

MARTHA had no explanation for what she did then. She was not a hysterical woman—at least she never had been. But she rose from the table, cried, "Oh, nuts!" and fled from the room. She ran upstairs and threw herself on the bed weeping. After a moment she heard Jim come in and then felt his hand on her shoulder.

"What in the world's the matter, dear?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"Nothing! Nothing!" Martha wailed. "I guess I'm just tired."

"Now, honey," he said, "you're not the tired type. Tell me what's wrong."

She turned a teary face toward him and sat up. "All right," she said, "I'll tell you. It's that you're all so—so wonderful, and I'm nothing. You're all doing things, winning things, and all I am is—is a housewife."

"But you're a *terrific* housewife," Jim said.

"You don't win medals for that," Martha cried. "I'm nothing whatsoever!" She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, suddenly abashed. "I'm awful," she cried. "I'm an unnatural wife and mother!"

Jim gave her a thoughtful look. "You're nothing like that," he said. "You're just a natural human being."

Afterward, nothing was said about Martha's outburst. During the next week life went along as usual. Martha noticed a sort of suppressed excitement among the members of her family, but she attributed it to their new honors. Such an atmosphere was standard operating procedure in her household.

ONE evening, however, the agitation seemed closer to the surface than before. Greg and Betty were setting the table, and she noted they were doing it with one eye out the window, as though watching for something.

Then she heard the crunch of tires on the gravel driveway, and Jim came tramping into the vestibule. The kids hurried to greet him, and she could hear a whispered conference. "Okay, we'll do it now," she heard Jim say. "Right now."

Martha turned to see them come through the doorway, beaming collectively. Jim had a big carton in his arms. He set it on the kitchen table, gave her an extra-hearty hug and nodded toward the carton. "For you, honey! Open it."

Martha made appropriate surprised noises. She opened the carton and found another inside. Of course it would be something tiny, all wrapped up, she thought—that was traditional in matters of this sort. But when she opened the third carton and put her hand in among the wrapping paper, she felt something hard.

"Pull it out, Mom," Greg urged.

She pulled, and extracted an oddly shaped object, still wrapped. "What on earth could it be?" she said.

"Unwrap it!" Betty exclaimed.

So she did, and then stared in bewilderment. It was a loving cup.

"Read the inscription," Jim urged.

Blinking, she read: *To Martha Reynolds Stewart, Virtuoso of TLC, from her fans—James, Betty and Gregory.*

She felt the tears begin to form. "What—what's TLC?" she stammered.

"Tender loving care," Jim said. "But read the rest of it."

With blurred eyes, she read the smaller inscriptions below:

For laughing at all jokes, not only the funny ones

For never saying I told you so

For outstanding cuisine

For refusing to take up arms in either the battles of the sexes or the generations

For looking really interested when we talk about ourselves

For making a home for us

And then, in larger letters: *In short, For Outstanding Performance as Wife and Mother*

Martha had sat down now. She looked at the floor, not trusting herself to speak. Finally she said, "It's wonderful. Thank you."

"It's real gold plate," Greg said.

"Specially engraved," Betty added.

"Where do you want to put it?" Jim asked.

Martha glanced up. "The mantelpiece?"

Jim grinned. "Naturally. We'll put it right in the middle."

Martha sighed happily. Then she got up and hurried to the stove. "Holy smoke!" she exclaimed, "I almost let the potatoes scorch." She smiled at them. "I can't do a thing like that. After all, I'm a housewife!"

—ARTHUR MYERS

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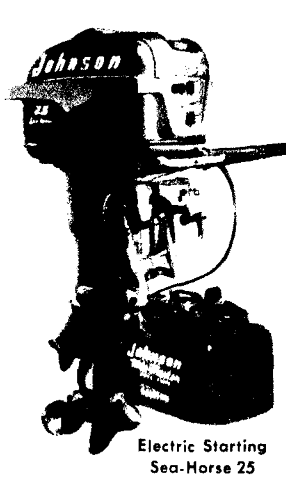

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's possible you'll find yourself driving through Amarillo, Texas, one of these beautiful days. Never can tell what's going to happen to you in times like these. So if you do, be particularly alert on Northwest Eighth Avenue. Mrs. R. Q. Harvey warns that you'll see a filling station with a rest room for dogs—complete with drinking fountain and shiny fireplug and a clump of bushes for demure little Fifi. There's also a large open umbrella in Rover's Rest in case it's raining.

* * *

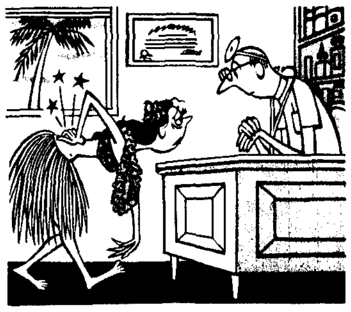
Coming-and-Going Intelligence: Mr. Henry C. Schroeder, Deputy Commissioner of Revenue, Lansing, Michigan, is privately a licensed undertaker. But as a public servant it is his job to collect delinquent taxes. Michiganders in great numbers are concocting ways and means of escaping Mr. Schroeder both sooner and later. (In our hand we hold a letter from Mr. Edward W. Moore, if you're one of those bothersome proof-demanders.)

* * *

This lately arrived Englishman with a Cornish accent was having some slight trouble making himself understood in a Palm Springs, California, shop. Prices seemed to bother him most. Mr. Linus Foster stepped in to interpret. "Where are you from?" the grateful Cornishman asked. "Brooklyn, New York," said Mr. Foster frankly. "My word," exclaimed the Cornishman, or words to that Cornish effect. "Brooklyn? Extraordinary. I seem to understand you perfectly."

* * *

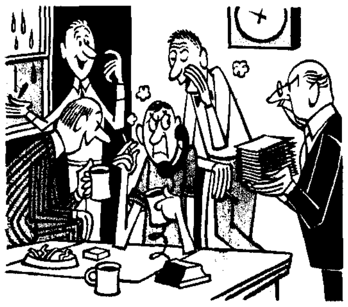
Admittance of Hawaii to the Union may be held up by a strike of hula dancers. Always something. Such electrifying news comes to this ever-dependable broadcaster of advance information from a friend of ours in a town in Maui, known as Kauokauokakaou for short. He reports that the life of a hula dancer is far from being all leer and shuffles. She never knows when she may be routed out of bed at sunrise to slither for the entertainment of an arriving VIP, only to begin writhing anew for a junket of congressmen in midmorning, and do it again at a businessmen's luncheon. Then she is liable to be called on to bump and grind for a couple of hours at an afternoon tea, and agitate, contort and flutter until midnight at a *luau*. Even the Hawaiian sacroiliac has just so much mileage in it, and no more.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

These coffee breaks, cigarette breaks, rumor breaks, conference breaks, private phone call breaks, exercise breaks and weather discussion breaks eat pretty deeply into a fellow's morning, Mr. Claud Hemmifer thinks. But now his Minneapolis, Minnesota, boss is trying to add a work break, leaving Mr. Hemmifer just about no time at all to get anything done.



* * *

Collier's told you not so long ago, as you very well remember, that a great many rackets are foisted on these 48 in the name of charity. Now comes a Tulsa, Oklahoma, filling-station operator with additional evidence. Mr. Lloyd Williams is the name. Mr. Williams hung up a box with a sign over it. Help the Needy. Only 50 per cent of his customers wanted to know *what* needy. Mr. Williams wasted no words. "Me," said he. The other half asked no questions, merely dropped in folding money and silver. Also a couple of campaign buttons, a few peanuts and a spoon. Mr. Williams turned the money over to the Salvation Army.

* * *

Of course, you'll say it's incredible. But old 48 becomes confused now and then with other thinkers. For example, Mrs. Howard Ellison has sent this magazine a letter outlining the 1955 program of the Girl Scouts of America. She addressed it to Mr. John O'Hara, 48 States of Mind. Should have come addressed to the writer of Disappointment with O'Davenport.

* * *

On the north Texas plains you will find, if you're observant, a community named Earth. They're having some sort of drainage trouble in Earth. In spite of that, we've been successful in finding out how the place got its name. Mrs. Eudora McBorn, a Laramie, Wyoming, lady wanted to know and naturally came to us. The founders of Earth at first considered naming the town Universe. But with their typical Texas modesty they decided to start in a small way. ▲▲▲

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Created by JOHNSON'S WAX for today's more colorful cars

Makes blues bluer, reds redder, greens greener—deepens any color! Brings the original beauty back to fading colors—keeps new cars *looking* new. And Deep Gloss Carnu gives you these amazing results in one easy step—no pre-cleaner is needed. Simply rub it on—and 5 deep-cleaning agents remove dull road film, grease and grime. After it dries to a haze—just wipe it off and it shines automatically without hard rubbing. And what a shine!—deep, brilliant color, sparkling through a tough mirror glaze. See it yourself on your car today. Shine the deep-down color back with Deep Gloss Carnu. (See our introductory free offer below.)

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FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

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NOW, think of them both together.
That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale!
Next time you're thirsty, think—
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I am thinking . . .
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THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

GARRY WINOGRAND

From left to right, a couple of writers named Marciano, Heinz

ROCKY MARCIANO has another way of leaving a person helpless: he exposes you to his completely honest, disarming personality. In How It Feels to Be Champion of the World, the first story ever written or signed by Marciano, that's what happens. You think: What an interesting guy to be punched in the jaw by!

W. C. Heinz, who helped Rocky with the story, told us how Pete feels about the champ. Pete is Rocky's fourteen-year-old brother, who during his vacation from school in Brockton, Massachusetts, was visiting Grossinger's, Marciano's upstate New York training camp.

When he met Heinz, Pete asked: "You write for magazines? Do you know any celebrities?"

"You mean," Bill replied, pointing to Rocky, who was punching a bag nearby, "like the heavyweight champion of the world?"

"Naw, not him," Pete countered. "I mean real celebrities, like Frank Sinatra or somebody."

* * *

HELEN HILL MILLER lives near Charlottesville, Virginia, and commutes regularly to Washington. She calls herself a free-lance journalist, modestly, we think, for she could also say lecturer, political scientist, teacher, Ph.D., graduate of Bryn Mawr, Chicago, Geneva, Oxford, *and* wife and mother. She is the author of quite a few books and many articles on all sorts of political and economic subjects.

We couldn't think of a better person to explain the Social Security program to you. Her story on page 28 proves we made the right choice.

* * *

CHARLES EINSTEIN'S fiction story turns on an interesting play in which the "hero" of the piece bunts, then wrestles with the hotheaded pitcher who is tagging him out—allowing a teammate to score from second.

"I've seen guys score from *first* on a bunt," Einstein says, "so that part of the story makes sense. What interested me more, though, was the contrast between rookie and veteran in baseball, a game where the more you play the more you have to learn. Even the great Willie Mays knows that."

Here's where we asked a leading question and got a leading answer, to the effect that Putnam's last week published Born to Play Ball, by Willie Mays as told to Charles Einstein.

THOM LAFFERTY

Von Riegen thinks of a wisecrack

"You know the first thing Willie Mays learned when he went to the big leagues in 1951?" Einstein demanded. "He learned to wear his pants higher; he had 'em down around his ankles. First time Leo Durocher saw him in uniform he yelled, 'Hey, kid, roll your pants higher, shorten your strike zone!' "

He shortened it, all right.

* * *

DO You Know Corn When You See It?, by Robert Froman, is the latest in his informal series of Collier's articles covering stuff like watches, cheese, wine, bread, salt, shoes, tin cans and candy.

Recently he had a book published about *islands,* One Million Islands for Sale. That book is still going strong, Froman says, because there are closer to *two* million islands for sale in this country and Canada, and people are continually reading the book, buying an island and moving onto it, with subsequent adventures that would fill another book.

It even reached the point where one of the book's admirers, in a grateful mood, presented Froman with an island all his own. It's one of the so-called Thousand Islands, of which there are considerably more than a thousand (1,792, to be exact).

Froman has visited his island, but in spite of all he owes to islands, and all he knows about them, and all his advice to people about buying one, he can't bring himself to live on one.

* * *

IN THIS issue, as in a good many before, you'll find a William von Riegen cartoon (page 46). In the 23 years since he sold us his first one, his gags have always represented the sophisticated in humor and in art. Bill von Riegen is also an illustrator whose work has been seen in many magazines and in a few galleries, too.

"I would rather paint than eat," Von Riegen tells us. "I guess I'm proudest of having an oil included in an exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art once, and a few years ago I was represented in a showing at the Louvre in Paris."

Von Riegen was born in New York, and studied art at Cooper Union and at the Art Students League. The cartoons he does for us are usually concerned with a wisecracking show girl or a cynical Hollywood producer, but Von Riegen declares his knowledge of them is secondhand. He lives a quiet life in Dumont, New Jersey, with his wife and teen-age son.

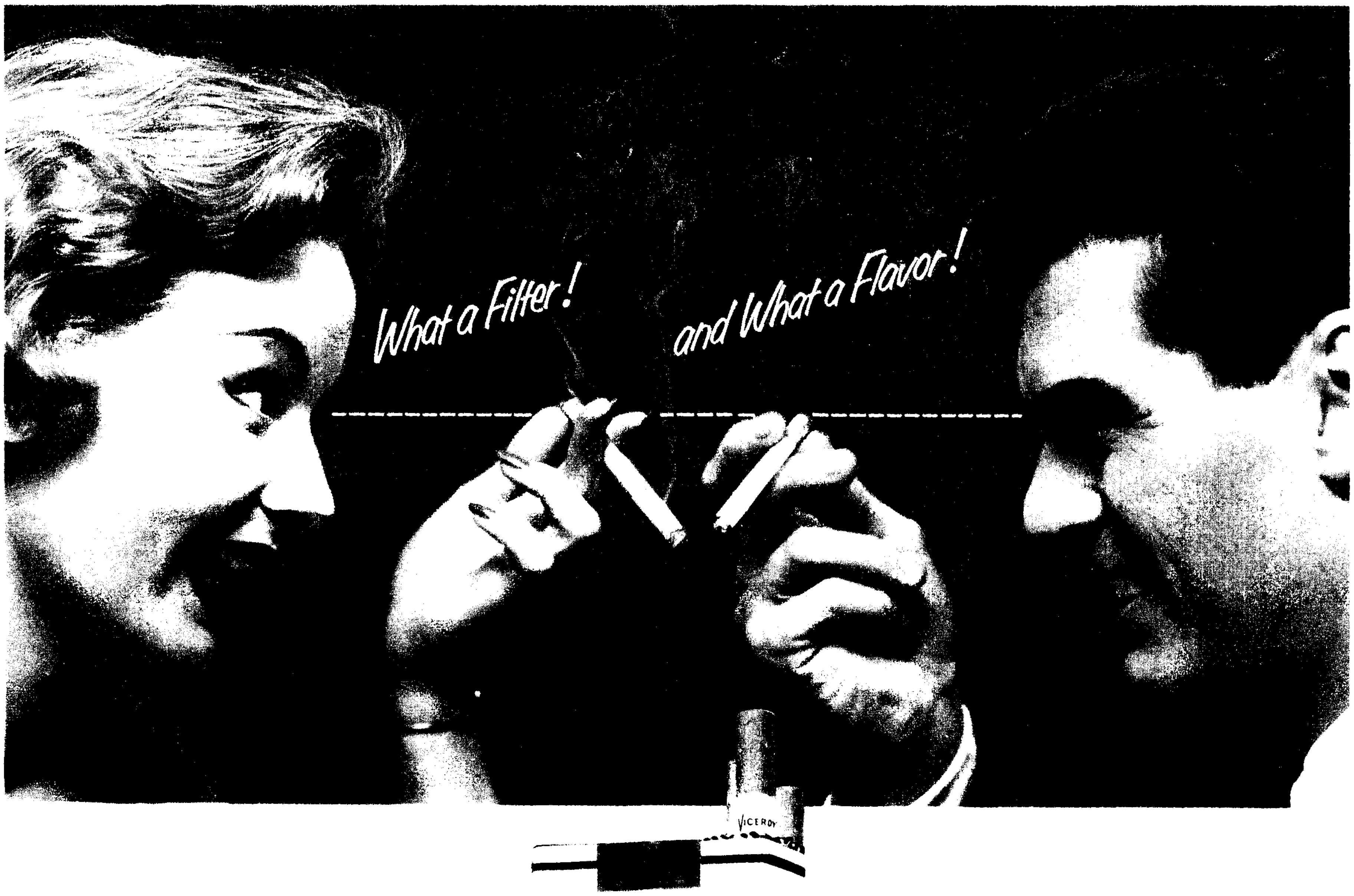
"If I had to depend on show girls for gags, I'd never sell one," he says.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

What do Viceroys do for you that no other filter tip can do?

Only Viceroy gives you
20,000 FILTER TRAPS
in every filter tip.....................

........to filter-filter-filter
your smoke while the
rich-rich flavor comes through!


What a Filter!
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VICEROY

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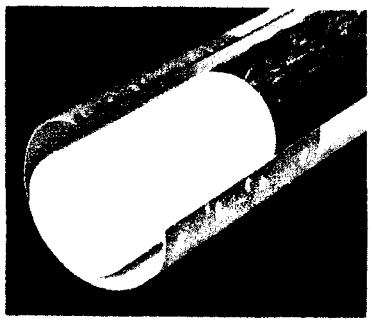

ONLY A PENNY OR TWO
MORE THAN CIGARETTES
WITHOUT FILTERS

Filter Tip Cigarette

CURTISS
Baby Ruth Nuggets
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Bringing you tastier candy
More delicious than ever!

CURTiSS CANDY KIDS

Look for them on the bright new packages of
CURTiSS
BITE-SIZE CANDIES
at your store now!

You'll also enjoy Curtiss Milk Caramels, Coconut Nibbles, Caramel Nougats, and Dip Bits . . . in new colorful "Curtiss Kids" boxes. Get them today!

USE THE COUPON ON BACK OF THE NEW "CURTiSS KID" BOXES FOR THIS
EXCITING OFFER.. 5 PIECE KITCHEN CUTLERY SET

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Fully guaranteed . . . Hollow-ground Stainless steel blades . . . High-impact Styrene Unbreakable handles. Set includes 7½" slicer, 6½" butcher, 5" utility, 4½" meat, 3" paring knives.

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LETTERS

Louisiana Police

EDITOR: Thank you for the excellent article "This Is a Raid!" (Apr. 1st). It is a worthy tribute to a powerful man and the astounding task he is accomplishing in Louisiana. However, my gratitude is more personal than that of the average interested citizen. My father was a district attorney in the northern part of Louisiana for two terms, until his death in 1948. I am familiar with his struggles against the political regime which sought to control the state in his day.

You not only have presented a tremendous challenge to all Americans, but also have spread a story which will allow Louisiana to stand firmly among her sister states, with a moral and political pride which has been denied her in past years.

ELIZABETH SCARBOROUGH, Dallas, Tex.

Gleason

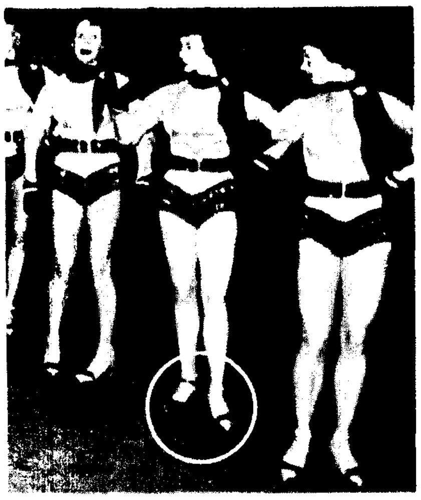
EDITOR: The Gleason articles (E Pluribus Gleason, Mar. 18th, Apr. 1st) were the closest I've ever come to the inside of TV. It was a real living story.

GARY JOHNSTON, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Author Drury described Gleason's producer, Jack Hurdle, as "a tall man with the build and bald head of a master sergeant." My husband is a master sergeant with 11 years' service—but since he is only five feet six inches tall with medium build and has a full head of hair, could it be possible that I've been married to a second lieutenant for 10 years? MRS. AVA M. SHULTZ, Northampton, Mass.

. . . After watching the June Taylor "precisionettes" on TV, we were amused to note in your picture of a Gleason rehearsal that they can be human. See the unmatched shoes (circled) on the girl above . . .

LUCILE AND BUD MAHONEY, Avery, Idaho



Bunts' Role: Foul

EDITOR: I've just read Why Do Bunts Roll Foul in Cleveland? (Apr. 1st) and all I can say is—you scoundrel! Good sportsmanship would require the host to provide a level field of suitable size and contour—without banking it to favor a home-town bunter, or softening it to favor the starting pitcher.

Long ago one of Alonzo Stagg's players scored a much-needed run in the ninth inning. But Alonzo sent him back because he had failed to touch third base. Many thought that silly, because the umpire hadn't seen it. But Alonzo had!

Hats off to all good sportsmen who, like our English cousins, refrain from trickery because, "It isn't cricket, you know." EMMETT PAUL, Oakland, Cal.

Nevada

EDITOR: Congratulations on Albert Deutsch's article The Sorry State of Nevada (Mar. 18th). It should enlighten many who have been impressed with the success of legalized gambling.

JEROME F. LOSSING, Dubois, Idaho

. . . I have lived in Nevada and been in business, not gambling, for 13 years. Nevada is a state second to none, where democracy still exists. You run your state and we'll run ours . . .

S. F. PROCKISH, Hawthorne, Nev.

. . . It is good to see additional negative sociological elements in this excellent article. Most of the writing on Nevada is associated with the dubious claim of easy divorce, concerning which it has been said that a person can face the Truckee River in Reno and see the "tide come in and the untied go out." FRANK P. FITZSIMONS, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Nevada is doing what the U.S. government should: get rid of social welfare plans and you'll cut taxes down to a bare minimum . . .

GARY PETER KLAHR, Phoenix, Ariz.

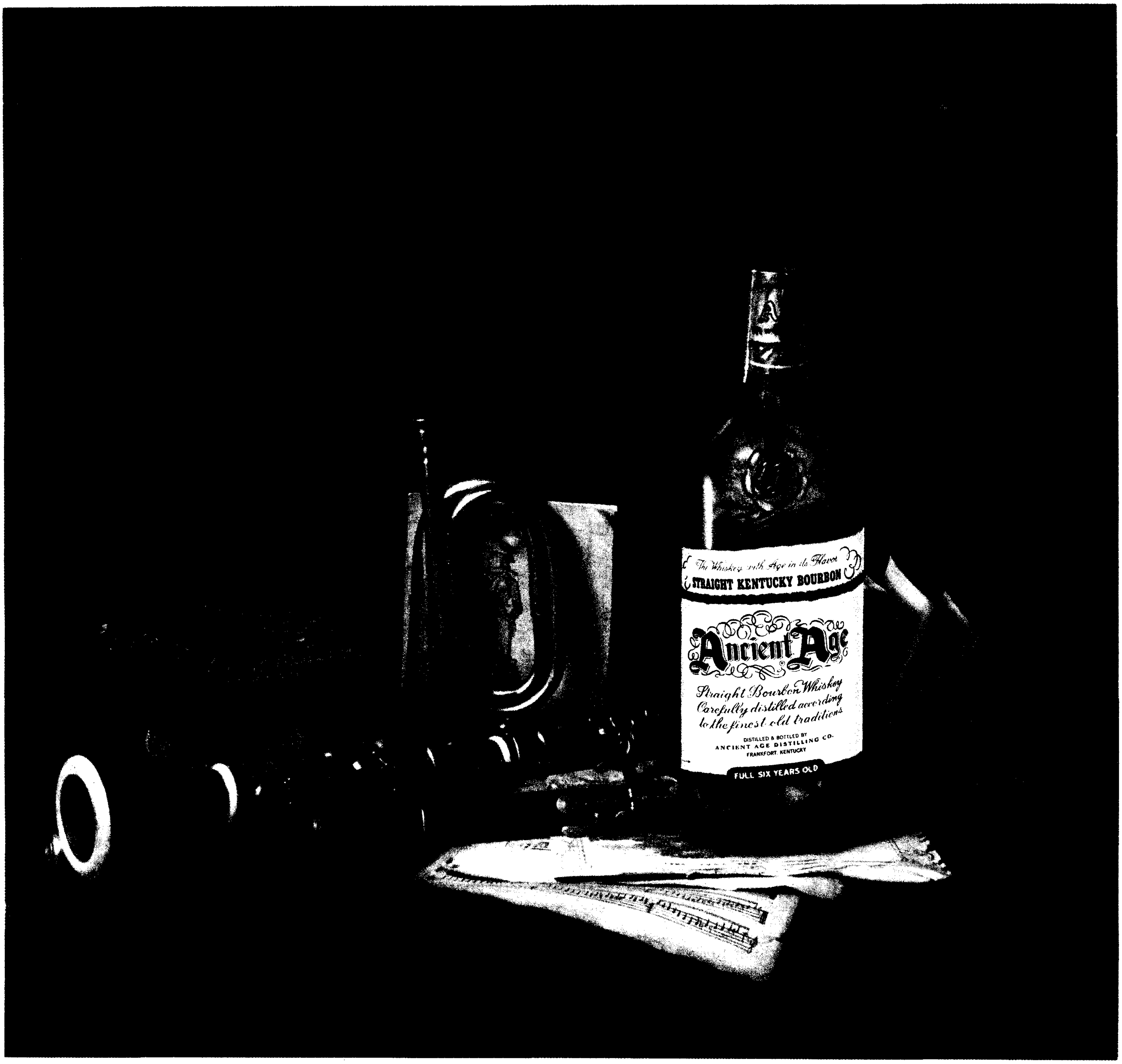
. . . As secretary of our Elko County Tuberculosis Association and also the Nevada State Tuberculosis and Health Association, I am proud of our program and the progress we have made in the last two years. According to the so-called authoritative report, Nevada has no TB case-finding program. Elko County has a population of less than 12,000 people. In the past two years our case-finding committee has done over 1,000 patch tests on school children and has paid for more than 1,700 chest plates. Our organization (all volunteers) has sponsored a hospital entrance chest X-ray program; our health education committee has distributed books, literature and films to our schools . . .

MRS. JACK J. HUNTER, JR., Elko, Nev.

Although the Elko, Reno, Ely and Las Vegas offices of the Nevada Tuberculosis and Health Association, a voluntary organization, conduct TB case-finding programs in their areas and co-operate with doctors and county health nurses elsewhere, Nevada has no comprehensive state-run, state-wide program.

. . . As a clergyman who believes in and tries to practice the social as well as personal aspects of the Christian gos-

Original and genuine... Ancient Age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"OLD FAVORITES"...one of a series of photographic representations after the *trompe l'oeil* school of art, from the Ancient Age collection. For a copy of this subject suitable for framing, without any advertising or illustration of bottle, send 25¢ in stamps or coins to Dept."C," Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Kentucky

If you can find a better whiskey...buy it!

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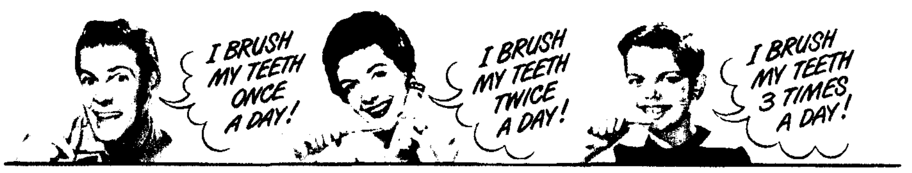
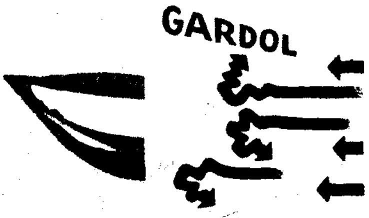

I BRUSH MY TEETH ONCE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH 3 TIMES A DAY!

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol*

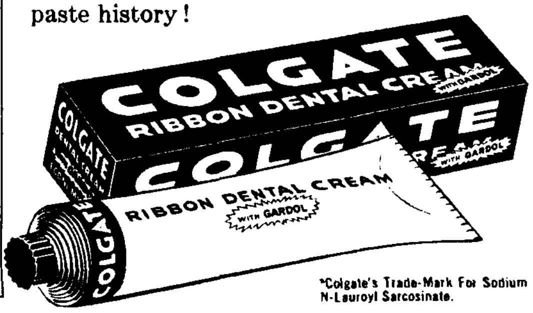
To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

pel, let me express my personal and professional thanks to Collier's for Mr. Deutsch's article. As chairman of the Washoe Association for Mental Health and the Washoe County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, I would send my official congratulations to you and Mr. Deutsch for portraying in so vivid and forceful a manner a picture of social and political indifference . . .

You might be interested to know that some three weeks after the March 18th issue of Collier's appeared on the newsstands the Nevada legislature passed the Aid to Dependent Children program. . . . One of the outstanding members of the legislature, widely regarded as an ultraconservative, has also let it be known that when Mr. Deutsch's article appeared, there were plans to drop old-age assistance in the next biennium, when federal funds will be running out. But the legislators read the article a second time, forgot their anger, and voted to make up the difference with state funds, so there will be no loss. Then this legislative leader remarked: "You wouldn't have gotten ADC either, if it hadn't been for that Collier's article."

REV. WARREN W. PETERS, Sparks Methodist Church, Sparks, Nev.

Meatbawls

EDITOR: I am ready and willing to unite to preserve the hamburger (No Nutburgers for Me!, Mar. 18th), but never, never, never to preserve its stomach-curdling cousin, the mayonnaiseburger.

MARION WHALEN, Walpole, Mass.

. . . I almost was ill at the thought of frilling up a hamburger with lettuce. Anyone will tell you that mustard, kosher sliced dill pickles and raw onion plus ground prime beef make the best hamburger.

MRS. B. J. ELLIOTT, Monmouth, Ill.

. . . My father, who was born and raised in Germany and who came to this country in 1890, told us that in Hamburg anyone who ordered a steak would get the chopped variety. To get a steak as we know it, you had to order an "English" steak. So, in English-speaking countries, those who wanted their steaks Hamburg-style had to order a "Hamburger" steak.

CARL BUSSOW, New York, N.Y.

Blood Tattoos

EDITOR: Your article on blood-type tattoos (Tattoos for Everyone, Mar. 18th) is good enough as far as it goes. But how about marking additional identification (such as a Social Security number) to help solve some of the amnesia cases which baffle authorities each year?

ROGER BROWN, Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . The blood tattoo is certainly not the brain child of a group of medical researchers in the U.S.A. More than 25 years ago it was originated by the Nazis' SS boss Heinrich Himmler, who ordered every member of his Murder Inc. to be tattooed for positive identification.

RONALD H. J. LAUFELD, Montreal, Can.

. . . You say the tattooing of blood types is the brain child of Dr. Andrew C. Ivy. We differ with your writer as to the originator of this art. I have just interviewed Dr. Frank H. Kelly of Argos, and here is his story: "In 1938, I conceived the idea of recording the individual's blood type somewhere on his body. The method then used was not practical, so I had a tool designed to my specifications. I was given permission to use the Argos High School students for my clinical experiments. I typed over 1,000 persons so as to have a permanent blood bank for our community. This work was given national recognition . . ."

I am telling Dr. Kelly's story to you because I believe an injustice has been done to him . . .

WILLIAM T. EGGBEER, Editor and Publisher, The Argos Reflector, Argos, Ind.

Deb Dubbed

EDITOR: I never expected Collier's to print four such utterly useless pages as The Year's Top Deb (Apr. 1st) . . .

T. E. BLACKBURN, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . It would give me extreme pleasure to have the honor of Cary Latimer's presence on a date so I could show her that this world isn't all mink coats and convertibles. If one of her rich beaux will finance the trip to Reading, Pennsylvania, I'll show her how the other half lives—provided she foots the bill.

ARTHUR AMSTER, Albright College, Reading, Pa.

Alaska and Hawaii

EDITOR: Collier's Comment, Let's Make It 50 in '55 (Mar. 18th), is the most effective piece of writing I have ever seen on the subject of statehood for Alaska . . . and Hawaii . . .

M. J. MOLANS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Expansion from coast to coast formed the United States of America. The expansion beyond those limits will create the United States of the World . . .

DREW L. SMITH, New Orleans, La.

. . . I admire your stand on the two prospective statehoods, and have written our Senators in Washington telling them so.

M. B. FALLGATTER, Kintyre, N.D.

Lookal-Ike

EDITOR: A few years ago you ran an article about the men who look like President Eisenhower (They Like to Look like Ike, May 30, 1953). Here is my three-year-old grandson, Edward Randall O'Neill; everyone says he looks like Ike. But he doesn't care so much if he resembles our President, just so long as he grows up to be the man Ike is.

MRS. J. C. TAYLOR, Birmingham, Ala.

Make sure your new car's radio has the

Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner

One touch
and it
tunes itself
... accurately,
electronically
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Here is the greatest advance in auto radio since the push-button! Touch the Station Selector Bar, and the magic of electronics tunes in a station automatically . . . with *hairline precision* for your greater listening pleasure.

To change stations, simply touch the bar again. It's *that* easy! The Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner does the rest—seeks out and tunes perfectly *every station your car's radio can receive.* (And that's far more stations than you could tune in yourself while at the wheel.)

This amazing device makes driving much more fun . . . and *safer*, too, because you never have to take your eyes from the road ahead.

Make sure *your* next car has this new Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner. Many of the 1955 models offer it. Ask your dealer for a demonstration, and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary push-button radio again.

DELCO AUTO RADIO

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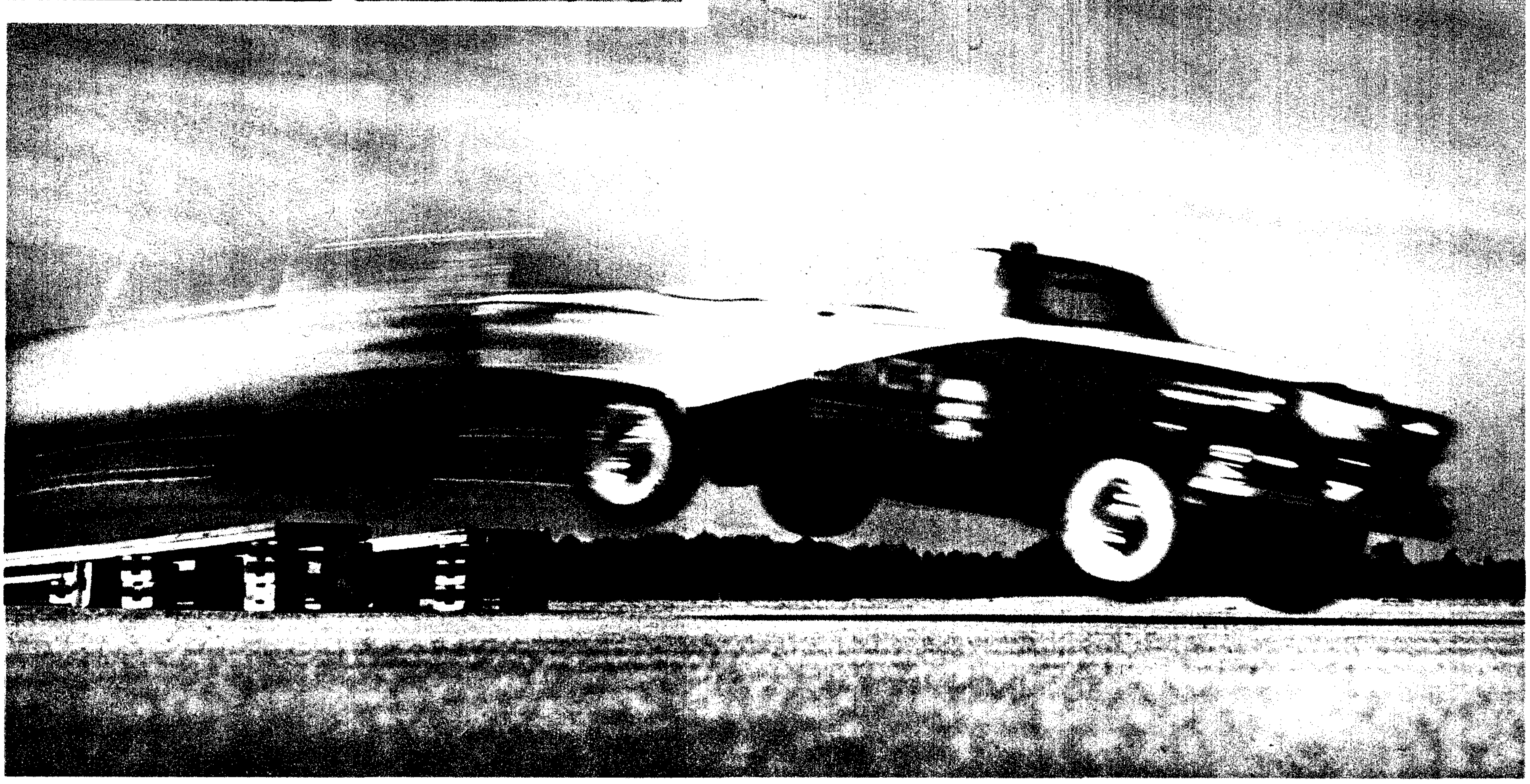
Another Engineering First from General Motors . . . the Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner, an Entirely New and Advanced Concept in Auto Radio Design and Performance.

All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions Give You

BETTER BLOWOUT PROTECTION!



No tire is blowout proof, but to prove the strength of 3-T Cord, we deliberately slashed through two layers of the cord fabric in a set of new Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions. Then a Jimmie Lynch Death Dodger raced these tires down the straightaway—zoomed up a ramp and took a broad jump into space. That 3500-lb. car came down with a crash 30 feet away.

What happened to the tires? Nothing. No blowouts. No air lost. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction resist the growth of breaks caused by cuts and bruises. Instead of a dangerous blowout, the tire deflates slowly.

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make possible the ultra-modern tubeless tire!

No tire—not even this one—is blowout proof. Any tire may blow out if it is cut through.

But naturally the tire with the strongest cord offers the greatest protection against cuts and bruises that start fabric breaks—the most common cause of blowouts. 3-T Cord is so tough that any break grows slowly. Instead of a sudden, dangerous blowout, the tire deflates slowly. You get a gradual, harmless loss of air.

In its exclusive 3-T Cord process, Goodyear triple tempers tough cord sinews and integrates them with improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time—unifies rubber and fabric with Grip-Seal construction to produce a tubeless tire body that's completely airtight—the most durable ever made!

These new tubeless tires will fit your present wheels. Your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. See him today. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

This ultra-modern tubeless tire costs no more than a standard tire and tube!

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind!

TUBELESS DELUXE SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

HOW IT FEELS TO BE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

By ROCKY MARCIANO
with W. C. HEINZ

The champ tells for the first time about the life the fans never see—the worries, pleasures and loneliness of an unassuming man who hammered his way to the top

AT ABOUT eight thirty on the morning of September 24, 1952, I woke up in a hotel room in Philadelphia. You know how it is when you wake up in a strange place, and at first you don't know where you are. "Something nice happened to me," I thought to myself, and then I remembered. "That's right. Last night I won the heavyweight championship of the world."

When I tried to turn, it seemed like my whole body was sore. Over both eyes I had cuts that had been stitched and there was another cut on the top of my head, but I was as happy as I think anybody can be. Jersey Joe Walcott had given me the toughest fight I'd ever had, but I'd knocked him out in the thirteenth round, and I was heavyweight champion of the world.

I've had the title now for almost three years. In that time I've found out that in some ways it's everything you think it's going to be, and in other ways it's very different.

It's easy for me to remember what I thought it would be like to be champion, because I can remember the first night I ever thought I had a chance. On December 19, 1949, I had Phil Muscato down five times and knocked him out in five rounds in Providence. That was my twenty-fourth win without a loss as a pro and my twenty-second knockout, and after the fight I drove back to Brockton, like I always did after my Providence fights, with my pals Allie Colombo and Nicky Sylvester and Snap Tartarlia.

It was a nice night, clear and cold, but as soon as I got into the car I felt something was different. Usually on the way home after a fight we kidded a lot, but this night everybody was very serious.

"You know, Rock," one of the guys said after a while, "you haven't got very far to go now."

I said: "To go where?"

"For the title," one of the others said.

"Ah," I said. "Take it easy."

"No," somebody said. "Figure it out. About five good wins and you can be on top of the heap."

Then we started figuring who I'd have to get by—Roland La Starza, Rex Layne, Joe Louis, if he made a comeback, Jersey Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles—and when they dropped me off at my house and I went to bed I couldn't sleep. I was a kid who never dreamed he could be heavyweight champion. I wanted to be a major-league catcher, but then I threw my arm out, and I started to fight to help support the family. Now I got to thinking what it would be like if I could be champion.

I remembered the night in 1933 when Primo Carnera won the title from Jack Sharkey. I was eight years old at the time, and in the Italian section of Brockton they had big bonfires burning and they sang and shouted around them almost all night long. I could remember those fires in the James Edgar playground right across the street from our house, and I figured: Gee, if I could win the title, I'd come back to Brockton and I'd throw a big party for the whole town and every kid would be invited and get an expensive gift.

Right after he won the title Carnera came to Brockton to referee at the old Arena that was across Centre Street from the Brockton Hospital. My uncle, John Piccento, took me that night to see him, and on the way out Carnera walked right by us and I reached out and I touched his arm.

"I saw Carnera and I touched him," I told my pop when I got home. "I really did."

"How big is he?" my pop asked me.

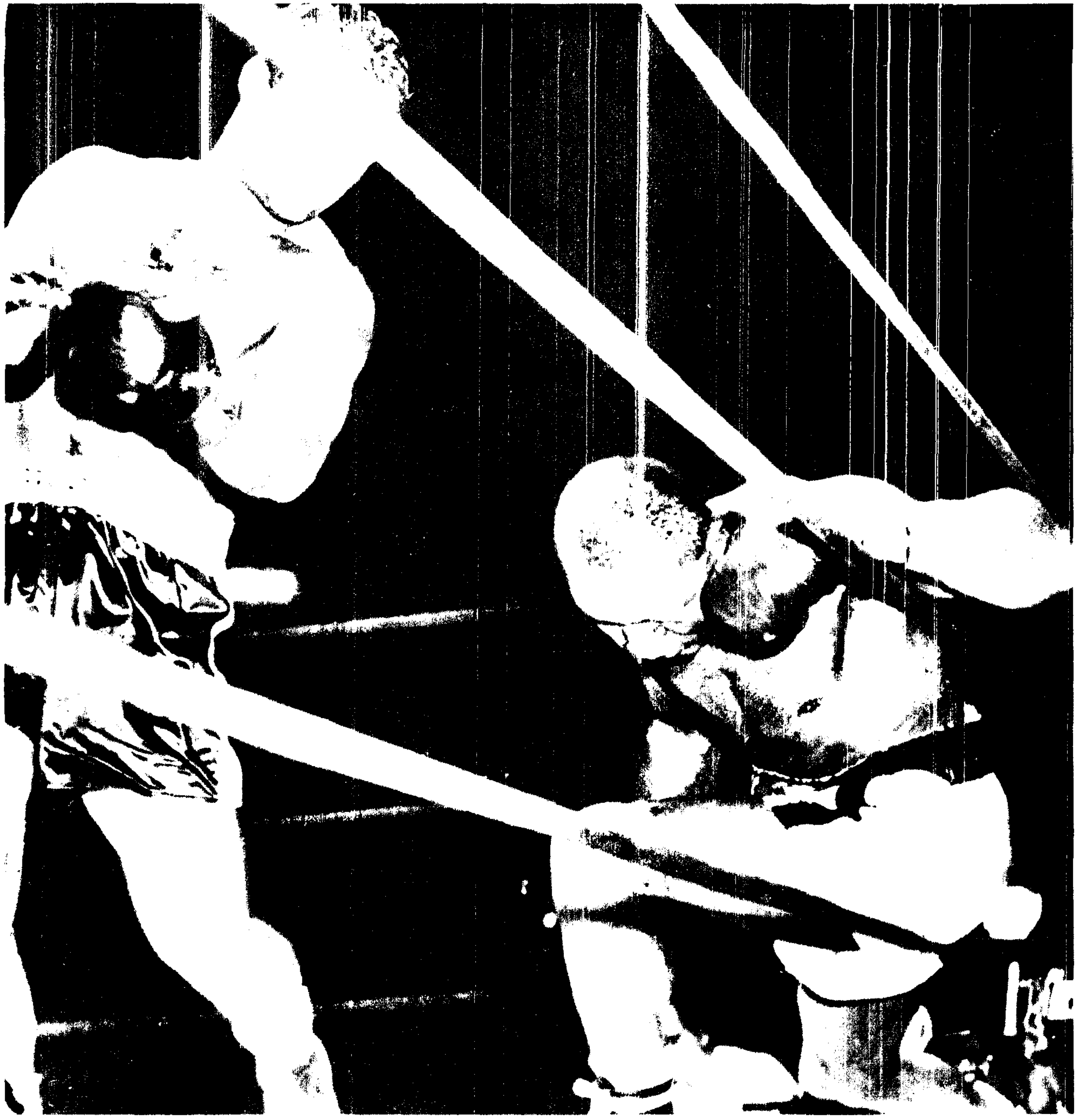
"Bigger than this ceiling," I said, "and you should see how big his hands are."

The year before I licked Muscato and was lying there thinking about what it might be like to be the champion of the world, I had shaken hands with Joe Louis for the first time. He was boxing an exhibition with Arturo Godoy in Philadelphia, and I was fighting Gilley Ferron on the card. We were all in the dressing room when Joe came in.

"Say, Joe," my manager Al Weill said, "I want you to shake hands with my heavyweight."

Joe stuck out his hand and we shook. He looked like a mountain, and he had on a big, beautiful

"The influence you have o



UNITED PRESS

Here's when it happened. The night of September 23, 1952, in the 13th round, Marciano flattens titleholder Jersey Joe Walcott to win the heavyweight championship of the world

overcoat and a mohair hat, light brown with a nice feather in it. I figured that hat alone must have cost $50, and now I got to thinking about the money he must have made.

When Louis knocked out Max Schmeling in two minutes and four seconds in their second fight, Allie Colombo and I were talking about all that dough. We were just kids talking, but it said in the paper that, figuring the purse Louis got for the fight, he made over $150,000 a minute, which is more than the President of the United States gets paid a year.

Now, lying in bed after the Muscato fight, I got to imagining what it would mean to have money like that, not just for clothes but for security and for what I could do for my family and my friends and others. I thought: Boy, when you're the heavyweight champion of the world it means you can lick any man in the world, and wherever you go in the world what an influence you must have.

There were a lot of things I didn't know then that I know now that I'm champion. I didn't know that my life would be threatened a couple of times. I didn't know that, although you do make a lot of money, it isn't as much as people think it is, expenses and taxes being what they are, and that you can't begin to do the things with it that you dreamed about. I didn't know that being champion is almost a full-time job, and that the influence you have on people is sometimes so strong that it worries you and can even bring tears to your eyes.

After I knocked out Joe Louis, for example, my mother got a letter saying that if I came home to Brockton for the celebration that was planned I'd be shot. Then, just before my first fight with Charles last June, my folks got another note from a man who said that if I beat Charles I'd be killed, because Charles is a gentleman and I'm a bully.

The Brockton police found the first letter was written by a thirteen-year-old girl. I don't know, or care, who wrote the second one, but although letters like that don't worry me, they worry my mother. After that first letter my sisters had to take her to Dr. Michael Del Colliano, in Brockton, and now every time I fight he picks her up at the house and drives her around all evening until the fight is over. I never imagined I'd put my family through anything like that, because I never realized how many people's lives are tied up in a fight.

I had a friend in Brockton named Miles Dempsey, and he was my first real fan. He used to go to all my amateur fights, and he was the first guy who asked me to arrange for him to buy good seats when I started to fight pro. During the excitement of the sixth round of that June fight with Charles he died at ringside of a heart attack. In my mind this is a part of that fight.

When you're the heavyweight champion the money, of course, is the big thing you're going for, because that's why you became a fighter in the first place. Before I started fighting, the most I ever made was $1.25 an hour as a manual laborer. When I retire, if I'm lucky, I should never have to worry about money again, but it isn't as much as you expect it to be, and your security is still a problem.

Last year, for example, I fought Charles twice. At the end of the year, after expenses and taxes, I came out with a lot less than $100,000. When I fight twice in a year I don't figure, with taxes, to net more than about $15,000 out of the second fight, and that's not a lot when you've got only four or five more years of fighting and when, each time you go into the ring, you're risking the heavyweight championship of the world.

I'm not complaining, because I couldn't make that kind of money doing any other thing, and when you come from a poor family you know it's a privilege to pay taxes. It's just that you feel other people don't understand.

I'll never, you see, be able to afford that big party for all the kids in Brockton. That's not important, just kind of a foolish dream, but the important thing is that you can't do all you want for charities and churches and just good people, and you have a feeling that they go away not liking you because of it. You want to be liked by everybody—not just for yourself, but because when you're heavyweight champion of the world you represent boxing and boxing did everything for you.

Woman's Plea Aroused His Sympathy

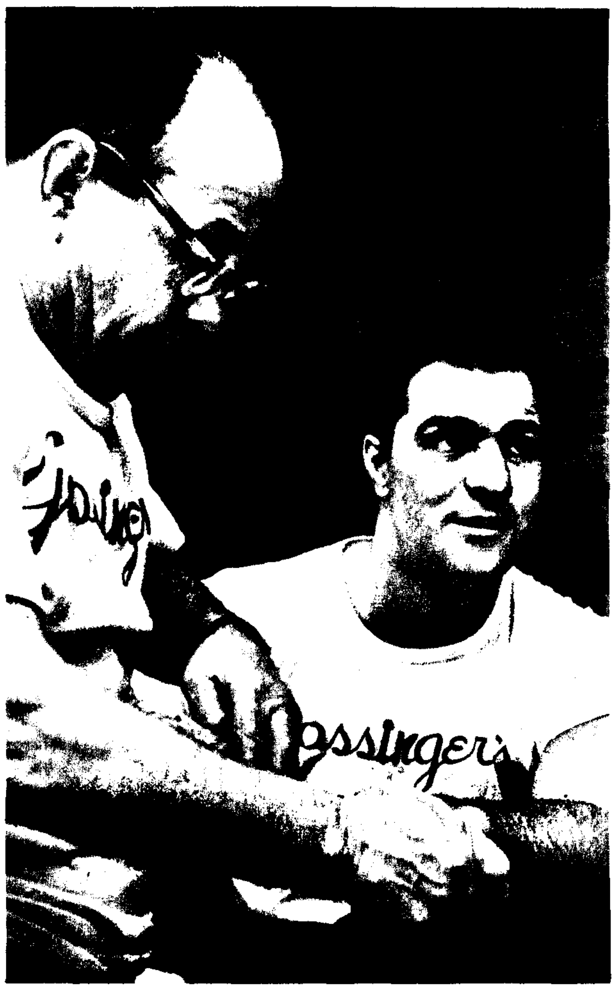
There'll be a church that needs $10,000 or a hospital that needs that much to help build a new ward. I'll get a letter from a woman I don't even know but she'll write that if I'd give her $1,500 her little boy could be made well again. How do you think I feel?

They run at you, too, with all kinds of business schemes, but that's only a nuisance. There are people who want me to sign notes for them, or lend them money or sponsor them in singing or acting careers. They've tried to sell me uranium and copper mines and oil wells and a dairy. Any salesman near Brockton, where I'm home only about two months a year, tries to get me to buy whatever he's handling, and it might be a carving machine or a salad mixer, books, a car or a horse.

Some of the things you do with your money don't pan out the way you dreamed, either. I always said that, if I became champion, one of the first things I'd do would be to send my mom and pop back to their home towns in Italy, and I used to think what a great time that would be for them.

I did it, right after the first Walcott fight. There were so many things pulling at me at the time, how-

Marciano with trainer Charlie Goldman (left), who, he says, "taught me everything I know"



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GARRY WINOGRAND

eople is sometimes so strong it worries you and can even bring tears to your eyes”

ever, that I couldn't even see them off on the plane, and some of the pleasure was lost. Then, instead of staying three months, they came back after one month, and they never did get to my mother's little town of San Bartolomeo, near Naples. They went only to my pop's town, Ripa Teatina, in Abruzzi, on the Adriatic coast, and it took a couple of months before my mother would tell me why.

"Too much sadness there," she said, and you should understand that my mother is the kind of a woman who can't stand to see suffering and wants to help everybody. "Every place we went they had nothing, and they looked to us and how much could we do? I did not want to go to my own town."

It took my mother that long to tell me about the trip because, when you become heavyweight champion, something comes between you and other people, even your family. Everybody stands back a little, not because of anything you do but because of what you are, even though you try so hard to prevent it. You end up a lonesome guy in a crowd.

"Rocco, there is something I would like to talk with you about," my mother said not long ago while we were at Grossinger's, in the Catskill Mountains of New York, where I always do my training and where I was getting ready for my San Francisco fight with Don Cockell on May 16th.

"Sure, Mom," I said. "I wish you'd talk to me any time you want."

"You are so important now," she said. "I don't like to bother you."

"Please, Mom," I said. "You can never bother me. I'm your son."

"I have been thinking," she said, and she had probably been carrying this around in her mind for a year or more, "that there is so much pleasure you miss. When your sister has a baby and when somebody gets married it is a beautiful thing. This is a happiness you should enjoy. The most wonderful things in life you cannot enjoy because you are so busy and a big man."

I knew this before she even said it, because it is part of being champion. My sister Concetta's baby is going on two years old now, and I didn't see her until she was almost six months old. When my old friend, Nicky Sylvester, got married I couldn't even get to the wedding. My own baby, Mary Anne, is two, and they tell me this is the time when it's the most fun to be with your child, that she's walking around the house now and that every day she's picking up a new word. Instead, I'm with my wife, Barbara, and the baby about four months a year.

Old Friends Awed by Champ's Fame

When I get together with my old friends in Brockton it isn't the same, either. They never start a conversation. They answer my questions quickly, and I never do find out how they feel and what they're thinking, and we never have the laughs about the little things we used to have before. They no sooner get out to our house than they're starting for the door, because they're afraid they're bothering me, and I try to tell them they're not.

That's what it's like to be heavyweight champion, when you look at one side. But you have to give up something for everything you get, I guess, and when it gets me down and I lie in bed at night and feel a little depressed I think about all the good that there is in it, and it's more than you can imagine.

Take what it has meant to my pop. He's sixty-one years old now, and came to this country in 1917. He was gassed in World War I, fighting with the Second Marines at Château-Thierry, and he was never really well after that. For over 30 years he worked in the shoe shops in Brockton at a machine called a number 7 bed-laster, which is one of the tough ones. Four years ago I could see to it that he retired.

My mom was telling me that, when I was a kid, day after day would go by when Pop wouldn't say a word. With six kids to support on that little money at that tough job his life was a real drag. Just a few months ago Allie Colombo and I were looking at some old pictures of Pop, and he was skin and bones. Now he's gained about ten pounds, and he has a great time in his quiet way, helping around the camp.

Outside of your own family, you can make the title mean so much for other people. One of my greatest pleasures is meeting some nice little guy, like my kind of people, and, when I can make it, going into his town with him. This is a real honest, hard-working quiet little guy that nobody ever paid much attention to, and he takes me around and introduces me to everybody and this makes him important where he works and lives.

Once I made a speech at a dinner in Boston of the big shoe manufacturers. Everybody who spoke was telling jokes, and I'm not good at that, so I thought I'd try to make a point in a light way.

I told them that, if I was a good fighter, I thought they should take some of the credit for it. I said my pop worked in the shoe shops for thirty years and I used to carry his lunch to him and I saw how tough it was. I told them that sometimes I saw his pay and I saw how little he got. I said: "He used to tell me: 'I want you to stay out of the shoe shops.' So, to keep away from them, I became a fighter instead, and therefore I think you men had a part in making me a fighter."

I don't know if I got it across. I just thought it was worth a try.

The influence you have, that you can use for good without being a crusader, goes so far beyond what you think that sometimes it frightens you. After I won the title from Walcott, Al Weill, Charlie Goldman the trainer, two sparring partners—Bob Golden and Toxie Hall—and I made a five-week 30,000-mile exhibition tour of the Pacific, and when they say you're heavyweight champion of the whole world they mean it.

In Manila there were mobs wherever we went. Whenever I'd come out of the hotel for my walk there'd be 100 people waiting just to look at me. One day I went into a store to buy souvenirs, and there were 500 people watching for me outside. When I got in a cab, dozens of them ran after it.

Out there they don't look for autographs. All they want is to feel the muscles in your arms. One day I was walking along the street and a little guy stopped his car in the middle of heavy traffic, got out, ran up to me, felt my muscles and got back in his car and drove off.

Results of Refusal to Box on Sunday

I tell this to explain something else that happened. I was scheduled to box on a Thursday, but it rained that day and the next two days. Then the promoter suggested I box on Sunday.

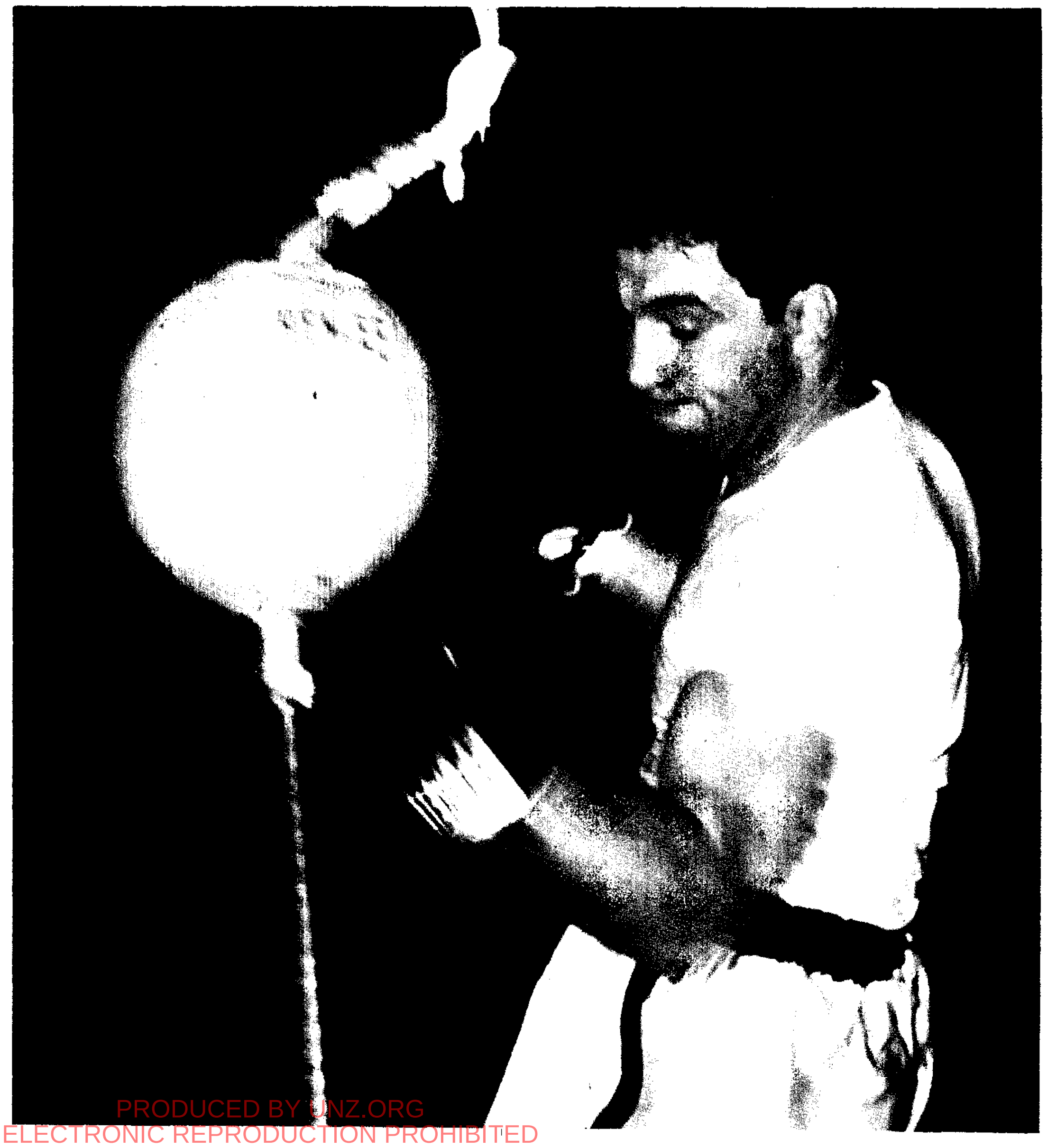
"No," I said, "I'm a Roman Catholic, and I go to church on Sunday."

I didn't think anything of it, but it was a big front-page story in the newspapers. When I'm training for a fight I have to train on Sundays too, but I don't have to box exhibitions on Sunday, and a little later we went out to visit a leper colony, and a priest spoke to me. "Rocky," he said, "these people out here are great sports enthusiasts, and we try to get them to be better church people. You've done more for the Catholic religion in that one move than anyone has done here in my time."

That's what I mean when I say that sometimes it frightens you. You might, without realizing it, say a wrong thing. Allie Colombo and I have been taking long walks together since we were kids, and he still goes out on the road with me and many times when we're walking we work out what I'll say in a speech or if a certain question is asked.

Before we went to the leper colony we were a

The champ in training for his fight with Don Cockell in San Francisco May 16. Training keeps Rocky so busy he spends only about two months a year in home town, Brockton, Mass.



UNITED PRESS

Rocky, wife Barbara, daughter Mary Anne, 2. He sees them only four months a year

little nervous, because we didn't know what it would be like. There was a woman who explained that we couldn't contract the disease, and she told us how the poor people in the colony never see anyone important and have so little to look forward to.

There were, maybe, 1,200 people in the place, and when we got there they just moved back to make a path for us without anyone saying anything to them, and it was one of the saddest things I ever saw. I went up on a stage and they asked if they could see my muscles and how I train, so I took off my shirt and I shadow-boxed a couple of rounds.

Then we started out. Again they pulled away, to make that path, and they began to call to me.

"God bless you, Rocky," they were calling. "God bless you. May you reign long."

If you think that being heavyweight champion of the world is all happiness you're wrong. In Los Angeles, before we went to the Pacific, we visited the iron-lung patients in a hospital called Rancho Los Amigos, and maybe it was there more than any other place that I realized what being champion of the world means.

We went to the men's polio ward first and there was one kid lying there who knew everything about me, and we'd catch each other's eyes in his mirror while we talked. There was another guy who'd been a basketball player for Loyola, and when I looked in his mirror to talk with him I saw he had my picture pasted on it. They say I had guts in the Walcott fight, but this kid was telling me how he'd lick it and play basketball again.

After that we went to the women's ward, where there were a lot of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old kids, and the nurse told us that all that day they'd had all the nurses busy primping them up because I was coming. With us was a friend of mine, Ernie Clivio, who has a dairy in Stoneham, Massachusetts, and when we got out we just looked at each other and I thought we might both cry.

Shortly after I won the title, Al Weill and I received a letter from the White House saying that the President doesn't get to see many sports events and so he was having a sports luncheon to meet some of the sports figures. They wanted to know if we'd be kind enough, if you can imagine, to attend.

I was more nervous than I've ever been going into a fight. Joe DiMaggio, Ty Cobb, Cy Young, Clark Griffith, Ben Hogan, Gene Sarazen, Florence Chadwick and about 40 others were there, and to begin with we were all formed in a semicircle in the White House when the President came in.

"So you're the heavyweight champion of the world," he said, when he came to me, and then he stepped back and looked at me and smiled.

"So you're the heavyweight champion of the world,

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You know," he said, "somehow I thought you'd be bigger."

"No, sir," I said.

After the luncheon we posed on the White House steps, and one of the photographers who's a real fight fan took a picture of the President looking at my right fist.

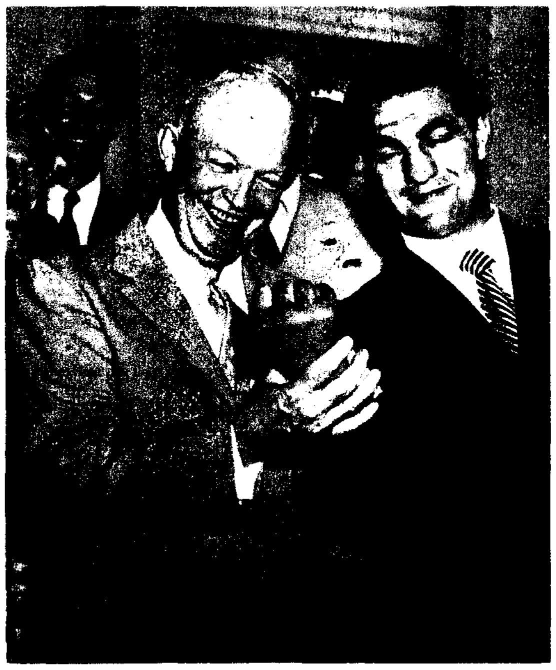
Can you imagine me, Rocco Marchegiano, a shoe worker's son and a Pfc in the Army, posing with a five-star general who became the President of the United States?

The Lady's Question Embarrassed Him

Everybody, of course, isn't for you when you're champion. There are people who make remarks, and often you find that women don't understand.

"What makes you enjoy hurting people?" an elderly woman said to me one night at a dinner party in Milton, Massachusetts.

"I don't enjoy hurting them," I said.



INTERNATIONAL

"Can you imagine, a shoe worker's son posing with the President of the United States . . . ?"

"Then why do you do it?" she said. "Is it some sadistic impulse?"

I dropped it then, but I think it's important for people to understand what you feel about an opponent. I don't want them to think that the heavyweight champion of the world is just a pug.

When I train for a fight I devote 8 to 12 weeks getting ready to fight another man. The sports writers say I live a monk's life because I put all my thoughts and all my efforts into it, and all those around me devote themselves to the same thing.

There are a number of key people who are very important to a fighter getting ready for a fight. They are his wife and family, if he's married, his manager, his trainer and his best friend. In all of these I've been very lucky.

That's the usual thing to say, but I mean it. When a fighter goes into camp for those two or three months his mind should be free and no problems should move in on it. My wife, Barbara, and I find that even in the four months a year we have together we don't have the freedom we want, but she has yet to make one complaint. We talk on the phone regularly while I'm in camp, but two weeks before a fight she'll always say that I'm not to call her again until the fight is over, and my family is the same.

I couldn't have made it without Al Weill and Charlie Goldman, who trains me. On the way up Al got me opponents who, with only one exception and he got timid after I hit him a good punch, gave me a good fight for as long as it went.

"You see, you're learnin' while you're earnin'," Charlie used to tell me.

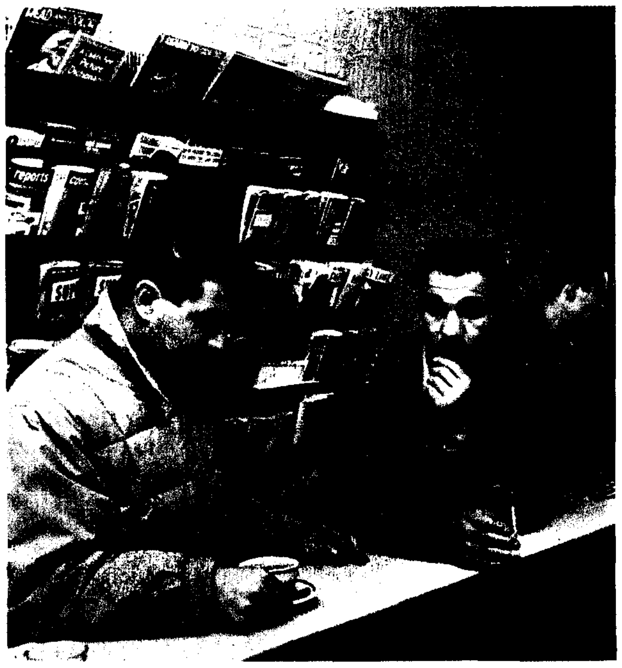
I'll never forget the first day seven years ago when I met Al and Charlie. Allie Colombo and I had bummed down from Brockton with our lunch in a paper bag, and I wanted Al to manage me and I was scared.

"If I manage you," he said, "you got to remember *this*. With me, I'm the boss. I do the managing and all you do is the fightin'. You don't ask me who you're fightin' or where you're fightin' or how much you're gettin'. When you go to the gym you do what Charlie tells you, and after the fight you get your share."

That's the way it should be with a fighter, really. I don't have any of the money worries, and I was a real crude kid as a young fighter and Charlie taught me everything I know.

Allie Colombo is a guy who thinks and feels just

Rocky with his mother and father in kitchen of house provided for them at training camp



In New York, Rocky and friend Allie Colombo eat at luncheonette of old buddy Rudy Sarro

aid President Eisenhower. "You know, somehow I thought you'd be bigger"

like I do. Camp could get pretty grim at the end if you didn't have somebody like that to talk with.

The last month before a fight I don't even write a letter. The last ten days I see no mail and get no telephone calls and meet no new acquaintances. The week before the fight I'm not allowed to shake hands or go for a ride in a car. Nobody can get into the kitchen, and no new foods are introduced. Even the conversation is watched.

By that I mean that the fellas keep it pleasant, with not too much fight talk. My opponent's name is never mentioned, and I don't read the write-ups because, as Charlie explained it, somebody might write one idea that might stick in my mind.

"Besides," he said, "think what fun it will be to read the clippings after the fight and see who was right and who was wrong."

For two or three months, then, every minute of my life is planned for one purpose. I don't even think about what I'm going to do the day after the fight, because that's going to be like an adventure, and exciting. Everything on my part and on the part of everybody else in camp is directed toward one goal—to lick the other man. I see him in front of me when I'm punching the bag. When I run on the road I've got him in mind, and always I'm working on certain moves that I hope will lick him.

Take the second Walcott fight. Willie Wilson, one of my sparring partners, had Walcott's moves down very good. He'd feint me and pull away or, after I'd hit him a punch, he'd pull down and try to tie me up. The big problem was to figure out what I was going to hit him with for a second punch, and one night Allie and I were talking about it, walking for about 45 minutes after dinner, and then we talked it over with Charlie and Al.

We decided to try right-hand uppercuts after a left hook, and I practiced it a lot on the big bag and then against Wilson. As it happened, the fight went less than a round, but the 3-D movies showed why very well. I hit him with a hook, but as he ducked to take it high on the head he moved right into the power of that uppercut, because, with an uppercut, the power is right after you start it.

When he went down I moved to a neutral corner, and when the count got to eight I said to myself: "You know, this fella isn't going to get up."

The Strategy That Defeated La Starza

For the second La Starza fight—the one with my title on the line—we knew he carried his left high, and always brought it back high. I had to bring that hand down to get to his head, so I practiced throwing right hands to the heart. Finally, along around the tenth round, I got his arm down and I stopped him in the eleventh.

When you work and work like that with only one purpose in mind for weeks on end there's only one thing you want to do—and that's get out there and try it in a fight. Of course, to begin with, you enjoy the fight itself, or you wouldn't be a fighter.

What it comes down to in the ring is that it's the other guy or you. Anybody in there with me is there to get me and I'm in there to get him, but the one thing people don't seem to understand is that there's nothing personal about it and you don't carry it outside the ring. You get rid of it in there.

Walcott is an example. I never wanted to lick a man more, because I had to lick him to get his title. Coming up to the second fight his manager was complaining that I'm a dirty fighter and that I hit low and butted Joe in our first fight. One night on television in Chicago he even had a billygoat on with him to represent me, but you know that's only part of the publicity.

When I was training for La Starza, Walcott came up to see me work in the hangar where I train at the Grossinger airfield. After the photographers had finished posing us, Joe and I got to talking, with nobody listening, over behind the bags. "Joe," I said, "how's the motel going out there in Jersey?"

"Fine," he said. "Very good."

"I hope you make a lot of money with it," I said.

"Rock," he said, "I want to say this. I liked that title. I didn't want to lose it to anybody, but if I had to lose it, I'm glad I lost it to you. You're a good fighter and you're gonna be a great champ."

"I appreciate that, Joe," I said, "and I think you're a great guy."

This was a real warm thing, and why not? Walcott fought his greatest fight against me, and I fought my greatest against him. This is something that people are going to talk about for the rest of our lives, and we can be proud of it. It took two of us to do this together. One can't do it alone.

I have the same kind of fondness for other guys I fought. On the way up I knocked out Johnny Pretzie in five rounds, Gino Buonvino in ten rounds and then in two in a return, and Bernie Reynolds in three. After I became champ I wondered what they were doing and I wrote them post cards.

Reynolds didn't answer me, but I had a nice letter from Buonvino and his wife and one from Pretzie. Buonvino is a carpenter in New York now, and he and his wife sent me their best. Pretzie wrote me that he had a young fighter he was training, and he recalled our fight.

"But don't you think somebody might lick you?" I get asked. "Don't you ever worry about it?"

I don't want to seem like I'm bragging, but I don't think anybody in the world can lick me. I've never been defeated in 47 fights as a pro, and right now I hope maybe I can hold the title, if I'm lucky, four or five more years and retire undefeated. At the same time, once in a while, maybe seven or eight times when I'm building up to a fight, the thought comes to me on the road or while I'm resting: "Suppose this guy licks me? What will happen to all my plans?" That's as far as it gets. I never believe it can happen, really. It's just one of the things that come to your mind.

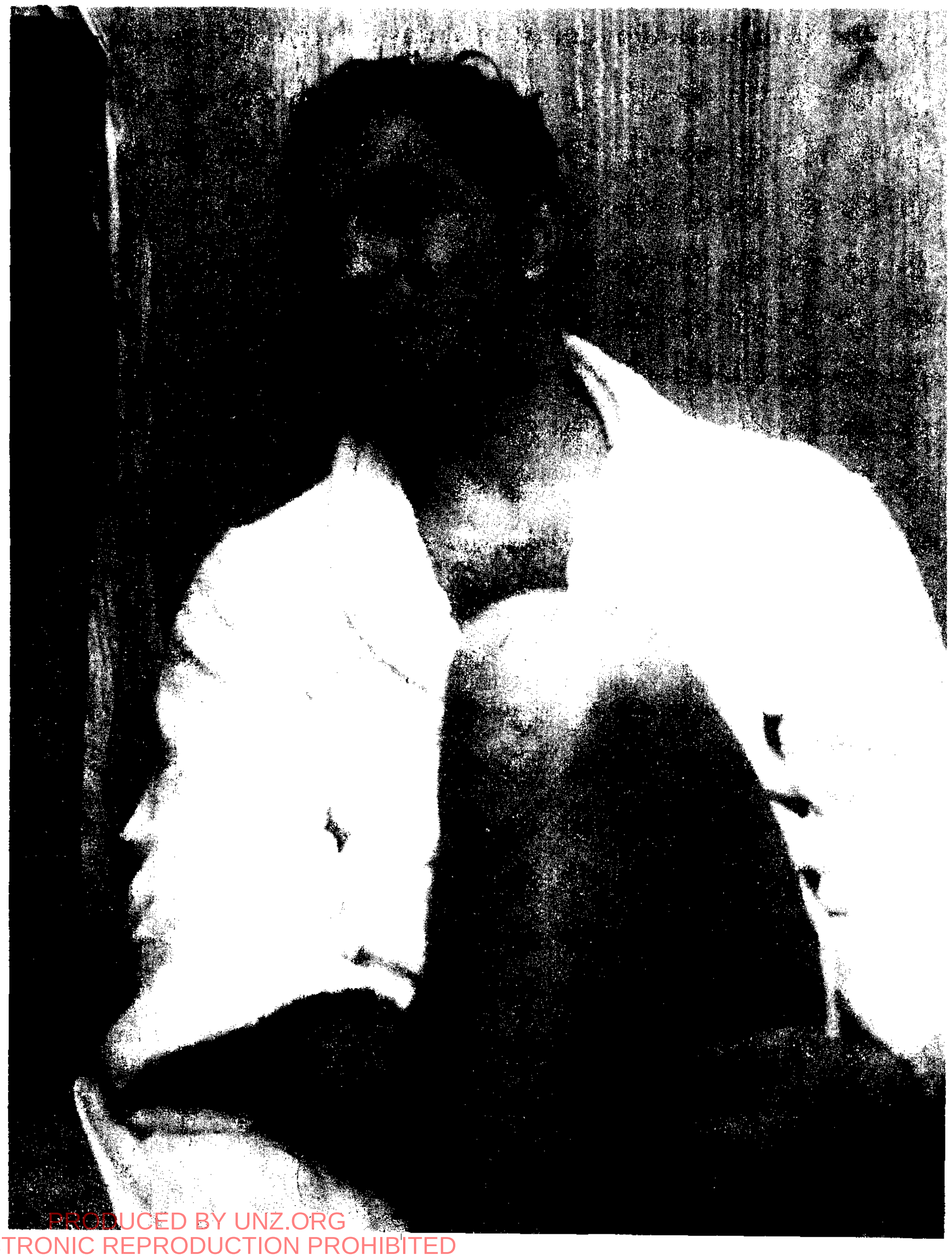
I can remember, though, the night that Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott fought for the first time and Walcott had Louis down twice but didn't get the decision. I had had one pro fight 10 months before, and I was working for the Brockton Gas Company and I was sitting on the bed at home listening to the fight.

It never occurred to me that I would be the guy to knock out Louis and retire him and then knock out Walcott and take the heavyweight championship of the world. Now that I'm champion I wonder, once in a while, if there is some other kid nobody ever heard of sitting someplace and listening to one of my fights, or watching it on television, who might, in a few years, do the same thing to me.

Out on the West Coast there's this big, young heavyweight named Charlie Powell. He put together a lot of knockouts last year, and they were touting him as a real good prospect. The night last fall when he fought Charley Norkus I watched on television, and when the fight got under way I could see that he was a big guy and boxed nice and could punch. "You know," I thought to myself, "this might be the guy."

Norkus finally knocked Powell out, but he's still a prospect. I'm heavyweight champion of the world, but is there some young fighter somewhere who wants it as much as I did? The champion never knows.

"Anybody in the ring with me is there to get me and I'm in there to get him, but the one thing people don't seem to understand is that there's nothing personal about it . . ."



SOCIAL SECURITY

Young or old, you may have a Social Security stake worth thousands—yet chances are you know next to nothing about the program. Recent changes make it more important than ever that you find out. Here are answers to the questions most often asked

By HELEN HILL MILLER

IF YOU are one of the 55,000,000 people who are building up credits under the Social Security program, or one of the 7,000,000 who are collecting benefits, you own a valuable property, amounting to an estate of between $7,000 and $30,000, invested at 5 per cent. Yet if you're like most people, you know next to nothing about the program, or the benefits you're entitled to under it.

The Social Security Act is a complicated law. New amendments have introduced important changes in recent months. They have brought additional groups of people into the system, liberalized the base on which benefits are figured, provided new formulas on which benefits are paid, and permitted retired persons to earn more without losing benefits.

Whatever your age there are facts you ought to know about the program. Young workers should know about the protection available for their families; workers at the peak of their earning power should learn how they can build their plans for the future around Social Security; self-employed workers should know whether they're covered—and, if so, how to pay their Social Security tax. If you are at or past the retirement age of sixty-five—13,500,000 Americans are, and their number grows by 1,000 every 24 hours—you should know what benefits you are entitled to.

In the last few weeks I have been visiting the offices, local and national, where the program is carried out. I have interviewed top administrators of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in Washington. I have toured the main office of the agency in Baltimore. And I have attended numerous interviews between field representatives and people seeking answers to questions (I first got the permission of both parties, since Social Security records are confidential).

The 35 questions that follow are based on those which people are asking, across the country, about a program that is pertinent to your future.

1. ***I'm thirty-one years old, and have a wife and two young children. Social Security is deducted automatically from my check every week. But it'll be thirty-four years before I can collect anything—why should I give it more than a passing thought now?***

Because there are benefits your wife can collect immediately if you should suddenly die, and she should know now what they are. Also, you should tie your Social Security benefits in with other protection you may be arranging for your later years—group pension plans, annuities, investments, insurance or the like. If you wait until you're ready to retire, you may find that you haven't made the best possible arrangements for a nest egg.

2. ***Are all workers covered?***

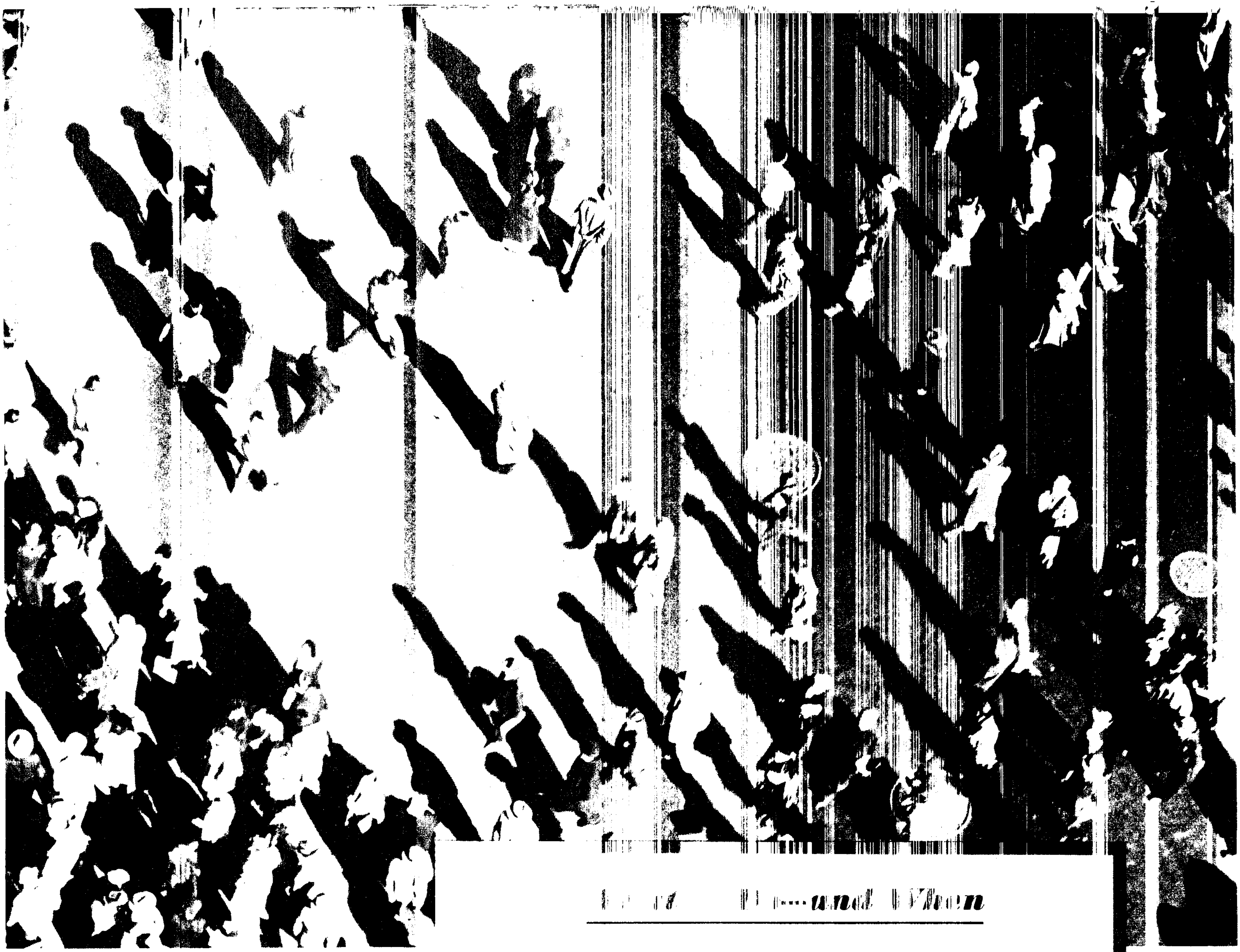
About nine out of ten are. The original program, which went into effect in 1937, applied only to workers in industry and commerce. In 1951, it was extended to people self-employed in trades and businesses; domestic and farm workers who work regularly for the same employer; certain federal employees and many state and local employees not covered by existing retirement systems. Last year, many more people were added: self-employed architects, engineers, accountants and funeral directors; farmers; farm and domestic workers who work for several employers; rail workers; clergymen (if they want to be covered); state and local government workers (except firemen and policemen) who *are* covered by existing retirement systems—if a majority of the workers themselves approve the change by referendum and the state makes an agreement bringing them into the federal program.

3. ***Who's left out?***

Mostly people who want to be—doctors, dentists and lawyers (although the American Bar Association has asked that lawyers be included in the future)—and people already covered by adequate retirement systems, like firemen and policemen, career members of the armed forces and some civilian federal employees. There are also a few other uncovered jobs, such as work done by a parent for a child, or by one spouse for the other, or self-employment yielding less than $400 a year.

4. ***I'm covered by Social Security, but I've lost my card. How do I get another?***

Go to your nearest Social Security office or post office and get a form for a duplicate card.



EWING GALLOWAY

5. ***I am taking a job overseas working for an American company. Will I be covered?***

Yes, automatically if you're an American employed by an American firm, optionally if employed by its foreign subsidiary. And, if you stay abroad after you retire, you'll still collect benefits.

6. ***I employ a part-time domestic. How can I tell if she's covered—and if so what must I do?***

Any domestic worker is covered and should have a Social Security card if she earns as much as $50 in cash in a calendar quarter from any one employer. If you pay your housekeeper that much, you must file a return, which you can obtain at your local Social Security office (each other employer who pays her that much must also file). Until this year, the law required that she had to work for one employer for at least 24 days in a quarter to be covered, but that's no longer true.

7. ***I am not an American citizen, but I live and work in the United States in a covered occupation. Can I get benefits?***

Yes, citizenship is not a requirement for Social Security.

8. ***I spent four years in the armed forces. Do those years count for Social Security?***

It depends. If you served between September 15, 1940, and July 1, 1955, for 90 days (or less, if the

[illegible]—and When

When you go to work, get a Social Security number and save your card.

If you're a man with a family, be sure your wife knows about the survivors benefits to which she and the children would be immediately entitled on your death.

If you are a woman and continue to work after you marry, send in a form recording your new name so you'll keep getting credit for your earnings.

Every three years, or oftener if you work for a firm that is at all shaky financially, send in the form that is available to give you a statement of your Social Security account as compiled from your employer's tax statements; if your credits do not check with what you think they should be, get the matter straightened out before the statute of limitations takes effect—three years, two months and fifteen days after the tax statement in question was submitted.

If you become disabled, file for a disability determination. The benefits you will get at sixty-five may be considerably increased by taking advantage of the disability clauses of the new law.

6. As you approach retirement age, check your credits with your Social Security office to be sure you have enough to be eligible for benefits before you give up your job. You can continue to build up credits after you are sixty-five if you need them or want to go on working.

7. When you reach sixty-five, visit your Social Security office and get your affairs in order. If you do not retire then, and continue to earn more than $2,080 a year, you will not be entitled to benefits until you are seventy-two, but benefits for you and your dependents can start the month after you stop earning, and survivors benefits can be paid promptly if you should die. And if you want to retire at sixty-five, you will not lose any benefits.

8. As soon as you pass your seventy-second birthday, benefit payments can start no matter how much income you earn. See that you get them.

9. If a worker in your family dies, a member of the family should inquire at the Social Security office to see if a lump-sum death payment and survivors benefits are payable.

10. In arranging insurance, real-estate purchases or installment buying, be sure you don't have premiums, interest, monthly payments or any other debt to meet after you're sixty-five. You may want to retire then—but you may find that you have to keep working to meet your debts, thus earning so much that you'll be ineligible for Social Security benefits until you're seventy-two.

***New worker.* It'll be 40 years before she can collect—but now's the time to get ready**

reason for your discharge was a service-connected injury) and you did not receive a dishonorable discharge, you are considered, for Social Security purposes, to have been earning $160 a month for the period of your service. But you're not entitled to Social Security coverage if you're a careerist eligible for benefits under a regular armed forces retirement program. (VA payments don't count.)

9. ***How much does Social Security cost me?***

If you work for someone else, you pay a tax of 2 per cent on everything you earn up to $4,200 a year; so the maximum cost to you is $84. Your employer withholds your part of the tax, matches it, and sends in this 4 per cent of payroll to the Director of Internal Revenue. If you are self-employed, you pay a 3 per cent tax on earnings up to $4,200—or a maximum of $126. Self-employed people pay more because there's no boss to help them share the cost.

10. ***I am a farmer, covered by Social Security for the first time. My tax is not deducted, since I'm self-employed. How do I pay it?***

You and other self-employed people are supposed to send in your old-age tax along with your income tax return. There is a special method of computing income for Social Security purposes, specifically for farmers. Check your Social Security office to see if it applies to you.

11. ***I have worked during the year for two different firms, and both deducted Social Security taxes from my salary—so I have been taxed on more than $4,200. What can I do?***

You can recover the excess amount by getting a credit, or a rebate, on your federal income tax. Straighten it out on your next return—there's a space provided for that purpose.

12. ***I can remember when all I paid for Social Security, working for someone else, was $30 a year. Why is it higher now?***

The tax rate was purposely made low in the early years to avoid accumulating large financial reserves before they were needed. Now, however, more people are becoming eligible for retirement payments every year, and benefits have been increased. The idea is to keep the system self-supporting, so that it pays its way at all times. From 1937 to 1950, the Social Security tax was only 1 per cent on employee earnings up to $3,000 a year; then, as beneficiaries and benefits increased, it was raised to 1½ per cent, and in 1951 the earnings base was raised to $3,600. The present rate—2 per cent on $4,200—is due to be raised too, to keep pace with increased costs of the program. Four further step-ups are scheduled, so that by 1975 the rate will be 4 per cent each for employer and employee. Experts figure that 4 per cent on $4,200 will cover all expenses now anticipated for that time. Of course, if there's a strong demand for increased benefits by then (and that's not unlikely), Congress will have to raise either the tax rate or the amount of earnings taxed to provide funds.

13. ***Somebody told me the payments we make for Social Security are used to meet current government expenses, so that later when a lot of people are eligible for benefits there won't be enough to pay them. Is that true?***

No. All Social Security tax money is kept in a special Trust Fund, administered by the U.S. Treasury but kept separate from other Treasury functions. The Social Security program meets its own expenses, with no funds coming from the public purse. In fact, there is a reserve in the Trust Fund totaling about $21,000,000,000. It's invested in interest-bearing U.S. government securities; the interest is added to the Trust Fund.

14. ***My husband died last month, leaving me and our two babies as his survivors. He had been covered by Social Security for only 20 months. Can we collect any benefits?***

Yes. You are entitled to survivors benefits and a payment toward his funeral expenses, because your husband, having been covered for six calendar quarters (18 months), was, in the words of the law, "currently insured." You must apply for the benefits. You will receive a lump-sum payment of three times the monthly benefit he would have been entitled to, but not less than $90 nor more than $255. More important, you will get monthly payments. Yours will be equal to three quarters of what his monthly benefit would have been, and each child under eighteen will receive half of what his benefit would have been. Another quarter-benefit is divided among the children. The most the monthly benefits may total, however, is 80 per cent of your husband's average monthly earnings while he was covered, or $200, whichever is lower. As soon as both your children reach eighteen, the payments will stop.

15. ***My husband died in 1947, when our children were five and eleven. He had worked in a job covered by Social Security for 18 months. A neighbor with young children was widowed a few months ago and is collecting survivors benefits, but I was told at the time my husband died that I wasn't eligible. How come?***

Because at the time you weren't qualified. Since then, the law has been changed, however. You are qualified now, and you should apply immediately (the same holds true for an estimated 200,000 other dependents of workers who died between June 30, 1940, and September 1, 1950). You will get benefits (retroactive to September 1, 1954) for yourself and for the child who is still under eighteen—but not for the child who has reached eighteen since your husband's death.

16. ***My wife died not long ago, after working in a covered job for several years. I'm supporting our fifteen-year-old daughter. Can I collect survivors benefits?***

You can't, but your daughter can until she's eighteen—if your wife worked for at least half of the three years before her death. The fact that you are working doesn't make any difference.

17. ***A lifelong friend, who came to live with my family in his later years, died recently, leaving no widow. I paid for his funeral. If he was covered by Social Security, can I get any repayment, even though we weren't related?***

Yes. If there is no widow, the lump payment can be collected by whoever has paid the bill, related or not.

18. ***I recently was divorced from my husband. Can I receive benefits based on his Social Security coverage?***

It depends. You cannot receive benefits under any circumstances while he's alive. You may get survivors benefits after he dies—if you are caring for a child of his who is under eighteen, and if you were receiving at least half your support from him by court order. The payments stop when the child reaches eighteen. If you should remarry before then, your payments stop but the child's continue. If your former husband reaches sixty-five and starts collecting retirement benefits, his child under eighteen also collects a benefit. You do not.

19. ***A man I know is collecting Social Security retirement benefits although he paid Social Security taxes for only two years. Yet I'm told I have to be covered for 10 years before I'm eligible for retirement benefits. How come?***

The time you have to be covered before you're "fully insured"—meaning entitled to full retirement benefits—varies from 18 months to 10 years. People born before July 1, 1889, need only the minimum period; those born after 1905 need the full 10 years in order to get retirement payments. They are then insured for life, although they must pay into the program as long as they work.

20. ***Once I'm sixty-five, what benefits am I entitled to?***

If you're fully insured and want to retire, you can file a claim and start receiving monthly benefit payments. Your dependent wife (or husband) will also receive a benefit, equal to half of yours, at sixty-five. If you have dependent children, they will receive a benefit equal to half of yours until they reach eighteen, or marry, or have substantial earnings. If your wife is under sixty-five but caring for your dependent children, she will receive a benefit equal to half of yours. Once again, the maximum per family is 80 per cent of your average earnings, or $200 a month. If you should die, your dependent widow (or widower or, in some cases, parent) who is sixty-five receives a lifetime benefit equal to three quarters of yours. If you leave a widow below that age, she collects nothing until she is sixty-five—unless there are dependent children. Then, of course, she gets a survivors benefit.

21. ***How can I figure out what cash benefits are coming to me when I retire?***

There's a formula for figuring retirement benefits, but you can only make an estimate in advance, and there are so many qualifications that the only way to be sure is to ask your nearest Social Security office when you retire. The formula will give you an approximate figure, though. It's based on your average monthly wage for the period you've been covered by Social Security, up to a maximum average of $350 a month. Take 55 per cent of the first $110 of this total. Add 20 per cent of the remainder; if the sum works out to odd pennies, raise it to the next highest 10-cent figure. That's your benefit. As you can see, the maximum benefit for an individual is $108 a month. The maximum for a family is, as mentioned, 80 per cent of the worker's average monthly wage, or $200, whichever is lower.

22. ***My husband is sixty-five, and he'd like to retire now. But he can't because I'm only sixty—it will be five years before I receive any retirement benefit, and both of us can't get along on his payment. Isn't the sixty-five-year retirement age just a joke in his case?***

One change in the law that has been discussed in Washington would lower the age at which the wife of a retired worker could receive benefits. The change isn't in the law yet, though. As of now, wives still have to wait till they're sixty-five.

23. ***At the time I started paying into Social Security, my wages were low, and they stayed that way a long time. Now, after years of hard work, I'm making a good wage—yet my over-***

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

can collect survivors benefits now, whatever her age, as
ong as her children are under eighteen and husband was covered 18 months

Under the law, he can retire—but it'll be five years before they get enough Social Security benefits to make retirement practical

all monthly average is still low. Other people making less than I do today will have a higher lifetime average—and apparently stand to collect more in benefits. It doesn't seem fair.

It isn't, and for that reason the law allows some options. You may disregard all the years before 1951 in figuring your average monthly wage (most people do, since wages generally were lower before that year than they have been since)—although if it's to your advantage you may count all the years you were covered. Furthermore, Congress last year provided that a worker may drop out up to five years of low earnings in figuring the average.

24. ***My father was disabled and couldn't work for ten years before he reached sixty-five. When his Social Security payments start next month, will he be penalized for those ten years when he had no average monthly wage?***

No. The law now provides that a disabled person's average monthly wage may be calculated on his earnings before he was hurt. Your father, therefore, can drop out the entire ten years. There is a possibility that someday the law will be amended to permit disabled persons to receive benefits before they're sixty-five, but right now they have to wait.

25. ***What if I don't retire at sixty-five?***

Most people don't; the average retirement age is around sixty-eight. But visit the nearest Social Security office when you are sixty-five, and make sure your records are in order. Then let your Social Security office know if your earnings drop below $2,080.01 a year—because then you can collect some of your benefits. If your earnings are spread evenly over the year and you make more than $1,200, you will lose one month's benefit for each additional $80 that you make; if you earn more than $2,080, you will get no benefits. As soon as you are seventy-two, however, you can receive full benefits no matter how much you earn.

Self-employed. He's covered for the first time—but how does he pay his old-age tax?

26. ***I'm a civil engineer. Next month I'll be sixty-five, and I'd like to retire. But I expect to be called on perhaps once or twice a year as a consultant. My fees on those occasions will exceed $2,080—but for the rest of the year I will earn nothing. Am I still barred from collecting Social Security benefits?***

No. People between sixty-five and seventy-two whose earnings are not spread evenly over the year may collect benefits for the months when they are not working, regardless of how much they earn during the other months. Keep a record of your earnings—the amount, and when earned—and show it to your local Social Security officer. He'll figure out how much you're entitled to.

27. ***I'm over sixty-five, but can't retire on my Social Security because I'm earning $2,500 a year. Yet my neighbor, who's the same age and has quit working, collects full benefits although he receives almost $10,000 a year in dividends from investments and in rent from some property he owns. That doesn't seem right to me.***

It doesn't seem right to some members of Congress, either; and there has been talk about taking corrective steps. In fact, the age at which you may receive full benefits no matter what you earn was seventy-five until this year; it was lowered to seventy-two so that people like you could collect payments sooner, and still work. Perhaps it will be lowered further in the future, but Congress must consider the cost: to provide *all* workers with benefits at sixty-five would add almost $2,000,000,000 a year to the present cost of the program, requiring a much higher Social Security tax than is now paid.

28. ***Are Social Security benefit payments subject to income tax?***

No—and that, of course, increases their real value. The next time you're looking at a tax table, add Social Security to your present income and note the difference it would make if taxable.

29. ***What records must I produce at the Social Security office before I can file a claim?***

You'll need your Social Security card and you may need proof of age. A birth certificate's best, but if your state didn't keep records when you were born, you may be asked to produce a family Bible, baptismal or school records, records of a trade-union or lodge, or life-insurance policies that show your age. If you have military service credits to count as part of your earnings, present your service record and your discharge papers. If you have a dependent wife or husband, you'll need evidence of marriage; for dependent children, have their birth certificates. (If the insured worker is mentally ill, or incapacitated in some other way, a member of the family can apply for benefits on his behalf, but the attending doctor must certify to his condition and payments must be used for his day-to-day needs.)

30. ***I'm sixty-seven, and I haven't worked for two years. I recently learned for the first time that I'm entitled to Social Security retirement benefits. Can I collect for the two years that have passed since I turned sixty-five?***

You can collect for one year only; benefits are retroactive for no longer than that.

31. ***I have made a claim for benefits, but it has been disallowed. Can I appeal?***

Yes. First ask for reconsideration of your case, or for a review by a referee of the Social Security Administration. If you aren't satisfied with his decision, you can get your case reviewed by the Appeals Council of the Social Security Administration in Washington. If the council rules against you and you still think you're right, you may carry your appeal to the federal courts.

32. ***I have a personal Social Security problem, but there's no office of the agency in my town. What can I do?***

There may be a district office in a town near you; the Social Security Administration has 532 such offices distributed over the country. In addition, staff men from these offices are available on certain days in many other communities. Check your postmaster. He'll be able to tell you where the nearest office is, what its address is if you want to write, and whether a representative of the office will be in your town shortly.

33. ***My Social Security check was stolen from my mailbox. How do I report that? Will I get a new check if the other is forged and cashed?***

Report the loss immediately to your Social Security office. If the check has been unlawfully cashed, you will get a new one.

34. ***The company I work for has a pension program for all its employees. Does that mean I can't collect Social Security?***

On the contrary, President Eisenhower has urged exploring the relationship between public retirement programs and the private pension plans that can be used to supplement them. There are about 14,000 such plans in effect now, covering about one in five of all the workers who are under Social Security—and it has been suggested that tax incentives be offered to encourage more firms to install private pension plans.

35. ***What was the reason for passing a Social Security law in the first place?***

No one, perhaps, answered the question better than President Franklin D. Roosevelt did at the time he proposed the original Social Security program to Congress:

"Security was attained in the earlier days through the interdependence of members of families upon each other, or the families within a small community upon each other. The complexities of great communities of organized industry make less real these simple means of security. Therefore we are compelled to employ the active interest of the nation as a whole through government in order to encourage a greater security for each individual who composes it."

▲ ▲ ▲

WIDE WORLD

President gives Sen. George pen after signing Formosa Resolution. Secretary Dulles (r.) and Sen. Bridges watch

Senator George

The 77-year-old senator from Georgia has become the keystone of our bipartisan foreign policy—the most important American in world affairs after President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles. When he proposed a Big Four meeting, even Russia took note. What kind of man is he? How did he rise to power?

By ROBERT J. DONOVAN

SELDOM in the history of the United States Senate has any member reached the pinnacle of power, respect and influence that is occupied today by Walter Franklin George, the solemn, dignified and well-nigh unassailable senior senator from Georgia.

Currently the richest man in the Senate's own coin of the realm—seniority—and blessed with a voice like Lauritz Melchior singing Wagner in an elevator, George is extraordinary for the sweep of his authority across a wide spectrum of issues, foreign and domestic.

A conservative Democrat who took the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in January because a Republican President wanted him to, his influence over measures that may spell the difference between war and peace is exceeded among Americans only by that of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

With a subdued ray of humor that sometimes peeks through the cumulus clouds of dignity surrounding him, George tells of a man suspected of harboring a belief in ghosts.

"You don't really believe in ghosts, do you?" the man was asked.

"I don't believe in 'em," the man replied, "but I've seen 'em."

His anecdote could well serve as the text for a lesson on the present state of bipartisanship in foreign policy. Many people in Washington profess a cynical skepticism about bipartisanship, but they're seeing it. Largely because he deems his foreign-policy role unpartisan, George's association with Eisenhower and Dulles is probably setting an all-time high for intimate co-operation between representatives of the two parties in peacetime in dealing with issues beyond the water's edge.

When Dulles was a senator, he and George developed a deep respect for each other, and this has flourished into a confident—and comfortably informal—working relationship. Weekly, if Dulles' travel plans permit, he and George sit down to breakfast in the senator's tastefully furnished apartment in the Mayflower Hotel. While George sips orange juice and coffee and Dulles launches massive retaliation upon a multicourse meal, the two discuss world crises and what must be done to meet them.

The result has been that every foreign-policy measure the President has submitted to the Democratic-controlled Senate since George took over the committee chairmanship has been passed—even though, as few realize, on some points George has had grave doubts and has fought for the President's wishes only after hard struggles with himself. Once he has made up his mind, though, the senator has not held back; in particular, his speech in the Senate last January squelching opposition to the Formosa Resolution is regarded as a showpiece of bipartisanship.

"Personally," the President wrote him, "I thought your leadership in the hearings on the Formosa Resolution was superb."

President Repeats Tribute Publicly

At a news conference a few weeks later, Mr. Eisenhower said it again, publicly. When a reporter asked him if there hadn't been an increase in partisanship and mudslinging recently, the President said he was against mudslinging—then declared, in an extraordinary public tribute to a leader of the opposition party:

"As a matter of fact, I think it would be a good moment to just say how much I have respected and admired the attitude that Senator George has taken, for example, in trying to preserve a true bipartisan, unpartisan approach to all our foreign problems." The President said he wouldn't even talk about a party containing a man who was working as hard as George was to make the foreign affairs of the United States go forward successfully.

It was a tribute to George's great prestige that when, during a television show in March, he casually proposed a Big Four conference, it made headlines the world over, pitched the White House and State Department (and apparently the Kremlin) into a furious reappraisal of the subject and attracted diplomatic notice in every major capital.

Over the years George's main contribution to foreign policy has been less the originality of his views than the strength of conviction and the weight of personal influence that he has marshaled behind the proposals of the Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower administrations. In World War II he was a leader in the fight for Lend-Lease in the Senate and supported this country's wartime alliances and later the United Nations. He has been an unswerving advocate of reciprocal trade and the good-neighbor policy. In the cold war, George has endorsed Greek-Turkish aid, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, and supported President Truman's decision to oppose the Communists in Korea. The North Atlantic Treaty had his powerful backing and he is dedicated to the idea of a rearmed German Republic and the Western coalition.

On the Far East his outlook follows the Democratic, rather than right-wing Republican, philosophy. He opposed U.S. intervention in Indochina and a naval blockade of the Chinese coast. A go-it-alone policy, he believes, would be a calamity. He has grave doubts about the wisdom of the massive retaliation principle and fears the effect that the use of nuclear weapons would have on Asian opinion. Yet he agrees that a stand must be made against further Communist aggression in the Pacific.

George, the son of a Georgia tenant farmer, celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday on January 29th—collecting, among other birthday honors, a kiss from Mamie Eisenhower. The occasion found him at the peak of his career. In point of service, though not of age, he is the dean of the Senate, having served continuously since November 8, 1922, the year before President Harding's death. In the history of the United States only four men have been in the Senate longer.

As president pro tempore of the Senate, George is third in line of succession to the Presidency. This honorary post, in addition to providing him with a government limousine and chauffeur, confers on him the right to preside over the Senate in the absence of the Vice-President—a frequent chore in these days of good-will-touring Richard Nixon. It

–Ike's Favorite Democrat

also gives him social precedence among senators. However, that is a status utterly wasted on George, who often goes to bed at eight o'clock, and seldom later than nine, after an evening of watching television or reading mystery stories while a parakeet named Bobby occasionally perches on his shoulder or his book or on his head. The bird belongs to Mrs. George, a vivacious woman known to her friends and her husband as "Miss Lucy." In the old Southern tradition she addresses the senator, even in the privacy of their home, as Mr. George.

His Influence on Economic Policy

Besides being Foreign Relations chairman and president pro tempore, George holds another position of influence, as senior member and former chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, now headed by his conservative Democratic colleague, Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. Because the committee handles tax legislation, this role enables George to exert an influence on economic policy almost as great as he exercises on foreign policy. His opposition to the $20 income-tax cut put through by House Democrats in March, for example, was a principal cause of its defeat in the Senate.

George is not unaware of his power. Working at his desk recently, he wanted a word with the administrative assistant of Senator George A. Smathers of Florida, and said to his secretary: "Call up Jake Carlton and tell him if he isn't busy to come up here."

"What do you want me to tell him if he is busy?" she asked.

"Why, tell him to come anyhow," he rumbled in that voice which his Southern friends admire not only for its awesome crescendo in debate, but for what, on the low-pitched side, they call its "antebellum mellowness." That was the typical George: mild and deferential to a degree, but withal august and commanding, serene in the eminence that seniority confers in the Senate.

In appearance he is fittingly venerable, but by no manner of means ancient. His build is compact and broad-shouldered, and his gait is firm. His round face is ruddy, and he has gray hair combed flat. Perhaps the distinguishing feature of his looks now are his friendly eyes greatly magnified by thick spectacles. Some years ago he underwent a cataract operation, one of whose lamentable consequences for him was that it put an end to his pastime of hunting quail and doves. He is still, however, an ardent fisherman.

George was born near Preston, Georgia, in 1878. In later years, when edifying his constituents with tales of youthful hardships on the farm, he used to say that the halls of Mercer University, in Macon, once looked as distant to him as castles in Spain. Nevertheless, he not only covered the distance to Macon, and got his law degree, but triumphantly returned to his alma mater in 1947 for ceremonies rededicating the Mercer Law School under its present name, the Walter F. George School of Law.

When George was a young lawyer, he and his wife settled down in Vienna (pronounced Vyenna

BOB PHILLIPS

Right: a characteristic and candid shot of George as he ponders quick-thrown question

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with George

GREEN
Rhode Island

FULBRIGHT
Arkansas

SPARKMAN
Alabama

HUMPHREY
Minnesota

MANSFIELD
Montana

BARKLEY
Kentucky

MORSE
Oregon

in Georgia), a town with a present population of 2,200. They had two sons, Heard, who is now his father's administrative assistant, and Joseph Marcus, a Navy flier, who was lost in action in the Atlantic in World War II.

Joseph's death stunned his father, who by then had become one of the real powers in the Senate. With characteristic stoicism George submerged his grief in silence at the time. But two years later, in July, 1945, he arose in the Senate and in a speech of terrific emotional impact invoked the memory of his son and other sons killed in battle, in urging ratification of the United Nations Charter. He mentioned no names. Yet in the hushed chamber everyone understood, as he said:

"Our best men have died on the earth; the blue waters have swallowed them up; from the flaming skies they have gone down to death—to win this war and to make possible a better world for another generation of Americans.

"We promised them something. I am sure that every member of the Senate means to keep that promise and to go all out in an effort to make that promise good . . . When I think of the great host of American youths who have been taken from our midst over this land, I can think only in terms of those beautiful words—

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old.

"Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning we shall remember them."

When he finished speaking, the Senate rose to a man and stood in silence. Some senators sitting with George on the Foreign Relations Committee today believe that the solemnity with which he approaches his responsibilities in foreign policy is due in no small part to his poignant personal experience of the meaning of war.

At Home on the Georgia Plantation

Except when Congress is in session the Georges still make their home in Vienna in a six-room remodeled white colonial house with a large porch on one side, where the senator naps on warm afternoons. He and his son have adjoining farms on which, under Heard's management, they raise pecans, peanuts, tobacco and cotton.

George was thirty-four when he became a superior court judge in Georgia. Five years later he was elevated to the court of appeals and shortly afterward to the state supreme court. In 1922 he had resigned to practice law when Senator Thomas E. Watson died, and George was elected for the unexpired term. He won his first full term in 1926 after a bitter primary contest with the late Judge Richard B. Russell. Today George's respectful admirer and co-worker is his junior colleague, the old judge's son, Senator Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

George has been re-elected ever since his first term. That he will run again next year is the general assumption, though it could be that he will have a stiff fight on his hands against former Governor Herman Talmadge. It wouldn't be his first battle with a Talmadge, either. George successfully opposed Herman's father, the late Eugene Talmadge, as well as Lawrence S. Camp, in the celebrated 1938 primary. That was the year that Franklin D. Roosevelt, backing Camp, tried and spectacularly failed to purge George from the Senate. In retrospect George takes a mellow view of Roosevelt and the purge, as well he might, for his victory made him a national figure.

Apropos of whether George will run again is a delightful but probably apocryphal story about an acquaintance who wondered, back in the days when the senator was seventy years old, if age would bar him from continuing in public life. When the friend was on the point of asking George, a sprightly, erect man stepped briskly into the senator's office.

"I'd like to have you meet my papa," George said to his friend, who promptly swallowed the question. (The senator's father, the late Robert T. George, lived to be nearly ninety-eight.)

America's position in the world has changed immensely since 1922, when George first entered the Senate, and his outlook has changed with it. Many find a commentary in the fact that a man who first won his way to Congress in a campaign in which he denounced the League of Nations and foreign alliances should have been during the last 15 years one of the Senate's mightiest voices for internationalism and collective security.

Inevitably, George's role is compared with that of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. Though of different parties, each man took over the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee at a time when the opposition party controlled the executive branch of the government, and each co-operated mightily in making a reality of bipartisanship in foreign policy.

Vandenberg came to the chairmanship after a dramatic switch from isolationism to internationalism, another fact often cited by way of comparison. Actually, the two cases are very different. Vandenberg was converted toward the close of World War II, and only after considerable soul searching. George was never really identified with the isolationists in Congress—at least not for long, and certainly not after the rise of dictators aroused American foreign policy from the stagnation of the twenties.

In national affairs as in foreign affairs, George has gravitated from the right to the middle of the road. Though he has been criticized as a protector of the power interests and big business, he once described himself as "an 80 per cent New Dealer" and voted for such reforms as NRA, AAA, TVA and labor and Social Security measures.

Significantly, George has publicly endorsed and privately helped some of the most liberal young senators, who, in turn, frequently seek his advice and hold him in something approaching reverence.

"He treats the newest of us just like his old friends," says freshman Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana. "Take my case. I made the Foreign Relations Committee in my first term. Most unusual! Highly unusual! I know that was the doing of Senator George—and, of course, Senator Lyndon Johnson, then minority leader."

"I find him a lot more liberal inside than outside," peppery Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota recently remarked of George.

Notwithstanding, George is a bona fide conservative—and that is a source of his strength both in the Senate and in Georgia. In the old tradition, his conservatism shows itself in his distrust of hasty innovation and ill-considered spending and in his deep attachment to the Constitution.

Safeguarding Constitutional Processes

When, for example, the North Atlantic Treaty was up for ratification in 1949, George, while favoring it, feared it might alter constitutional relationships between the President and Congress. Under his leadership a clause was written in providing that all parts of the treaty shall be carried out according to the constitutional processes. That has since become a standard provision in all our mutual-defense treaties.

George first became chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee in 1940, but six months later switched to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee. He figured that, with war approaching, the President's authority over foreign policy would be so great as to leave little leeway for the Foreign Relations Committee chairman. As chairman of finance, on the other hand, he handled with more latitude the record wartime tax bills.

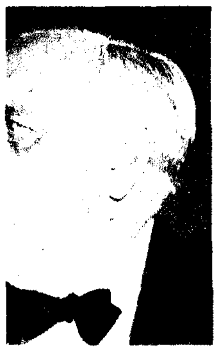
After the Democrats won control of Congress last fall, George had a choice between the chairmanships of the Senate Foreign Relations and Finance Committees, since he was senior Democrat on both. He wasn't sure which to take. One day last December he went to the White House on other business. During their talk the President tactfully intimated to him that he would like to see him take over Foreign Relations. That comment was followed by a similar representation from Dulles. Both the President and the Secretary have a friendly regard for the next Democrat in line on the committee, Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island, but doubtless shared the widespread conviction in Washington that at eighty-seven Green could hardly match the power of George, 10 years his junior, in crucial foreign-policy battles on the Senate floor.

George found it easy to fall in with the President's wishes.

"The Foreign Relations Committee," as he put it recently, "is now the center of practically all our large activities—nearly everything ends up in Foreign Relations. Foreign policy sets the policy even in defense. Foreign policy controls largely the whole financial operation of the country, and that extends even into the field of taxes. It has become a vastly important committee."

Scarcely had George assumed the chairmanship

s chairman, sits in judgment on our foreign policy



WILEY
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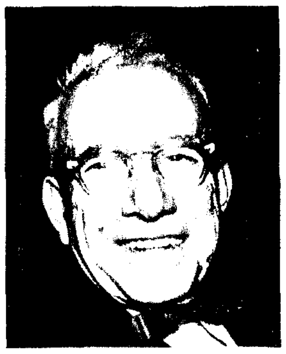


AIKEN
Vermont

CAPEHART
Indiana

in January when the Formosa crisis broke like a storm over Washington. The story of the ensuing days—and of George's role—constitutes a high chapter in the history of bipartisanship.

Late on Tuesday, January 18th, Washington learned that the Chinese Communists had captured Ichiang near the Tachen Islands group, thus threatening the safety of 15,000 Nationalist troops in the Tachens. The next day the President and Dulles decided to ask Congress for a resolution authorizing the defense of Nationalist-held areas, presumably including Quemoy and the Matsus.

On Thursday, January 20th, George and other Congressional leaders were called to the State Department for a briefing by Dulles and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There for the first time George learned of the Formosa Resolution, and from then on he was deeply involved with its fate.

After church on Sunday, the 23d, Dulles and his wife dropped by the George apartment, where the Secretary gave the senator a revised draft. On Monday the President sent his historic message to Congress. Two days later, following confirmation by the House, it was approved in the Senate jointly by the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees, only to encounter a ripping attack on the Senate floor.

"Put in plain English," said Republican Senator Ralph E. Flanders of Vermont, "this is preventive war."

Senator Wayne Morse, Democrat of Oregon, echoed Flanders' charge and went further. The resolution, he argued, would allow Chiang Kai-shek on his own initiative to drag this country into a world war. A wave of uneasiness ran through the Democrats. Was Eisenhower maneuvering them into a position where they were being forced to share responsibility with him for something he could order on his own—the use of troops to protect America's vital interests? Over the resolution gathered the threat of restricting amendments.

President Had Anticipated Criticisms

It was not generally realized at the time that the President had earlier anticipated the criticisms and had offered to issue a statement that he alone would retain power to order American forces into action. Such a statement would have undermined charges that Chiang could drag America into hostilities or that hotheaded admirals could launch a preventive war. At first George advised the President not to release the statement unnecessarily lest it tell the Reds more than they need to know. By midday on Thursday, the 27th, however, the critics were becoming so clamorous that George counseled putting the statement out. Dulles read a draft to him over the phone; George approved. The White House then released the statement, and George went to work on the Senate floor.

In a memorable speech he called on the Senate to support the President and show the world that America was united in the crisis. Do away with your restrictive amendments, he urged his Democratic colleagues.

"I hope," he cried, "that no Democrat will be heard to say that because the President of the United States came to Congress, he is thereby subject to criticism. The President chose a courageous course, a course which would be taken only by a prudent, patient man who knows the pitfalls of the course and knows the horrors of war."

Behind these words lay a deep-rooted conviction of George's that when the President comes to Congress, he is not placing his case before a body of secondary importance in the United States government. George believes profoundly, as he has said many times, that the liberties of the people reside in representative government and that the day Congress becomes secondary to anyone those liberties will be in peril.

Had George opposed the Formosa Resolution, its fate would have been in doubt. Indeed it might never have got out of committee. Only a generation ago, after all, a Foreign Relations Committee headed by the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts Republican who was out of sympathy with the Wilson administration, tied such reservations to the League of Nations Covenant that the Senate rejected it. President Eisenhower was more fortunate than President Wilson. Under the impact of Eisenhower's statement and George's speech, opposition faded. On Friday, January 28th, the resolution was passed, 85 to 3.

But that doesn't tell the whole story. The casual observer, hearing George battling for the resolution and demanding of senators, "What is the alternative?", must have supposed he never had a flicker of doubt. Some of his colleagues knew better. From the outset he was beset by grave reservations about the resolution—about its scope, about its possible application and consequences, and especially about the authority it gave the President to defend Quemoy and the Matsus.

Yet a stand had to be taken, and he did what is characteristic of him in such circumstances. He decided which side he would take, and then, throttling his doubts, went out and fought for it as stubbornly and tenaciously as if it had been his idea in the first place. As for the Formosa Resolution, he concluded that the Reds had forced the issue so far that the United States must take a forthright stand and that the President's course was about the most practical move in a bad situation.

Similarly, George was nettled by doubts about the mutual-defense treaty with Formosa, which followed along after the resolution. The Democrats at the time were circulating a private memorandum by Benjamin V. Cohen, formerly counselor of the State Department, who maintained that entering into a treaty with the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa might be tantamount to recognizing their sovereignty over the island. The memorandum seriously questioned the wisdom of thus limiting this country's freedom of action in future policy dealing with the fate of Formosa.

George was impressed by Cohen's argument and concerned with the problems it raised. When in the end, however, he made up his mind to support the President on the treaty, he set aside his doubts and fought for it all the way. The treaty was ratified by the Senate on February 9th, 64 to 6.

George's tenacity plus a good sense of timing also make him a formidable antagonist in the Senate—as the administration has occasionally discovered. The State Department got a taste of this stubbornness recently. George dumped the secret Yalta papers back in its lap when the department tried to distribute them confidentially on Capitol Hill—a move George considered politics, not diplomacy. Along with most other Democrats, he felt the department was counting on an eventual "leak" to make the papers public.

How Bricker Amendment Was Sabotaged

Last year Senator John W. Bricker and Attorney General Herbert Brownell also got a taste of George's tactics in opposition. With a keen sense of timing George put the skids to the Bricker amendment limiting the President's treaty-making powers, by introducing a compromise proposal, eliminating the extreme features of the Bricker plan but still giving the Bricker proponents an out. Bricker's amendment and all other substitutes got trampled in the ensuing rush, and the final vote was on the George substitute. It failed by one vote.

As for Brownell, he incurred the senator's towering disgust by opposing the George amendment at the last moment on legal grounds. George's way of shriveling him up was to tell the Senate loftily that the United States had "a very odd Attorney General."

In admiration of his sense of timing George's friends tell the story of a time when representatives of some Georgia farmers came to Washington to read the riot act to the senator for a measure he had sponsored. When they had all gathered for the chastisement, a pause occurred, and George stepped to the chair to explain his position. In no time at all he had the rafters ringing. When he had finished, all the fight had gone out of his audience. The meeting ended. On the way out, a reporter said to Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, who had accompanied the farm group to George's office, "I thought you were going to put the blister on the senator."

"Heck, he's a sleeping lion, the old senator," Vinson exclaimed. "I don't want to get tangled up with him."

But besides being a fire-eater when the occasion demands, George is a man of substance and deliberation, and in the tense days ahead his stability should provide a solid bedrock in the Senate for the President's policy. "I think," he says, "that working with a Democratic or Republican administration is pretty much the same on questions of foreign policy. I am not concerned with which party is guiding our foreign policy. If I believe it is a workable policy it makes no difference whether it is put forward by a Democrat or Republican." ▲▲▲

CRASHING PLANES ON PURPOSE

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

By slamming service-weary airplanes into ground barriers and watching them burn, researchers have found a way to curb crash fires—and ultimately save thousands of lives

AERONAUTICAL scientists at Cleveland, Ohio, after playing with fire for several years, have made a contribution to aviation safety which may ultimately save many thousands of lives: they have found a way to stop the aircraft fires which often follow landing and take-off accidents.

These legal arsonists, who have recently declassified their heretofore secret experiments, are members of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, a government research agency, which celebrated its fortieth anniversary on April 14th. Their project involved the deliberate crashing of a number of service-weary planes in a successful effort to determine the causes of crash fires and develop a system for their prevention.

The project was started on the recommendation of a government Air Safety Board. A majority of landing and take-off accidents are survivable, researchers believe; some, depending on the force of impact, might result in no injury whatever were it not for the possibility of fire. That possibility is always present, however, because airplanes often carry several thousand gallons of fuel, usually located in tanks in the wing. A crash impact may rip open the wing and spill the fuel. Some of it is atomized by contact with the onrushing air while the plane is still moving, forming a large cloud of tiny fuel droplets which may spread over the entire airplane. One spark may create a flaming holocaust.

NACA assigned the crash-fire investigation to its Lewis Flight Propulsion Laboratory at Cleveland, one of five facilities operated by the agency. The Air Force provided the planes, no longer usable in operational service, and the Army made available a site for the crash tests at its Ravenna, Ohio, Arsenal, where NACA constructed a 1,700-foot runway and a crash barrier of dirt and heavy timber. A steel rail was laid down the center of the runway to keep the unoccupied planes on course; the nose wheels of the airplanes were removed and steel "slippers" which fitted snugly around the rail substituted.

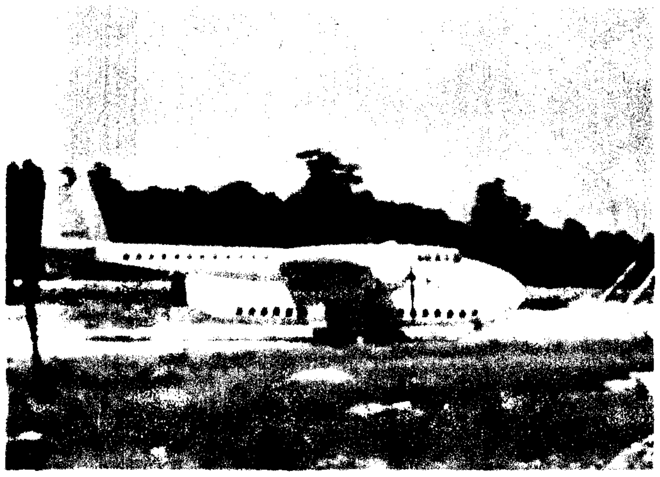
A typical crash test goes like this: the plane is parked at the end of the runway, its rail slipper affixed and its engines run up to full power. A steel cable holds the plane back. At a signal from the controller, the cable is slipped and the plane starts down the runway, reaching a speed of about 120 miles per hour. It slams full tilt into the barrier, which shears off propellers and landing gear and snaps the wing, spilling the fuel (usually a full load). A hot spark from some part of the airplane ignites the fuel and—whoosh!

The first few crashes were devoted to a study of just how the fires got started, then the research group, headed by the lab director, Dr. Edward R. Sharp, and engineers I. Irving Pinkel and Lewis A. Rodert, set about developing a remedy. It was found that the engines and the plane's electrical system were the sources of ignition. After a long period of painstaking research, NACA's engineers devised an electronic sensing device which, immediately upon impact, sends out an impulse which shuts off the entire electrical system and the flow of fuel to the engines. At the same time it sets in operation an apparatus which cools the hot metal parts of the engines by spraying them with ordinary water. Cooling the metal—which otherwise would be hot enough to ignite fuel—requires only three and a half gallons of water.

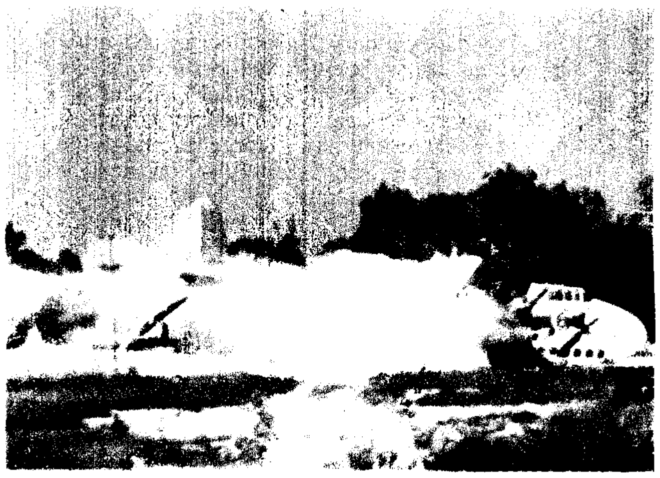
NACA crashed 35 planes, jet- as well as piston-powered, in perfecting the system. Thirteen of these crashes were made with the new device installed—and not a single fire resulted. Because of the great amount of study required after each crash the program stretched out over more than four years. Finally, NACA was satisfied that the system was foolproof and it was turned over to a commercial firm for manufacture. To corroborate the results of NACA's research, the Air Force has installed an experimental system in an airplane for extensive flight test. Later the USAF will use it in production airplanes. It will also be available to commercial aircraft operators and manufacturers; it can be installed either in new aircraft under construction or in those already flying.

NACA, which prides itself on getting the most mileage possible out of the taxpayer's dollar, accomplished the entire crash-fire program at a cost of less than $1,000,000—little more than half the cost of some modern airliners. ▲▲▲

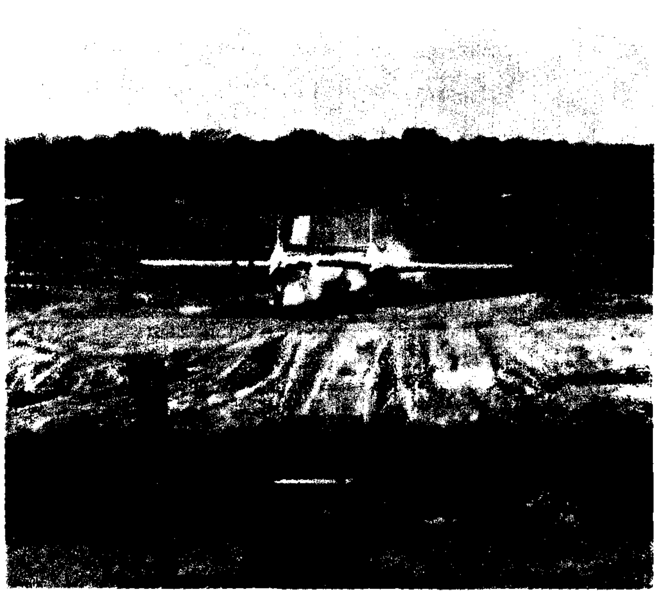
Loaded with fuel, engines wide open, robot-driven plane gets under way, guided down runway by a track



At about 100 miles an hour, transport speeds toward barrier, composed of railroad ties, packed earth



The impact. Gasoline envelops plane, is set afire by a smashed landing light in wing's leading edge



And here's same test, using same type plane—but

An instant after the crash, the airplane is almost hidden in a roaring inferno, which is still being fed by fuel gushing out of the punctured wing tanks. From start to finish, test takes less than half a minute, including dash down 1,700-foot runway. Plane shown is a C-82 Packet

h new fire-protection system installed. Fuel sprays over fuselage, but the electrical system is off, the engine is cooled—and no fire results

TANA HOBAN

BREATH OF LIFE

A baby's life and future health may depend on how much oxygen he gets at the crucial hour of birth. Now, thanks to a device developed at Johns Hopkins, doctors for the first time have a quick, sure way to tell when more oxygen is needed

By J. D. RATCLIFF

THERE are two moments of supreme drama in every human life: when the first breath is drawn, and when the last breath is expired. One raises the curtain of life, the other lowers it. Admirable progress has been made in postponing the last breath—life expectancy is now around seventy years. But the first day of life is still a hazardous time; it is almost as dangerous as it was a generation ago.

Look at the situation that prevails today in hospital delivery rooms. Physicians have done a spectacular job in reducing maternal mortality; indeed, they have eliminated most of the ancient terrors of motherhood. Good hospitals go months or even years without the loss of a single maternal life. Deliveries in the nation as a whole—which include births in slum kitchens, and in mountain shacks under the ministrations of midwives—result in less than 2,500 maternal deaths a year while producing an annual crop of 4,000,000 babies. And a large share of the deaths are attributable to causes not related to the birth process.

One of the main reasons for this shining record is the fact that obstetricians can give minute-to-minute attention to the welfare of the mother: her blood pressure, respiration, pulse. If anything goes wrong, the doctor can take immediate steps to combat the trouble. Less fortunate is the baby—the doctor's unseen second patient.

In the womb a baby leads a sheltered, parasitic life; all his needs are admirably cared for. For him, the most serious threat is a shortage of oxygen. In the early months of his development, the mother's blood stream provides adequate oxygen for his growth and some movement—a flailing of arms and legs, even enough to permit him to turn over.

As the moment of birth draws closer, the baby approaches a crisis. He outgrows the limited oxygen supply that was once adequate to meet all his needs. In the final days of pregnancy, in fact, there is barely enough oxygen to support life.

The oxygen available to the baby at this stage is about the same as exists at a 33,000-foot altitude. If a jet pilot's oxygen apparatus failed at such an altitude, he would be dead in minutes. Yet the baby manages to survive and thrive—so long as there is no interference with his meager supply of oxygen. But anything that reduces its quantity can spell disaster. It is, indeed, remarkable that the baby can survive at all. The secret of his survival is that he has some remarkable attributes.

Like a trained mountain climber, he has a 20 to 40 per cent surplus of oxygen-carrying hemoglobin in his blood. It is a very special kind of hemoglobin which picks up oxygen with greatest readiness. The baby also has an oversized heart, far larger in proportion to body size than the heart of an adult. And his heart beats faster than it ever will during life—up to 200 beats per minute as compared with 70 for an adult.

Even with a highly efficient circulatory system to aid him, the baby still faces a crisis as term approaches. Escape or death are his alternatives. With barely enough oxygen to support life, he faces the most rigorous of human experience: birth. Any interference with his oxygen supply at this moment can spell disaster. Death may follow. Or, brain cells may be robbed of oxygen, resulting in permanent damage—feeblemindedness, crippling, possibly epilepsy. Everything depends on the immediate inauguration of respiration. "This moment," observed Sir Joseph Barcraft, British researcher, "is the most exciting 70 seconds in physiology."

The baby's heartbeat is the main check on his welfare during the birth crisis. If he faces an oxygen shortage, his heart slows. If the beat drops under 100 per minute, the physician knows the about-to-be-born baby faces serious trouble.

During the early stages of labor, the practice in the best hospitals is to listen to the infant's heart at half-hour intervals; in the last stages, the doctor tries to listen every few minutes. But as birth approaches, more and more attention must be concentrated on the mother. Events may happen so rapidly that there is little time to check the baby. Actually, in many shorthanded hospitals, with insufficient delivery-room assistants, almost no attention may be paid to the fetal heartbeat from the start of labor. These facts, perhaps more than any others, suggest why neonatal deaths have declined so slowly. While sweeping progress has been made on almost all medical fronts, the hazards facing the about-to-be-born and the newborn have remained.

Ever since radio was invented, doctors have tried to design a microphone-loud-speaker arrangement which would listen continuously to the fetal heartbeat. Such a device, they hoped, would give instant warning of any peril facing the baby and enable the physician to shorten the period of danger. Most efforts to build such an apparatus met with failure, however. The machines were either too cumbersome, too temperamental or too expensive to be useful.

But a new apparatus developed recently at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore has overcome these obstacles. Simple and dependable, it gives the doctor a continuous record of the baby's pulse during the birth process. It affords the doctor a means of watching both his patients—instead of only the mother. And if the baby gets into difficulties, the physician can take immediate steps to combat them.

A few facts will indicate the tremendous potential importance of the new apparatus. Each year 70,000 infants are stillborn, and another 76,000 perish in the first month of life—a toll two thirds as large as that taken by cancer. In terms of lost years of life, the toll is enormously greater. Cancer is mainly a disease of advanced years, when the victim already has a greatly reduced life expectancy. Neonatal death occurs at the beginning of life, when the victim has an expected life span of nearly seventy years.

How big a role does want of oxygen play in these neonatal deaths? First let us consider deaths within the womb—the 70,000 stillbirths that occur each year. There are many ways in which oxygen shortage can develop within the womb. Perhaps the mother is seriously anemic; her blood has too few oxygen-carrying red cells. If so, her own tissues may be starved of oxygen—and so may her baby's.

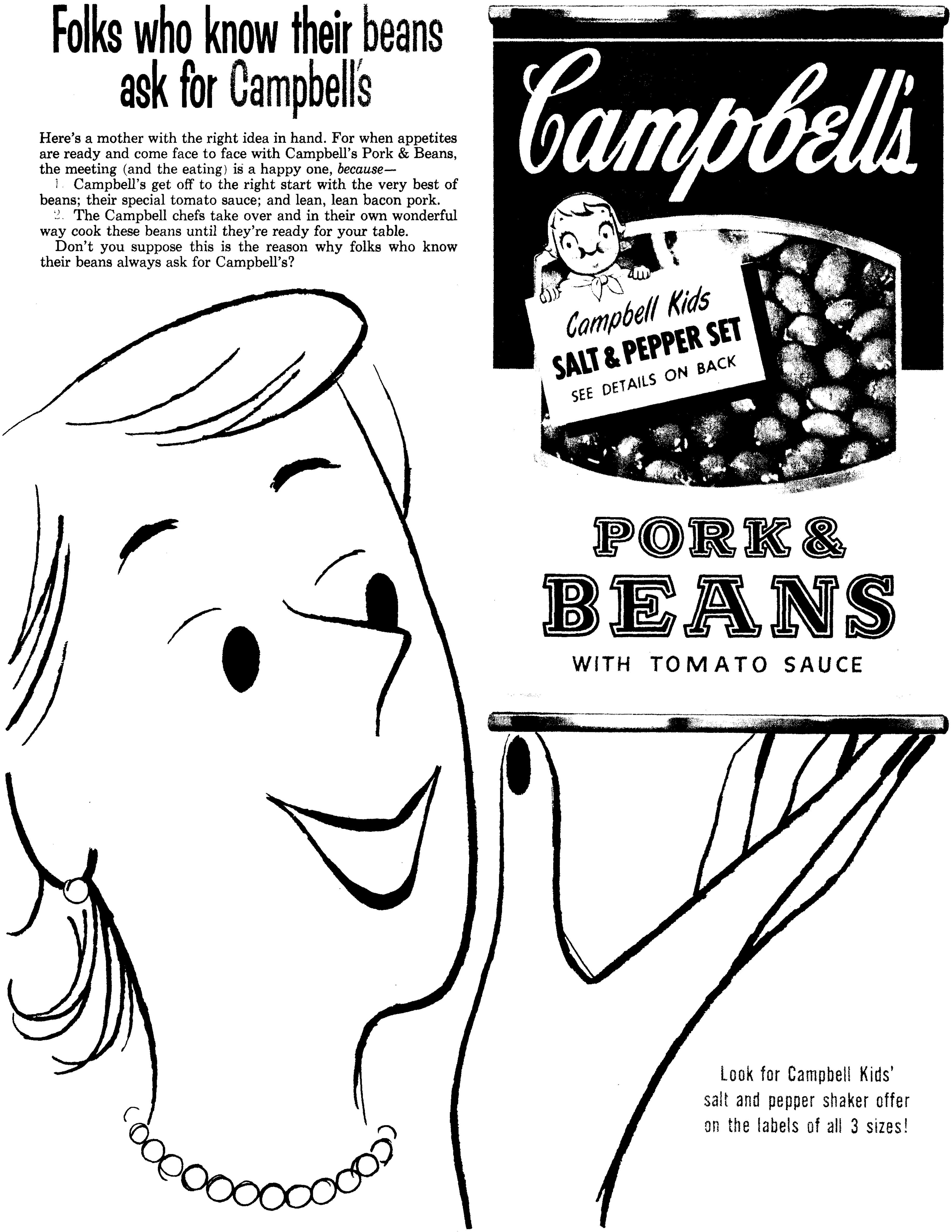
Diabetes may play a role, slowing down the flow of blood supplying oxygen to the baby. The Rh factor must also be considered. If the mother is Rh negative and the baby Rh positive, the bloods of the two may declare war on each other. This conflict results in anemia in the

Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's

Here's a mother with the right idea in hand. For when appetites are ready and come face to face with Campbell's Pork & Beans, the meeting (and the eating) is a happy one, *because—*

1. Campbell's get off to the right start with the very best of beans; their special tomato sauce; and lean, lean bacon pork.
2. The Campbell chefs take over and in their own wonderful way cook these beans until they're ready for your table.

Don't you suppose this is the reason why folks who know their beans always ask for Campbell's?


Campbell's
Campbell Kids
SALT & PEPPER SET
SEE DETAILS ON BACK
PORK &
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Look for Campbell Kids'
salt and pepper shaker offer
on the labels of all 3 sizes!

baby—a decreased capacity of his blood to transport vital oxygen.

Sometimes, during delivery, the placenta will become prematurely detached from the wall of the uterus. The placenta is the link between mother and infant, the organ that transports oxygen from the mother's lungs to her infant's blood stream. If the placenta becomes detached too soon, oxygen starvation faces the baby.

THESE are some of the crises that *can* occur in the womb to produce an oxygen shortage in the baby. How often do they happen? No one knows, but educated guesses indicate that anoxia—oxygen starvation—plays a part in at least a third of all stillbirths.

The greatest moment of oxygen peril is at birth—when in minutes the baby must descend from his lofty 33,000-foot altitude to the oxygen-rich levels of everyday life. Unless he breathes within the first few minutes after his head is thrust into the open, his life is imperiled. Each passing minute is critically important. Too many babies do not readily take the first, all-important breath of life. How many? Hospital figures vary. Some indicate that anoxia is the main cause of 30 per cent of the deaths of newborn infants. Other surveys suggest 60 per cent is a more accurate figure. One medical researcher goes further: "If anoxia were given as the cause of death of every fetus and young infant, we would be nearer a real estimate of the situation."

But, in the words of Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of Johns Hopkins, "There is an even greater tragedy than the death of a newborn infant—the birth of a baby whose brain never develops, who continues like a vegetable to grow and develop physically, but who lacks the cerebral centers which govern speech, muscular co-ordination and reason."

High-altitude studies conducted by researchers in aviation medicine are shedding new light on the perils of anoxia. So far as oxygen is concerned, the brain has rigid requirements—far more rigid than any other galaxy of body cells. If the brain of an adult is cut off from oxygen for much longer than six minutes serious danger results. Severe asphyxia in adults often leads to feeble-mindedness, paralysis, various convulsive states.

Much the same situation, apparently, obtains with newborn infants. The number of brain cells is fixed at birth. Individual cells may change in size and shape, but their numbers remain constant throughout life. Thus, if any are injured or destroyed at birth, the damage is permanent. No new cells will grow to replace the damaged ones. Brains that have been denied oxygen too long take on a bloated, waterlogged appearance and are covered with pinpoint hemorrhages.

This destruction of brain tissue can lead to a variety of troubles in later life. Recent evidence, for example, indicates that a major portion of cerebral palsy traces to oxygen starvation during the prenatal period and in the first moments of life.

Cerebral palsy is a term covering a number of disorders caused by injury to certain brain cells. The victims have little or no control over their muscles. When they attempt to walk, their legs flail aimlessly. When they attempt to pick up a spoon, the hand twists grotesquely and finds it almost impossible to convey food to the mouth. Speech is often so hopelessly impaired that communication is impossible. The brain may know what words it wants lips to form, and what motions it demands of arm and leg muscles. But somehow in transmission the brain's messages become garbled and muscles will not respond properly.

In most cases, there is no conclusive early evidence that a baby has been born a victim of this tragic ailment. He may not sit up, as he should, at six to seven months, and may not attempt to take the first toddling steps at a year. Hopefully, parents decide that the baby is just "slow." The diagnosis of cerebral palsy sometimes cannot be made until the age of three or four. Each year 12,000 or more such infants are born in the United States.

At one time they were regarded as unfinished products of the birth process, as mistakes of nature. Later on, it became popular to attribute the condition to an injury at birth—injury by forceps, injury during transit through a too-narrow pelvic structure, injury by rough handling. A number of studies now indicate that such injury plays a relatively minor role in producing brain damage. Dr. Cyril B. Courville, professor of nervous diseases at The College of Medical Evangelists, Los Angeles, checked through 50,000 autopsy reports. He expected to find a large number of cases of brain injury—healed scars, thickening of membranes, evidence of hemorrhage. Actually he found only two!

Gradually, attention has shifted to what apparently is the true culprit: anoxia. A growing body of evidence indicates that a major portion of the nation's 550,000 cerebral palsy victims are paying with lifelong disability for a few minutes of oxygen embarrassment at the time of birth. In a sample survey, Drs. G. W. Gustafson and G. J. Garceau, of Indianapolis, checked back on the birth records of 185 youngsters suffering from cerebral palsy (CP). Sixty-three per cent had breathing difficulties at the time of birth and had to be resuscitated. A similar study in Buffalo covered 150 CPs. Eighty-one per cent had had asphyxia symptoms at birth. A study of 96 infants born in the Johns Hopkins Hospital who later developed cerebral palsy told the same story: 55 per cent of them were anoxic at birth. Dozens of other studies likewise pointed the finger of suspicion at anoxia as a likely cause of cerebral palsy's horrid crippling.

THERE is also mounting evidence that anoxia at birth may be a contributing cause of feeble-mindedness. Dr. William F. Windle, working at Northwestern University, partially asphyxiated selected guinea pigs at birth—and left some of their littermates as unasphyxiated controls. Later on, Windle checked one group against the other on the time it took each to find the way through a maze to feeding pans. Those asphyxiated at birth, he found, were slower to learn, faster to forget.

Checks back to birth records of feeble-minded children have failed to produce as clear-cut results as Windle got with his guinea pigs. Some evidence indicates that anoxia and feeble-mindedness go together; other evidence casts doubt on this conclusion. The argument won't be resolved until more hospitals start keeping better birth records; today many go no further than to note time of birth, types of anesthesia given the mother and a few random jottings that may pop into the head of the physician.

There is a growing belief, too, that much epilepsy, as well as some types of deafness and blindness, can be traced to oxygen starvation in the first few moments of life.

What can be done to prevent death and lifelong disability because of anoxia at birth? A great deal. More and more, obstetricians are exercising caution in using sleep-producing anesthetics and pain-erasing analgesics because of their known depressing effects on the newborn infant's respiration. The baby is made sleepy by the same drugs that make his mother sleepy. In deliveries made with no anesthesia whatsoever, babies cry spontaneously 98 per cent of the time. Various surveys indicate that when anesthesia and analgesia are used, breathing and crying are delayed 26 to 55 per cent of the time.

GREATER caution is being exercised in the use of pituitrin, an extract from the pituitary gland. This substance causes strong contractions of the uterus, often hastening the birth process. But it also has some highly undesirable effects. Under the influence of pituitrin, normal one-minute contractions of the uterus may be lengthened to five minutes. One danger lies in the fact that during this time the oxygen supply from mother to infant via the placenta may be choked off, often with disastrous results.

The mother's pelvic structure may decide how normal the birth process shall be. If the opening in the bony floor of the pelvis is too narrow, it will be impossible for the baby to escape. But X-ray pelvimetry can reveal this condition in advance. If the opening is found to be too small, the physician can plan a Caesarean section—making this operation a first rather than last resort.

Breech deliveries, in which the baby is born buttocks first rather than head first, also present hazards—among them, the possible choking off of the umbilical cord, through which the baby gets oxygen from the placenta. Oxygen starvation results, and unless such deliveries can be performed rapidly death or crippling may result. In such cases, the physician may decide that a Caesarean operation offers the greatest chance for the baby's safety.

At times the cord will become kinked or looped around the baby's neck—but not nearly so often as popular superstition holds. Even when it does happen, it seldom causes trouble, but on rare occasions it has cut off the baby's oxygen.

Thus, there is a great variety of conditions that can affect an infant's oxygen supply—either before birth or at the time of birth. Whenever such difficulties arise, the baby's pulse sounds the alarm. Normally, a baby's heartbeat is in the 110-140 range, but it may rise as high as 200. Usually, any beat below 100 is regarded as a danger signal.

As noted earlier, physicians have long realized that a continuous record of the baby's pulse would be highly desirable. Now, thanks to the work of an able thirty-eight-year-old obstetrician at Johns Hopkins, an apparatus to provide such a record will soon be available to the medical profession.

The obstetrician, Dr. George W. Corner, Jr., had reviewed the whole oxygen problem facing infants. Could not a means be devised, he asked himself, to give a continuous picture of the infant's heartbeat—a check on the dangers that might be confronting the baby for any reason?

Needing technical help, he took his problem to Herbert Stran, an engineer working in the Hopkins obstetrical research lab. It shouldn't be too difficult to build such an apparatus, Stran said. You would need a pickup microphone, which could be placed on the mother's abdomen. You would need a means of amplifying the baby's heartbeat and a method of averaging the count. Once these requirements were met, he said, it would be simple enough to add a count indicator to the apparatus—so a doctor could glance at a dial and read the infant's pulse rate instantly.

To build the apparatus, Corner and Stran needed funds. They went to United Cerebral Palsy, the national organization attempting to aid the half-million cerebral palsy sufferers in the United States through research and rehabilitation services. They would, the two men said, need about $9,800 to develop the apparatus and for related obstetrical research. A grant was forthcoming.

Months of work went into perfecting the device. The apparatus, just now completed and going through preliminary checks, has worked perfectly in all cases where it has been used. With a microphone attached to the mother's abdomen by a web strap, the machine gives a running picture of the status of the infant. A red light flashes with each beat—giving a quick, visual estimate of the condition of the infant's heart. A hand on a dial gives the rate. At a glance, an obstetrician can tell exactly how the baby is faring. If trouble is brewing, there are a number of steps he can take to hasten delivery—and shorten the period of oxygen embarrassment.

Perhaps the mother will be asked to work harder. If she knows that her baby is in danger, she can often aid greatly in hastening delivery. If this measure fails, forceps may be used to assist the baby into the world. If the heartbeat drops to dangerous levels early in the birth process—when several hours of labor may lie ahead—the obstetrician may decide to perform a Caesarean section. If haste is essential, this operation can be performed in as little as 15 minutes.

IN OTHER cases, the heartbeat may still be at safe levels but showing a tendency to slow. The baby will need immediate attention once its head is thrust into the open. Forewarned, nurses will be ready with equipment to face the emergency. They will have ready for instant use suction devices to clear the infant's air passages and tiny face masks to administer lifesaving oxygen. An incubator specially designed to assist the baby's breathing also may be held in readiness, as well as possibly one of the new rocker beds. Tilting slowly back and forth, a rocker bed pushes abdominal organs against the diaphragm—and thus helps draw air in and out of lungs.

As yet, no instrument maker has started manufacture of the new apparatus to check the infant's heartbeat; the machine is too new for that. When manufacture does begin, the apparatus should be modestly priced—under $500—which should make it available to even the smallest hospitals.

When the new machine becomes widely available, doctors will have the first practical means ever developed of watching over the welfare of the about-to-be-born and seeing to it they do not have to suffer the ravages of anoxia. Potentially, the new device offers the most hopeful step yet taken toward preventing a host of crippling and killing ailments, before which doctors have always stood helpless. ▲▲▲

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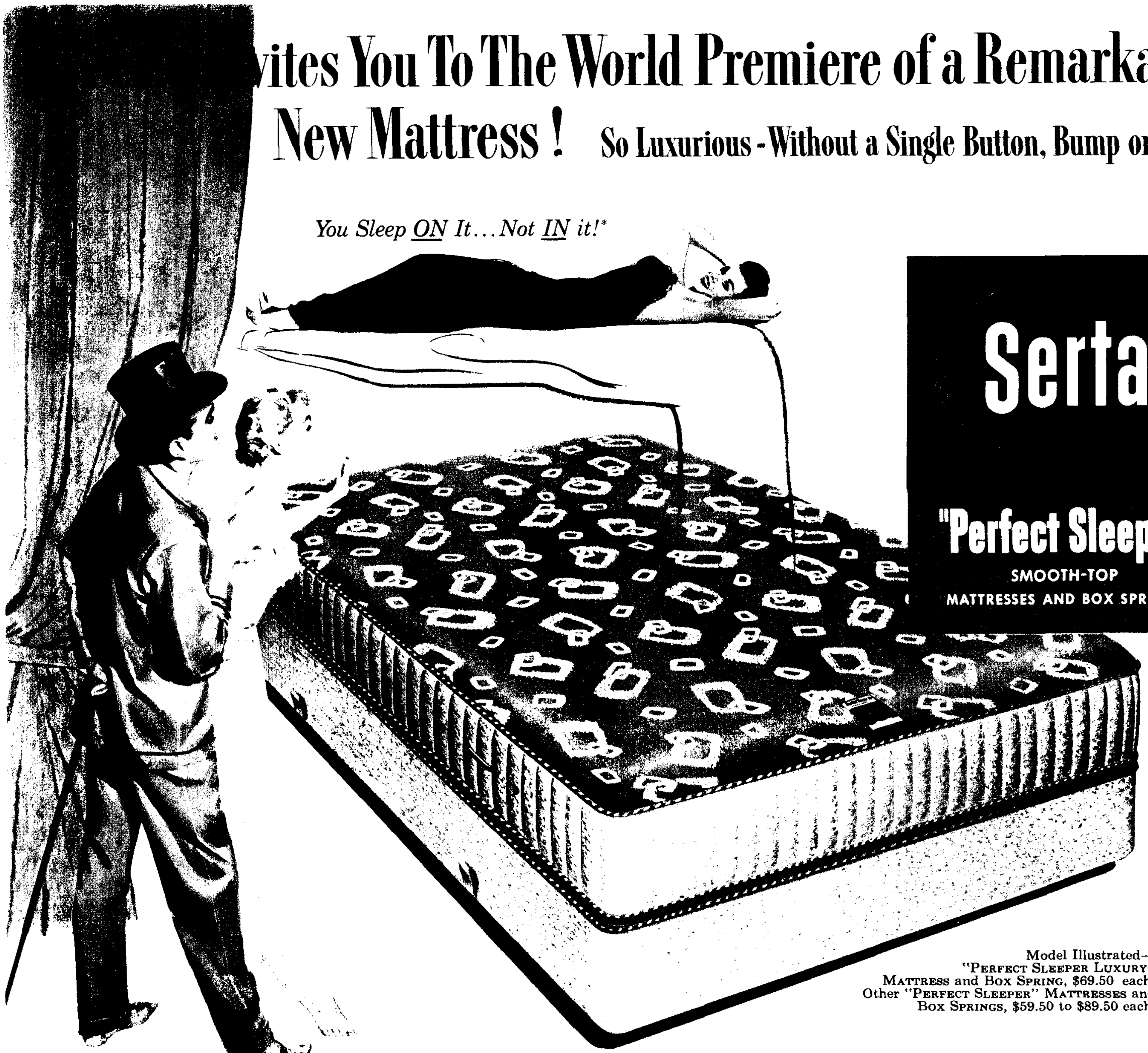
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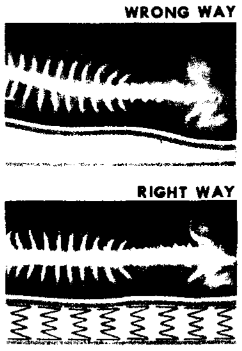

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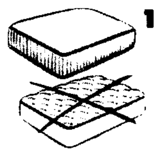

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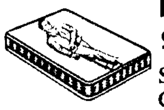

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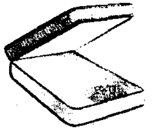

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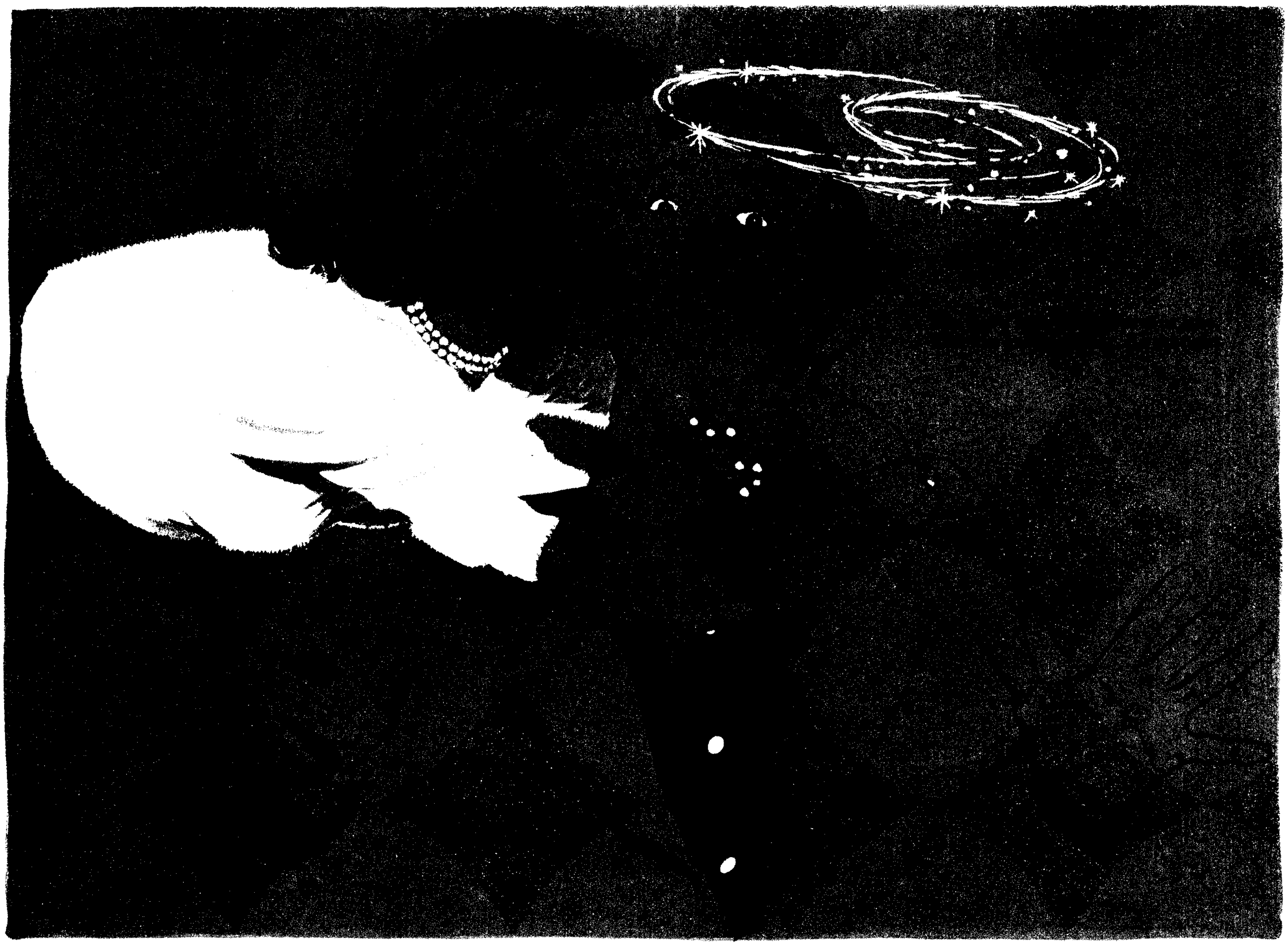


He'd put himself up for sale. Then along came Nadine, and she wanted him for a job no self-respecting male could take

I'm a GHOST

By

WILLIAM R. SCOTT

IT WAS springtime for certain when Mike Hughes came out of calculus at four o'clock. The sun shone brilliantly and the shrubbery was speckled with little pink buds. Spring again! he thought. What a drag!

The whole business irked him. Spring was insidiously biological, and in order to concentrate on geology you ought to have rocks in your head. He should have finished his Goldenrod thesis by now, and he hadn't even started yet. Calculus had been unusually dehydrating, and he craved beer. But, having expended so many precious academic years serving two hitches in the Army, he now budgeted his time severely—or he had until recently, until spring reared it's lovely, hot-blooded head. He shrugged. Okay, two beers—but just two.

Despite his mature years, ex-retread Sergeant Mike Hughes felt a strong urge to run and leap and utter goaty cries. He stifled the urge, knowing it was just another manifestation of spring. Brooding, worrying, he entered the short-cut gap in the privet hedge bordering the campus. At the same moment, a shapely mass of supple, hurtling pulchritude entered from the street side. Mike's reflexes were still fairly good, and with instinctive prudence and gallantry, he flung himself out of the path and into the clawing spikes of the hedge. The girl flashed past and then came loping back. She looked mildly contrite. "Gee, Dad," she said penitently, "I goofed, huh?"

Mike stared with jaundice at her bronze hair, her huge gray eyes, her smooth apricot complexion. And he was vastly irked. This dame was everywhere, a cinder in the public eye, either in the flesh or leering from one of those ubiquitous campaign posters that clamored: NADINE FOR QUEEN! And in smaller letters: DON'T BE DRAB, VOTE FOR MCNABB. All year long, whenever a campus event required a queen, this babe's leering likeness had been plastered everywhere. Usually she won—she was practically making a career of being a Campus Queen. And Mike, for one, was pretty sick of her. He had seen her a million times and read about her almost that often, and he had acquired a strong bias. Her flaming youth, the way she was always racing across the campus like a young gazelle, her volatile exuberance and gaiety, all of that somehow made him feel obsolete.

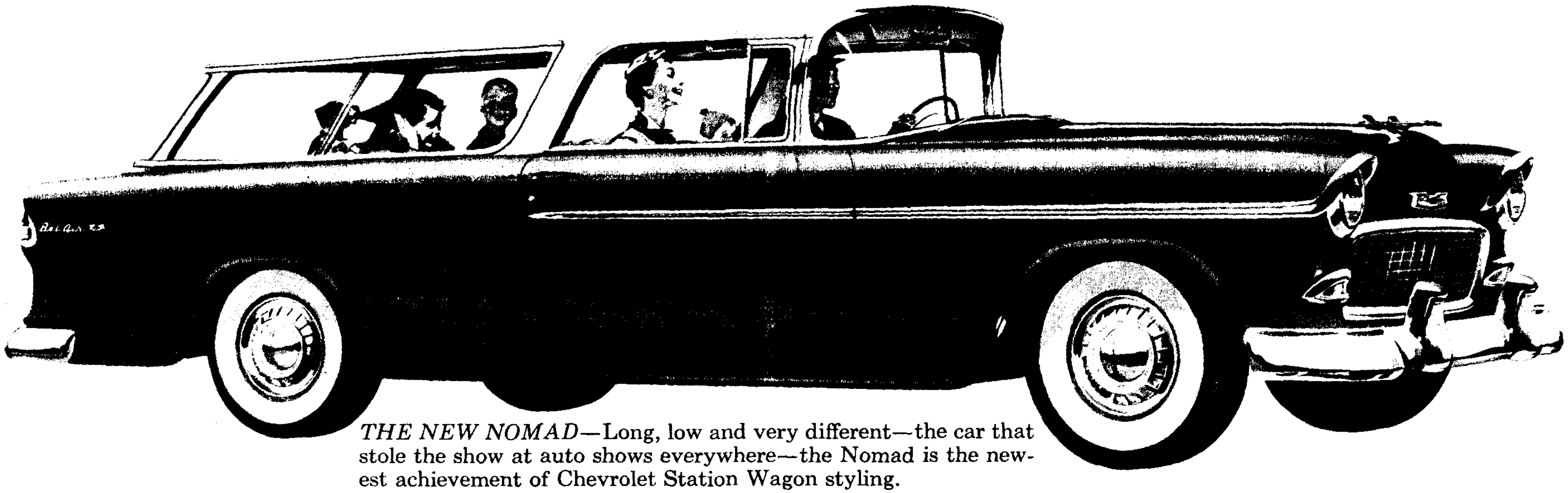
"You hurt bad, Dad?" she asked in a husky voice that was obviously an attempt to seem older.

Mike gave her a baleful stare. "I'll probably live," he growled.

She laughed. "But will you *enjoy* it?"

Her very appearance hacked him. "You keep

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



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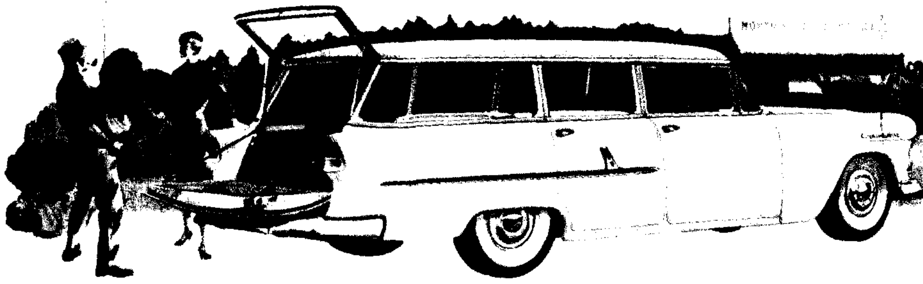

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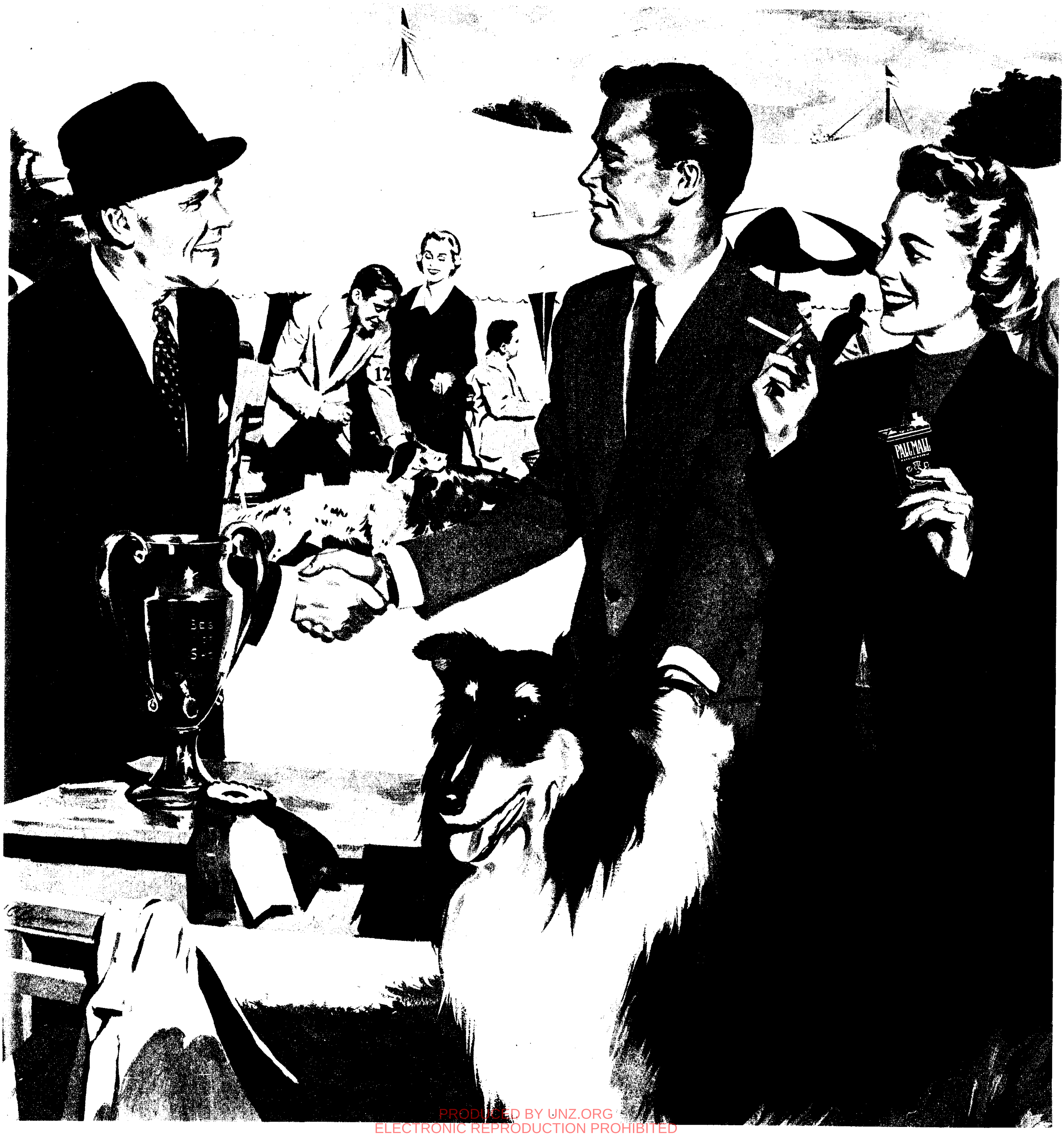
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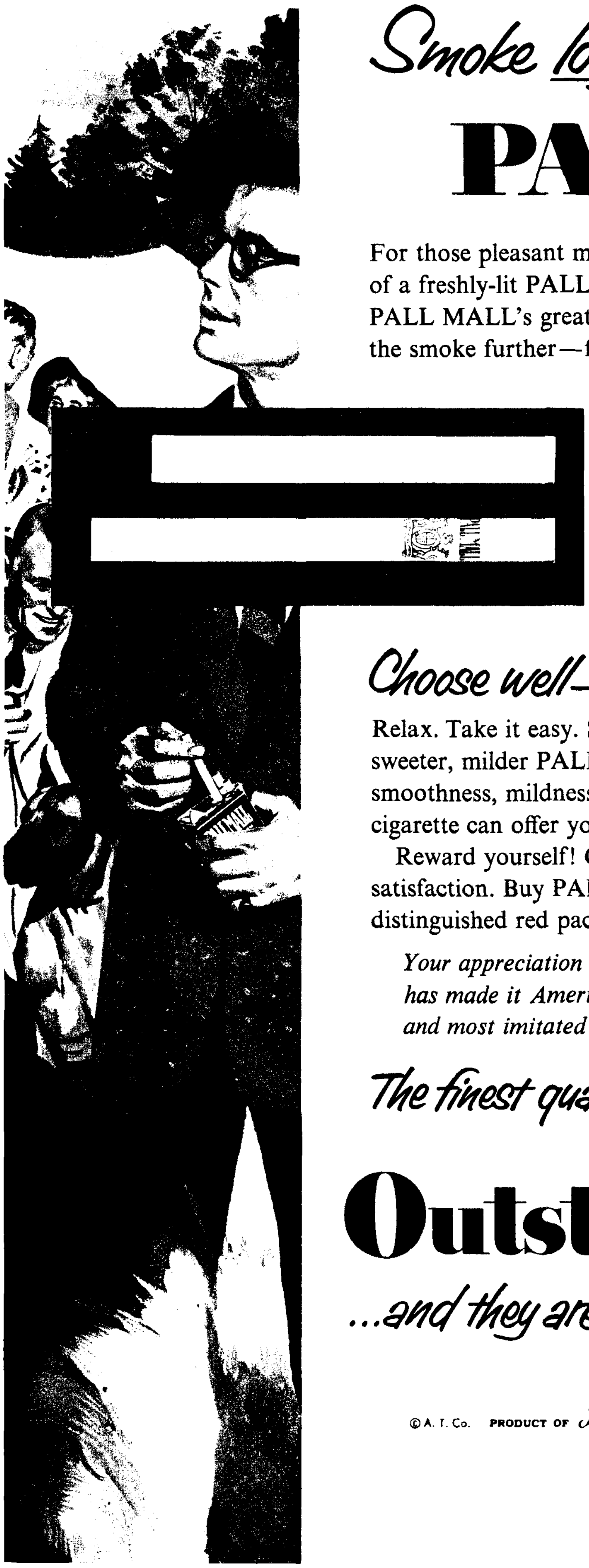
YOURSELF

of smooth smoking



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running all the time and you'll have knotty muscles in your legs when you grow up, McNabb," he said, getting up.

"You know my name!" she said. "Have we met before?"

"No," Mike growled. "Everybody knows the notorious Nadine McNabb."

She shrugged. "Okay, you're sore. I was in a big hurry, a gillion things to do. I got to meet Buckley, and then track down a big wheel." She sighed. "What can I say, after I've said oops? I'm rigid with remorse, but you goofed a little yourself, Dad."

That Dad part infuriated him; he gave her a dark look. "You oughta cultivate some dignity, Red. And stop hurrying so hard. Pace yourself. You got lots of time."

"Dad, it's later than you think," she said, shaking her head. "Time is of the essence. Well, it was great, almost bumping into you. Thanks for avoiding me."

Her fresh, burgeoning, somehow vulnerable beauty irritated him. "I hope I can continue to avoid you, Red," he growled.

"You can, you sullen creep!" she snapped, and then she wheeled and took off at a dead run across the lawn.

Mike crossed the street to the Keg and Kolloquy, still scowling. Dad! he thought sourly. That dizzy brat!

SKINNY KINETTI and a couple of other stolid, grizzled veterans in their late twenties were, as usual, among the K&K's patrons. Skinny, a strikingly cadaverous ex-looey with a twangy, nasal voice, was in some odd way Mike's literary agent. He looked up now and said, "Here comes the oldest undegraduate on the campus."

"Hiya, Pappy," the others said.

"I have an assignment for you, Hemingway," Skinny said.

"No more spookwriting," Mike said. He had, for some time, been augmenting his GI check by ghostwriting themes, essays and the like. At times he had twinges, feeling it was unethical, even dishonest. But war had made him a trifle cynical, and he had a rare talent for adapting his style to the prose style of his client.

However, he was through with all that now. "I can't do any more ghost jobs until I finish my Goldenrod paper," he said.

"Look," Skinny said, "this guy is long on loot and lunacy. Can't even write home intelligibly. This is a frosh English theme—five hundred words, twenty rocks. You can do it blindfolded, Pappy."

Mike shook his head. "I'm closing shop until I finish that thesis for the Goldenrod competition." He had too much riding on the annual Senior Geology Thesis Contest. The three top competitors would be rewarded with well-paid jobs in the far-flung Goldenrod Petroleum dynasty, and ever since he could remember he had yearned to be a Goldenrod geologist. Now it was within his reach, if he could just get started.

Professor Hoeffelstoeger, a man who could pronounce geological terms like "schwagerinids" as easily as he could say his own name, had told Mike in private that a certain amount of partisanship and collusion entered into these awards, since a professor naturally knew which of his students *should* win the big plums. And therefore it might be well if A-student Hughes appeared with a rough draft of his entry a week or so before the deadline, so that Hughes and Hoeffelstoeger could collaborate a bit, in order to remove as much of the element of chance as possible.

JUST MARRIED

COLLIER'S "I'm glad *that's* settled" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

But now the deadline was barely two weeks off and Mike hadn't typed word one. It was tough to cogitate on outcroppings of the Tonkawa shaly-sandstone horizons, known geologically as the Nelogony group of the Virgil series of the Upper Pennsylvania age. He planned to discuss at length an unusual local surface outcrop containing those bugs—schwagerinids—that usually indicated the presence of crude oil and were generally found around three thousand feet down in the earth's crust. But of late all that seemed a trifle dull to him; he felt restless, lonely, irritable, melancholy—and elderly.

HE WAS crowding thirty, an age when most men had jobs, families, late-model cars, mortgages, contentment. Mike felt he had missed the boat, somehow. He didn't really begrudge Uncle Sam those seven lost years in two wars, but they had left him just two months from graduation with the realization that his academic life had been unleavened drudgery, devoid of romance. And now it was too late. The campus was aswarm with teen-age coeds, some of them rare beauties, but they spoke as with unknown tongues, and they invariably called him Dad. He would take from his alma mater no tender memories of moonlight and lingering kisses on dorm steps, no panty raids, no tender passions—nothing but study, study, study.

His gloomy introspection was suddenly disrupted by Skinny and the other two ancients, who were blithering incoherently. They were staring past Mike toward the door. He swung around to view the source of excitement, and there, accompanied by a huge blond fellow with curly hair and a tough half-smile on his face, was Nadine McNabb. She was conferring with the barman. Mike groaned and turned back to his beer.

What's so terrific about her, he wondered. Oh, she's cute; well stacked, bouncy. Outside of that, what?

"Pardon me," she said at his shoulder. "I'm looking for a big wheel known as Mike Hughes. Which of you would that be?"

Sighing, Mike got up. "Me, Red. What's the trouble?"

"Oh, no!" she said, horrified. "Not *you!*" Her escort cleared his throat, and she said, "Oh—uh, Hughes, this is Buckley Armstrong."

Mike nodded at Buck Armstrong, all-conference tackle whose name was often coupled with Nadine's in the campus Daily's gossip column. Actually, her name had been coupled with a whole slew of Big Men on Campus. At the moment, she looked worried and lacking in confidnece. She sighed. "Although I imagine its futile to pursue this interview any further, could I speak with you privately, Dad?"

Mike shrugged and led the way to an empty booth. "Make it brief," he said, lighting a cigarette.

"Look, I'm in a jam. You know all the themes and stuff students are supposed to write sometimes?" He nodded indifferently. "Well," she said, "I haven't turned in any for ages, Dad. I'm delinquent. I'm so far behind—oh! what's the use? You're prejudiced against me. You dislike me. Forget it, Dad."

"You seem to have a defeatist attitude, Red."

She looked faintly hopeful. "Everybody says you're the local wizard at banging out themes and essays, Dad. You may even be the only one still active. And you're my only hope."

"Hiring somebody to write your compositions is dishonest."

"I don't care," she said. "I'm desperate, Dad. I—"

"Mike," he said curtly. "What subjects, Red?"

She counted the subjects on her fingers. "Freshman English—I took an Incomplete last year; have to make it up. English Lit, Drama Two, Theater Craft—" She sighed. "Name it, and I'm delinquent, and if I don't turn them in I flunk, and if I flunk I'm *dead,* Da—Mike." All at once two pretty tears sparkled on her lashes, and she said, "I can see stony rejection in your hard, cynical eyes."

HE FELT irked again. "How could even a publicity-crazy redheaded babe like you get so far behind, Red?"

"Just luck, I guess," she said. "I've wasted so much time campaigning and going to frat dances—"

"And now, suddenly, you get panicky about it," he said coldly.

"Oh, no!" she said earnestly. "I hired a grind to do all of my themes, and he claims he did them, only somebody destroyed them before he could deliver them—the liar. I thought all was well. But now it's suddenly enormously frightening, Mike. I'm frantic."

"What good comes of buying your passing grades?" he asked flatly. "I've done ghostwriting, but it's unethical, especially on a whole slew of back assignments like you want. Hell, Red, if you can't keep up, why don't you drop out of school?"

"I will," she said. "I mean, I'm going to quit after this semester. I'm only a soph, but I don't want a degree, I just want—I simply can't flunk now, Mike. It's everything to me. Please?"

"Look," Mike said irritably, "I'll do one job for you; I'll write that freshman paper, so at least you'll be a genuine sophomore. But I've got a lot of writing of my own to do, and that's it, Red. Just one theme. What's the subject of this illicit document?"

"Thoreau," she said weakly. And then she went on, pleadingly, "Only one, Mike? Couldn't you just do—"

"No!" he snarled. "I don't know why I'm even doing one. I'll knock it out tonight. Where do I deliver it, Red?"

"How about the Union cafeteria?" she said. "Say ten o'clock?" He nodded, and she said, "Golly, I've got a rehearsal in five minutes."

"Rehearsal for what, the two-twenty dash?" Mike asked.

"A one-act play. Sort of a final exam in drama. 'By, Mike."

Mike went back to the table and finished his beer, ignoring the suspicion in Skinny's eyes. Old Skinny was a distrustful agent, jealously guarding his commissions. After a while Mike got up and left; he had gone half a block when Buckley Armstrong overtook him and clamped a friendly, viselike grip on his arm.

"Say, chum," Buck said confidentially, "I hate to see a guy get thrown for a big loss, and you look like a nice fella to me, so I thought I'd just warn you. Don't fall for Nadine's gag, pal."

"Gag?" Mike asked. "What gag, Armstrong?"

Buck smiled his lean, muscular smile. "Nadine," he said, "she's—well, you know—eccentric. Vain, see. Somebody is rude to her, say. Well, she's—whatchacallit—vindictive. So she tries to get even with whoever offended her ego, see, chum. Like you kinda insulted her this afternoon, or something. Look, I'll bet she tried to get you to help her with some lessons or something."

"Yeah," Mike said.

Buckley Armstrong laughed a cynical laugh. "There you are, pal, any excuse to get your sympathy. You hurt her vanity, so she's out to put you on her leash, see. The dame scored, see. So I figured I'd just clue you and save you some trouble."

"Why should you care about saving me trouble?" Mike asked.

"I don't." Buck grinned. "But the time she'd be spending on you, she could be spending on me. I just don't want you cutting in on my time."

It sounded reasonable. "It figures," Mike said. "Much obliged, Buck."

Buckley Armstrong winked and went away, and Mike proceeded to his basement room thinking about Nadine McNabb. As a sophomore, she would probably fall into the eighteen-nineteen age group. Too young to trick an old fox like me, Mike thought. I'll teach that brat a little humility. I'll just go along with the gag for kicks for a while —and then I'll dump her.

THE next morning at ten Mike found her waiting at a table in the cafeteria. Joining her, he handed her the primitive essay he'd knocked out on Thoreau. She glanced at it and thanked him sweetly and sighed. "Only, gee, it's just a drop in the bucket, Mike."

Sneering inside, Mike asked, "What are those other subjects, Red?"

She ripped a sheet out of her notebook; she just happened to have a list handy. Mike checked it. All he needed was a thousand words on Chaucer, same on Elizabethan comedy, five hundred on modern Shakespearean actors, a thousand on stage design and lighting, and five hundred on Shaw. Mike winced. "Twist my arm, Red," he said.

She took his hand and held it tightly, her lips trembling. What a truly sly and wily foe she was! "Mike," she said huskily, "I have a line on a nonstudent in town who ghostwrites, but it's a real faint hope. I know you're awfully busy, and I know all this is wrong, even immoral, but if you could do just—" She batted her huge eyes bewitchingly. "Mike, I used to see you around. I always wondered who you were, what big, important jobs you would do someday. You looked so—well, handsome and mature, and sure of yourself, as if you'd been tested in the crucible of life. You know, poised and strong and—well, golly, *impressive*."

"Keep twisting, Red," he said, feeling comtemptuous.

She crinkled her nose at him. "Mike, this one-acter I'm rehearsing. I'm good in it; I know I'll get a lead role in the big summer production, unless I flunk something. You see, they select a few talented students to enroll in this special summer session, and they present some big Broadway hit show, and—well, it's just the chance of a lifetime!"

A very stirring performance, Red, Mike thought scornfully.

"*This* summer," she said, "the play is really terrific. I Am a Telescope, by Idaho Smith." She was kneading his hand gently and his whole arm tingled. It was youth entering his blood stream across a twelve-year interval, Mike thought. And she was doing it consciously, maliciously. A real *femme fatale,* this kid.

"Mike," she said, tenderly, imploringly, "there's more to it. Daddy doesn't want me to act. But I'll just die if I can't act." She was really throbbing now. "I made a pact with Daddy. If I get a part in I Am a Telescope, Daddy will finance me for two years in New York while I try to break into the legitimate theater. That's all any girl with talent could ask. But if I flunk"—her eyes brimmed with tears—"there'll be no part in I Am a Telescope. And if I don't get that, I promised Daddy I'd forget acting and settle down." It was sheer, poignant tragedy.

Chuckling diabolically deep inside, Mike said, "What happens if you do give up acting and settle down, Red? You dig ditches?"

She shrugged. "Get married, I suppose. I've had a few offers." She looked unhappy. "Mike, money is no object. Bleed me broke, demand your pound of flesh. Only, Mike, please help me."

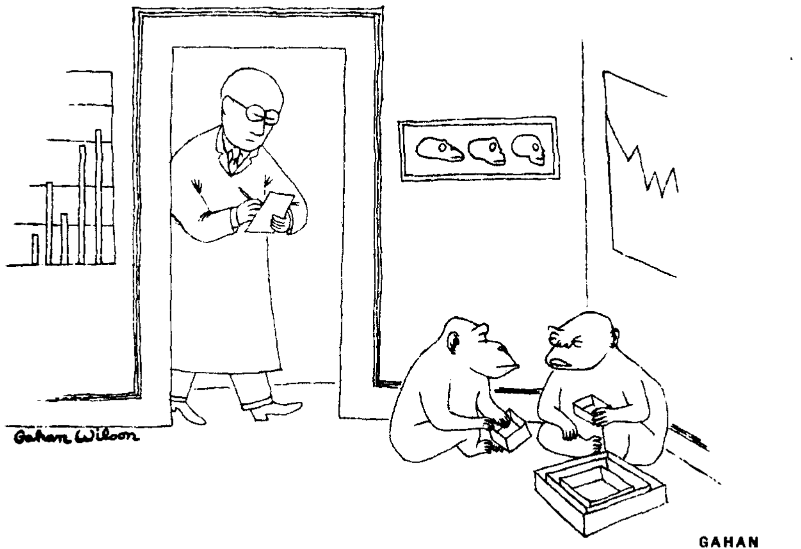
"Actresses," he said, "all have neuroses. They marry six or seven times, spend all their loot on psychiatrists—they aren't happy, Red. Marriage and kids, that's your proper career, baby."

She sighed. "Now you sound like Buckley and Daddy."

"I sound like nine out of ten guys," he said. "Red, you might go to New York and break your girlish heart."

"No!" she said. "If I fail, that's it. No regrets."

The melodrama was beginning to pall on him. Here he was goofing off with a brat when he was so old he should be scouting for a young widow, or an old maid. Glancing at the treacherous sincerity of Nadine McNabb, he decided it was still a hot idea to shock some humility into her. What a gifted liar she was. She was probably laughing fit to strangle, deep down, at how brilliantly she was setting him up for



COLLIER'S "Here comes old 'know-it-all'" GAHAN WILSON

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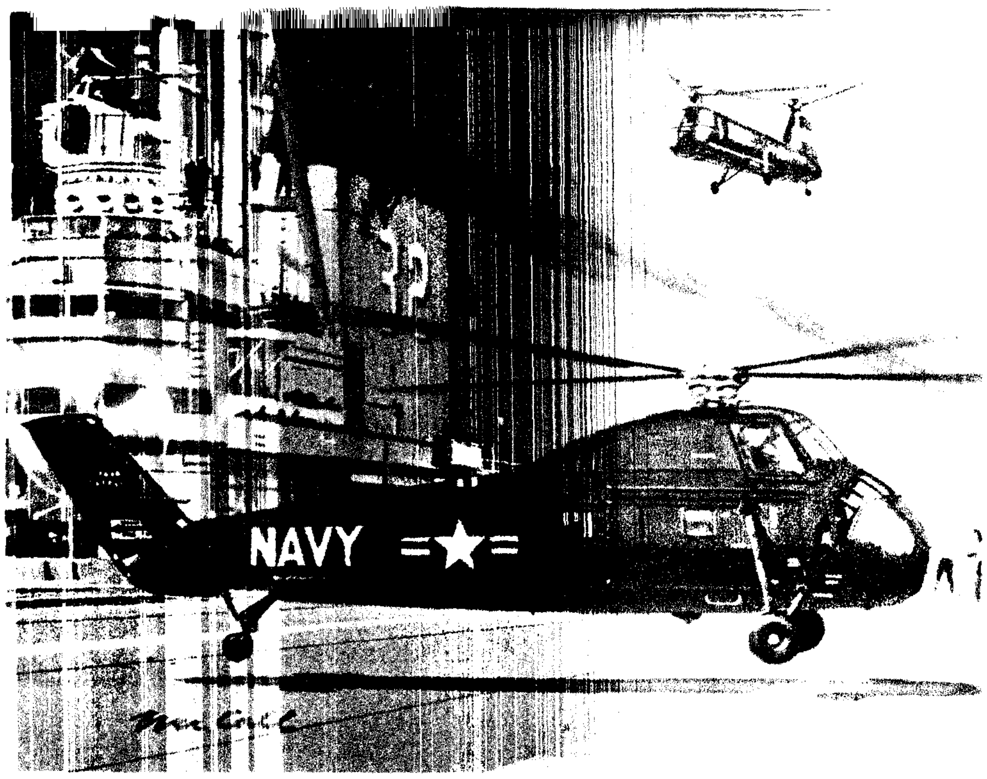
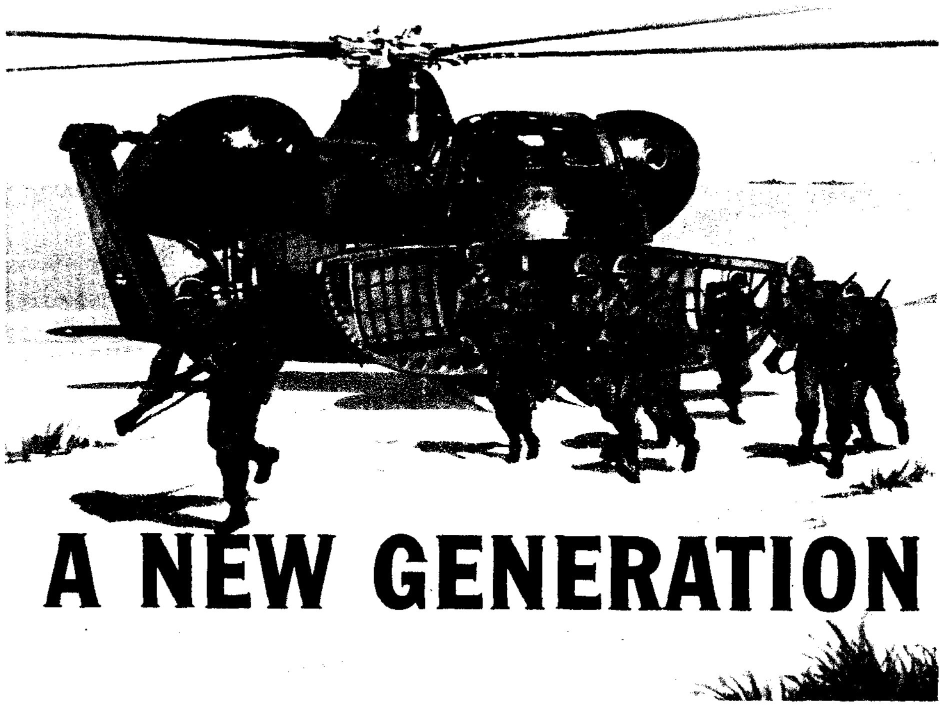
trip $90.15 (Tax extra).

Santa Fe

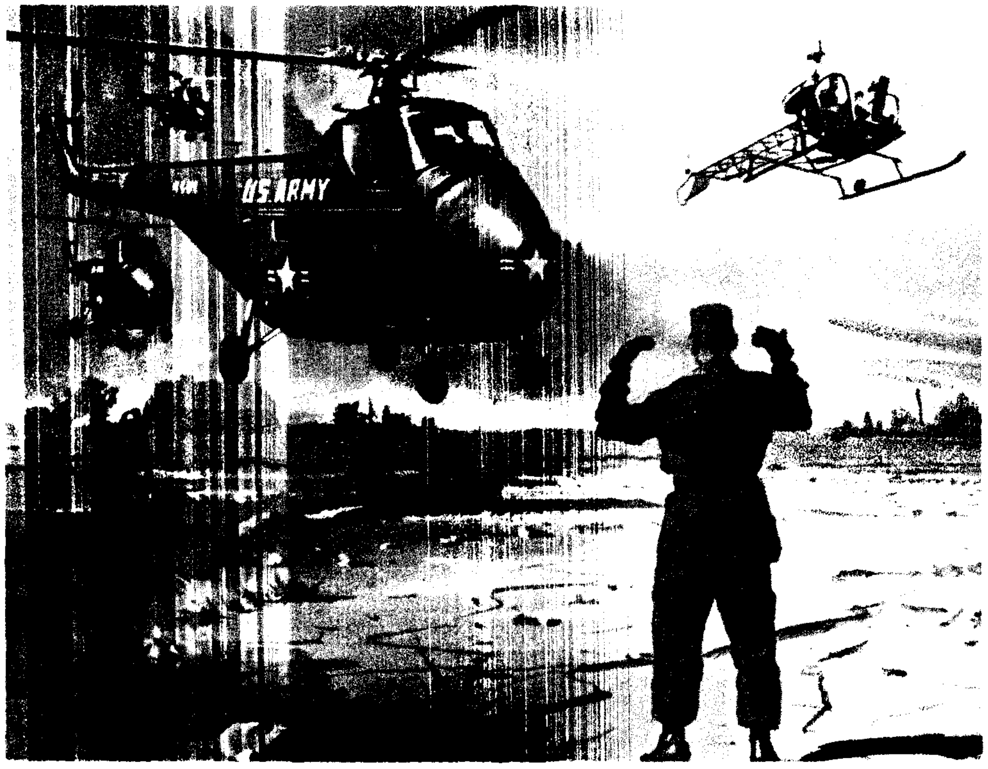
A NEW GENERATION



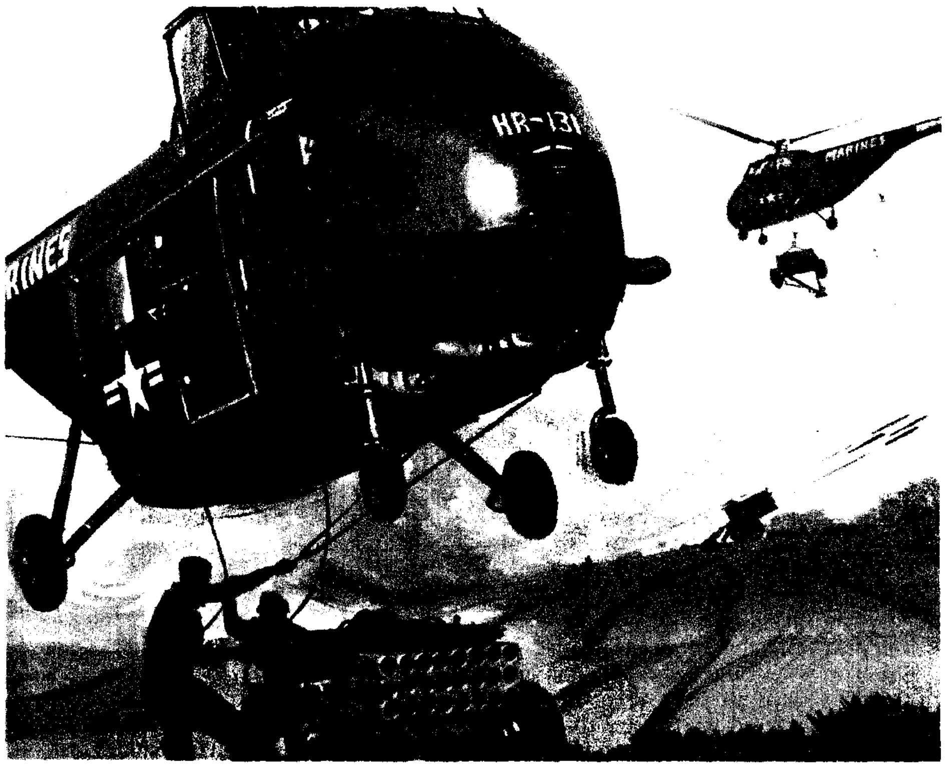
NAVY'S NEW BIG SIKORSKY HSS helicopter, a powerful anti-submarine weapon, will operate from carriers. Army and Air Force versions will be called H-34s. Also pictured above is a Piasecki HUP.



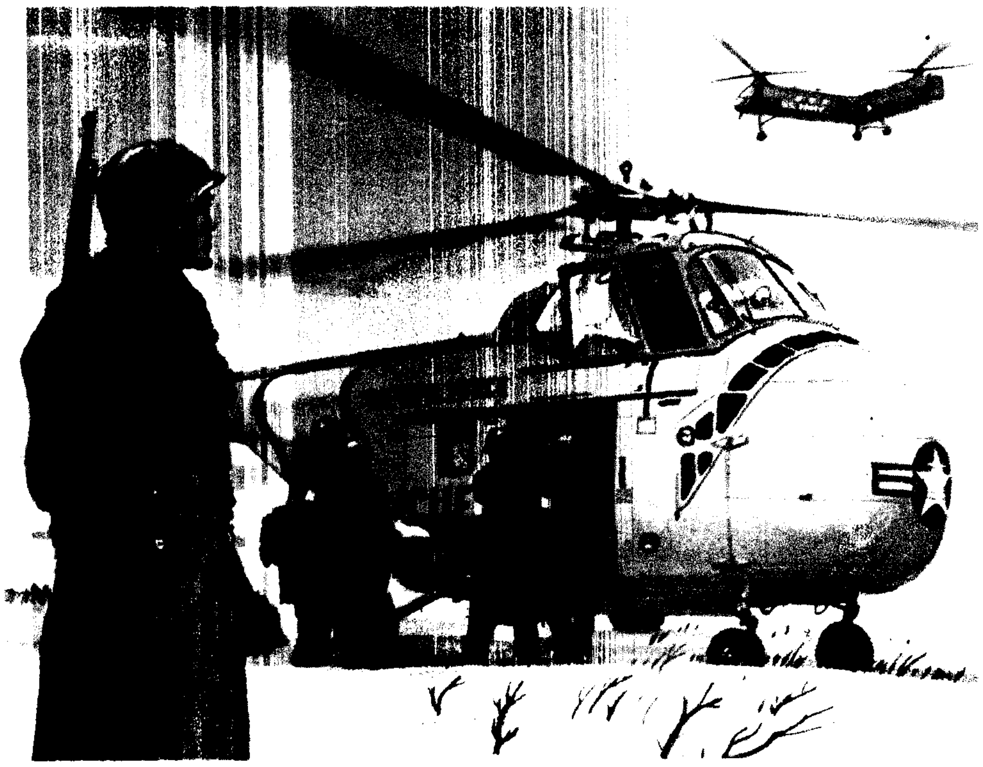
HUGE, TWIN-ENGINE HR2S is a transport helicopter (H-37 in Army and Air Force) built for the Marines by Sikorsky. It can carry two combat squads, three jeeps or 24 litter patients.



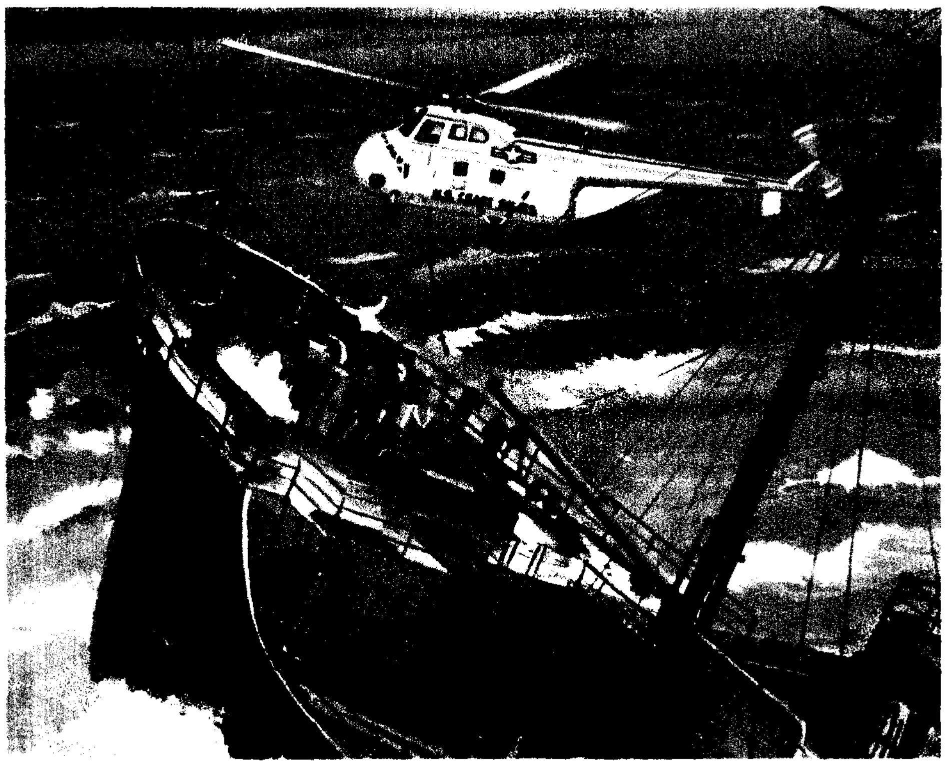
IN BATTLE, Army helicopter companies flying big Sikorsky H-19s are vital for fast supply, or troop movement, casualty evacuation and other urgent work. Smaller Bell H-13s are widely used as well.



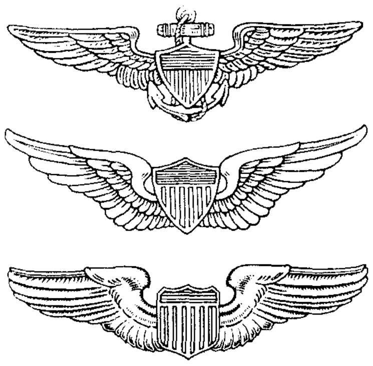
MARINES PIONEERED combat use of helicopters in Korea. For example, HRS Sikorskys took part in rocket barrages, quickly flying rocket launchers to and from firing sites.



ARCTIC OR JUNGLE, land or sea, versatile Air Force Sikorsky H-19s can make fast, sure rescues in any emergency. Piasecki H-21s (above, flying) also are flown by the Air Force and the Army.



COAST GUARD pilots fly helicopters for search, rescue and patrol duty, and to aid navigation. They have big HO4S Sikorskys (above) and smaller Sikorsky and Bell models.



OF MILITARY HELICOPTERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

The great importance of Air Power in national defense is well recognized today. It is so important that every citizen should know what progress has been made in rebuilding air strength, and what must be done to keep it once it has been achieved.

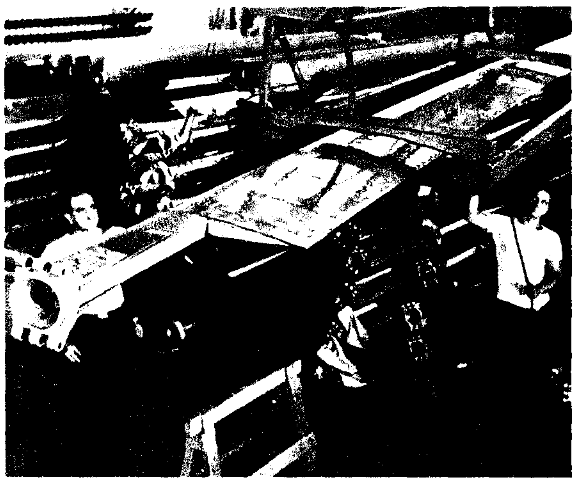
America's armed forces and her aviation industry are working together to produce aircraft that are second to none in performance, safety and quality. Among them are larger, more powerful helicopters, like those pictured on the opposite page.

Production of helicopters and military aircraft of all types is now over four times as great as it was when war started in Korea in June, 1950. Planned levels of air strength are being reached in a steady build-up toward fully modernized air services in 1957.

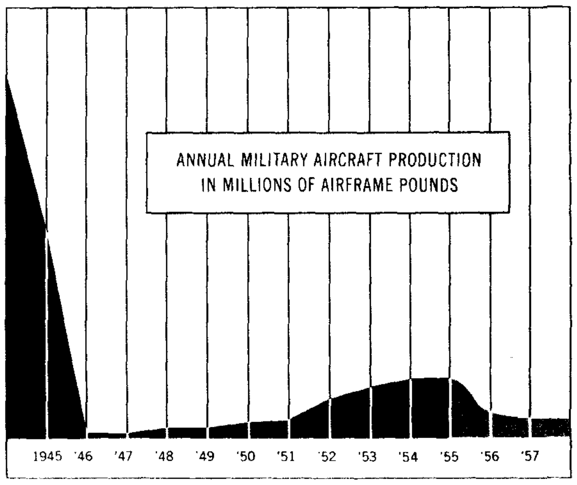
But aircraft production alone is not enough to sustain Air Power. Strength in future years also depends on continuous, year-in year-out research and development work in all branches of aviation. In the face of constant threats and challenges from abroad, such advanced work—along with production—becomes more important than ever.

Today, America is beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs of research, development and production in military aviation. If carried forward without costly interruptions, these programs can provide the strongest modern Air Power, in the least possible time, and at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers.

CONTINUING RESEARCH is basic for air leadership. While time-consuming, it is here vital increases in airplane performance are sought and explored. Just as research led to supersonic fighters, it is boosting the abilities of transports and helicopters. For instance, the advantages of a light turbine engine are being tested in this new Army Sikorsky H-39, above, which now holds official helicopter records for speed, 156 mph, and altitude, 24,500 feet.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of an aircraft or an engine type helps keep it up-to-date in performance and efficiency. Sikorsky engineers, for example, have so perfected the S-55 helicopter's blade-like whirling wings that they now have a life-expectancy of 1800 hours, despite the grueling loads and forces they must withstand. By constant development work such as this the nation is given better and better aircraft, engines and equipment.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and aerial weapons, which are far more potent than World War II's best, is rebuilding Air Power from 1947's weak level to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Estimated future production, if uninterrupted and backed by adequate long-range research and development work, can provide up-to-date air strength over the years to come at minimum cost to taxpayers.

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the big last-act curtain. Well, he had a surprise ending of his own in mind.

"Okay, you sold me, Red," he said. "I'll take this list along. I will write these themes. You're practically on Broadway, baby."

She let out a muffled scream and came around the table and gave him a big, fervent kiss, right there in the busy cafeteria. She was going too far, he thought. She really was a cruel, sadistic female, adding this brutal and uncalled-for touch.

"Oh, Mike," she said, "you're the greatest."

"No," he said hoarsely, and thought: You're the greatest little old double-crosser extant. Conscious of the stares and grins around him, he added hastily, "I'll do all of these and then deliver them to you in one big fat bundle, Red. When is the deadline?"

"A week from Friday, Mike," she said. "You're terrific, Mike."

STAGGERING out of the cafeteria, he felt very annoyed. Why did she have to do that? Dammit!

Buckley Armstrong waylaid him in the lobby. "Hold it, chum."

"Oh, hi, Buck," Mike said. "Hot in here, huh?"

"No. You been playing with fire, chum. I got a crazy theory that I saw you deliver a theme to Nadine."

"Oh, that," Mike said. "I'm teaching her a lesson. I'm letting her think I'm going to fall for her gag, only I'm not." He sounded bitter. "I'm too old to fall for her routine, Buck. What a ham she is! Can she act that good on the stage?"

Buck shrugged. "For a college chick, she's soso. But you know how it is, chum, she's popular, so she thinks she's ready for the pro league. But she'd find out acting's like football. You take me, now; as a college tiger I'm hot, but I got no dumb illusions about turning pro. I've got a nice safe job in California lined up. I'm realistic. That's what Nadine ain't. Realistic. She's a dreamy type. She goofs, Dad."

Mike nodded.

"And do me a favor. Stop wastin' Nadine's time, pal!"

Mike said, "Sure." He went out into the sunlight and set a vague, zigzag course across the campus. Every so often he gingerly touched his lips. Okay, he said to himself, kissing, that's a universal accomplishment. Kissing is kissing on any age level. It's just that I haven't necked for so long that I'm vulnerable, that's all. That's why it hit me like it did.

When he was about to leave Skinny after lunch in the K&K, Skinny said, "You've been acting guilty, hack. Wouldn't be bootlegging some spookwriting on the side, just to cheat me out of my agent's fee, would you, boy?"

"You know me better than that, Skin," Mike said and hoped he didn't look guilty.

That night he fooled around with an outline for his Goldenrod paper, but he felt uninspired and restless. He kept thinking about vengeful young girls who acted so sincere a guy almost fell for that treachery even when he had been warned in advance. . . .

He met her the next afternoon, loping across the North Oval. "I've only got a minute," she panted, leaning on him while she got her second wind.

He thought grimly: She sure hounds a man once she sets out to destroy him. And then he added: If she were only less vengeful and ambitious and four years older and not faking this, why dammit, a guy could get to liking her.

"Mike," she said, "remember I mentioned a nonstudent in town who might ghostwrite some of that stuff for me?" Mike nodded, speechless from the proximity of her too-young, forbidden, fraudulent, but nevertheless terrifically magnetic womanliness. "Well," she said, kneading his shoulder tenderly, "the guy contacted me, he works for the newspaper, and he'll do the job for three cents a word!"

"That blackmailer!" Mike said. "Tell him you've got an *honest* spook, Red."

"Mike," she said, "you didn't like me at first, huh?"

"I always liked you, Red," he lied. "It was just that you were so popular, so beautiful. You weren't attainable."

"I am, Mike," she said softly. "I'm just an ordinary girl."

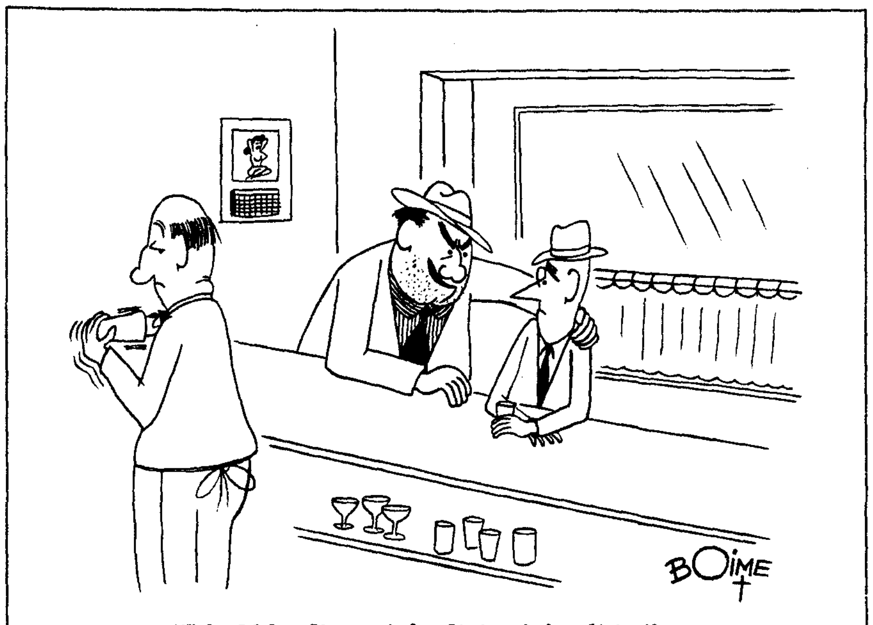
"No," he said glibly, "you're an extraordinary girl, Red."

"Okay," she said. "But attainable too, Mike."

"I got to go," he said, afraid to stay. "Don't worry. I've already started work, Red."

"Nobody else ever calls me Red," she said. "I like it." And she pulled his head down and gave him a quick but thorough kissing. He watched her go racing off—in an adolescent way, she was damned attractive.

He arrived in the classroom in time to hear a hot news bulletin: Prof Hoeffelstoeger was saying that the Goldenrod representative, due to unforeseen changes in his schedule, would arrive on campus sooner than anticipated. Smithers, the oilman, would peruse the theses, and then interview the authors of the six or eight that had most impressed him; from these he would select three winners.



COLLIER'S "I feel like discussin' religion 'n' politics" ALBERT BOIME

"I'm sure," the prof said coyly, "most of you are undisturbed by this development." He threw Mike a quizzical glance, as if to say: Get with it, kid. Mike couldn't meet his eyes; he felt guilty, unworthy.

HE CUT calculus that afternoon and went to his room and started trying to launch his leaky thesis; he had it all in his mind, but he couldn't get it transferred to paper. A bronze-haired image kept intruding in his thoughts.

He avoided Nadine the next day, and told the telephone monitor he wasn't at home any more to dames, but that Friday evening was unproductive, by and large. Saturday afternoon he found Skinny glaring coldly into a beer glass in the K&K.

"You low rat," Skinny said. "I'm onto your foul game. I did some sleuthing, rat. You're doing a profitable, secret spooking job for that McNabb doll. No need to deny it."

"Oh, that," Mike said. "Who told you, Skin?"

"She did," Skinny said bitterly. So Mike explained how it was. And after the explanation, Skinny stared at him incredulously. "Why, you moron!" Skinny snarled. "She really *needs* that stuff. She was on the level. I solicit ghostwriting jobs for a guy on the town newspaper, and we almost landed that lush chore at three cents a word, only you had to louse it up. She may plan to kick you in the teeth when you turn in the prose, but she's not kidding about needing all that work made up."

MIKE felt stunned. He called Nadine's dorm, but she'd gone somewhere for the weekend. Mike slumped at the table and gulped his beer. Even if she had been partly sincere about those kisses, she would hate him now. And anyhow, Nadine was only a kid, a mere child.

"But," he said miserably, "why would Buck rig up such a lie?"

"He probably wants her to flunk," Skinny said.

It was like a club on the head: Buck was going to California; if Nadine got into I Am a Telescope, she would be going to New York for two years—a continent between them. Horrified, Mike lunged out of his chair.

He galloped to his rooming house and began looking for the list of subjects Nadine had given him; and then he remembered how, chuckling devilishly, he had torn it up two days earlier.

It was early Monday morning before he got Nadine on the telephone. "I've gotta see you immediately," he croaked, and she said okay, how about breakfast at the cafeteria, and he agreed, although he had a feeling she wouldn't be hungry after hearing his sordid confession.

She wasn't. She just sat there looking stunned, and he said, "I lost the list. I know what you're thinking, Red, but there's no time for recriminations. Write me another list and I swear I'll have all of that stuff done by Friday morning."

White-faced, she wrote out the list again, and he took it and got up. "Well," he said miserably. "I goofed, Red. I'm sorry."

She nodded, looking troubled and unhappy, and he turned and fled, unable to face her disillusionment. He checked an armload of books out of the library and galloped across the campus to his room and began researching frantically. As he boned up on Shaw and Shakespeare, he grieved for his unborn Goldenrod thesis.

By Wednesday evening Mike had thirty-three hundred words, a bad headache, the sniffles, a temperature and a dogged determination to bail Nadine out of trouble. Maybe someday the theater world would owe him much for having given it that great Thespian, Nadine McNabb. Skipping the formality of meals, he finished the last paper at six fifteen Thursday evening. Nadine was off the hook, her acting career was salvaged, and Mike Hughes was a physical wreck.

He got Skinny on the telephone, told him to come get the manuscripts for delivery, and then he hit his sack and slept, conscious of the narrowing margin of creative time left for his own vital opus. And when he awoke, his fever was hotter and his aches sharper than ever. The main ache had to do with Nadine. Being stripped of his vigor, he admitted the horrible truth to himself. He was in love with Nadine McNabb, a beautiful child. And even if she weren't so impossibly young, she wouldn't have him now. She hated him.

His landlady, a motherly type, took his temperature and shunted him off to the infirmary. She said if it was contagious, she wanted him out of her house. His temperature was a hundred and two point six. The doctors gave him penicillin, the nurses gave him tender, loving care, and they released him Tuesday morning. Like a drunk to a bottle, he headed straight for his typewriter again; he had rocks in his head now, not drama.

AFTER a solid night of creating, his brain was paralyzed, his temperature climbing again, but he was too smart to let the landlady know about it. He stayed in his room, subsisting mainly on cigarettes and water. Half of the time he didn't know what he was doing and the other half he didn't care. He rewrote his entry twice, and by then it didn't make sense to him, so he called Skinny again and sent the poor doomed document to Prof Hoeffelstoeger. And he hit his sack for another brief eighteen-hour cat nap.

Awaking somewhat refreshed but twelve pounds lighter than when his ordeal began, he visited the good Hoeffelstoeger. "Never have I read such a gruesome paper, Hughes," he said coldly. "Shakespeare, Chaucer, Shaw —what has this to do with geology?"

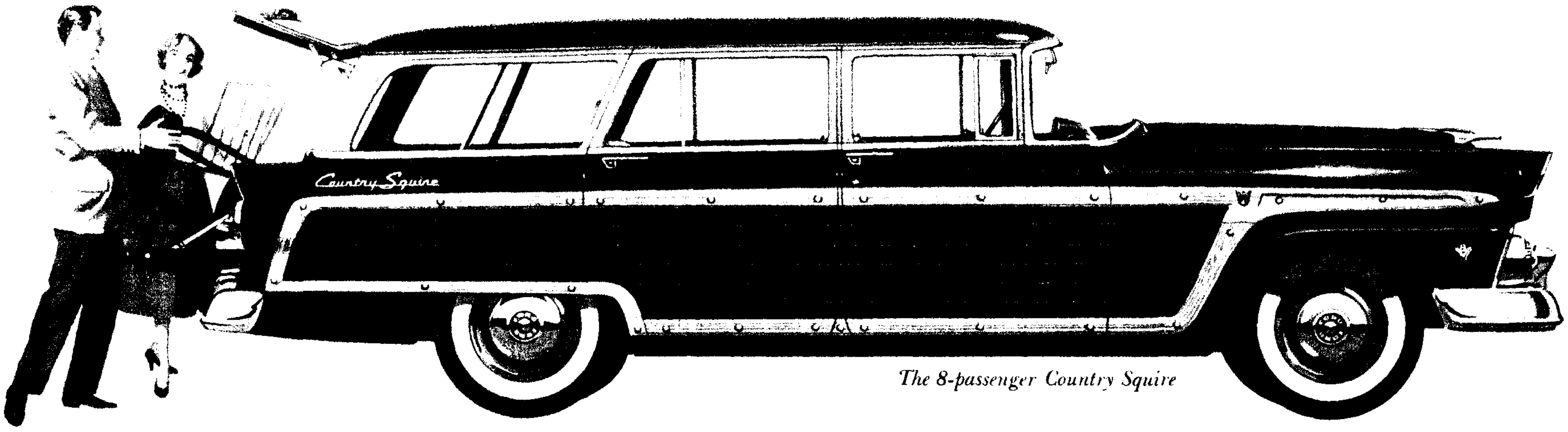
Mike groaned hollowly. "Give it back. I'll rewrite it, sir."

The professor shook his head. "It has been mailed to Mr. Smithers. He arrives in three days to begin interviews with the authors of merit. It is doubtful if you will meet him, Hughes, if you follow me."

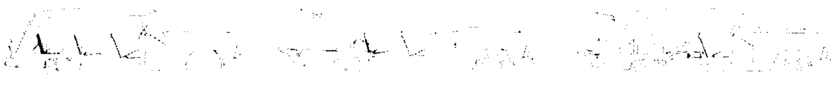
"I dig you," Mike said, and slunk back to his room. It was all *her* fault, he thought without conviction. He wished he'd never seen her. He wanted never to see her again.

He spent the next three days in his room, reading the campus Daily. He learned that Nadine had been a smash hit in her one-act appearance. And he learned that a Mr. Smithers was now on the campus. Mike was unable to stand the four walls of his room any longer. He bolted.

It was a beautiful, warm, sunny day,



The 8-passenger Country Squire



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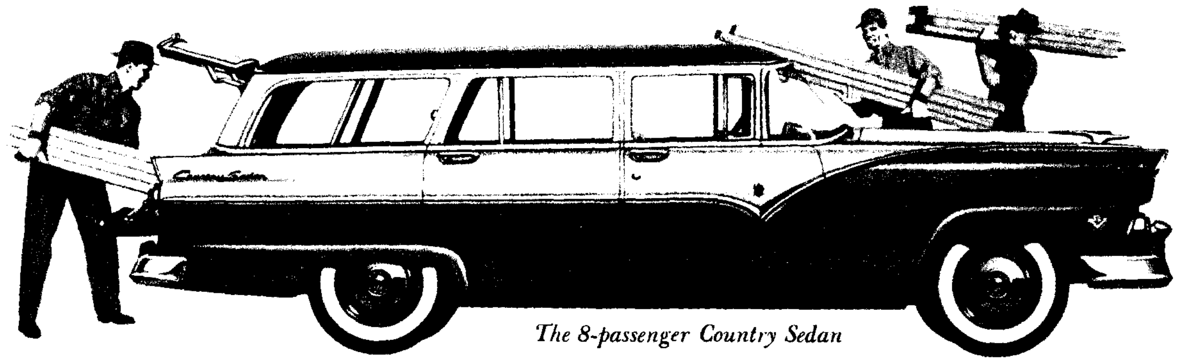

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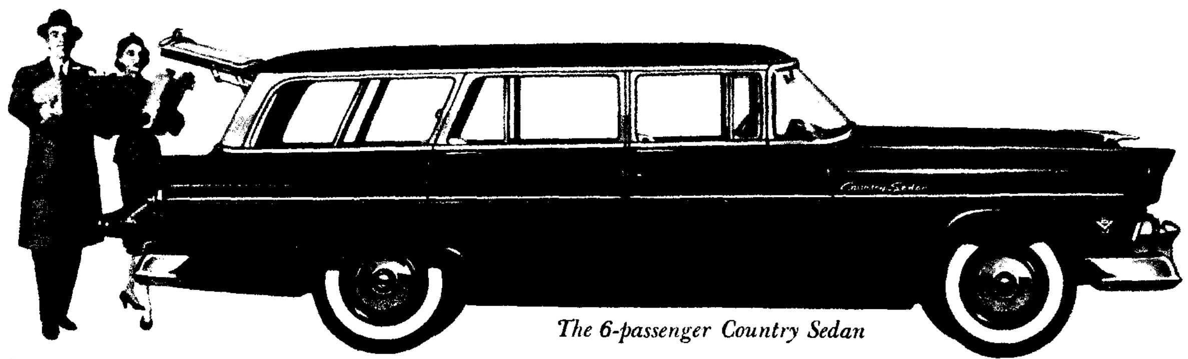
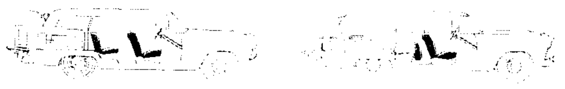


The 6-passenger Country Sedan



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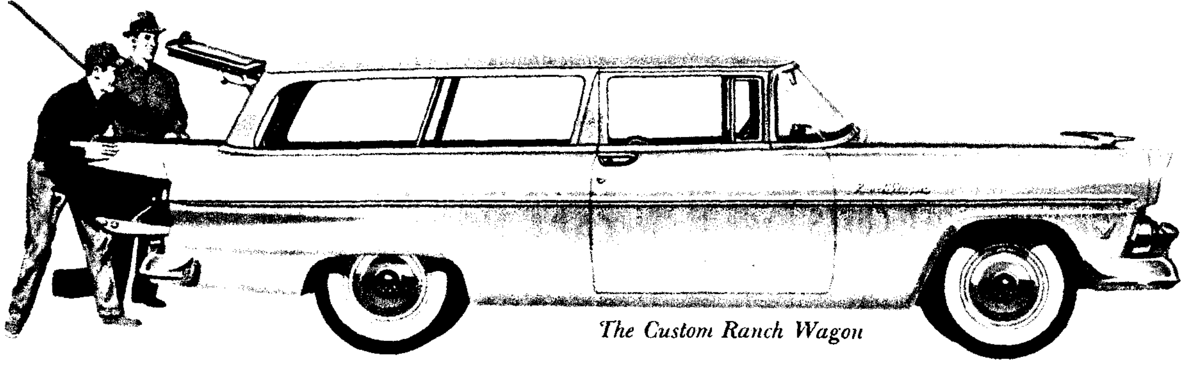
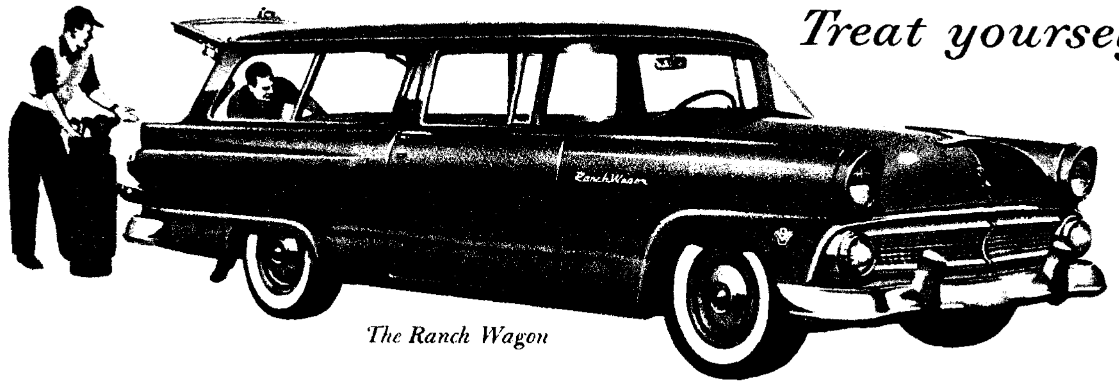


The Custom Ranch Wagon



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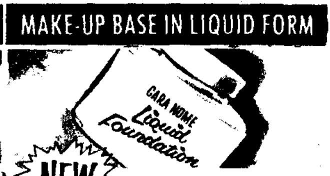

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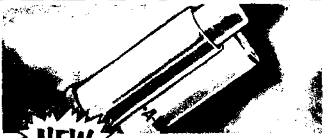

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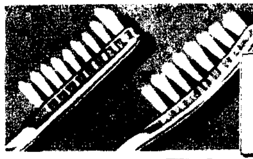

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and he headed for the fellowship of the Keg and Kolloquy, where there would be other embittered veterans. He was just approaching the gap in the privet hedge where he had bumped into all of his trouble, when a sinewy male voice called, "You goofed, chum." Turning, he saw Buck Armstrong.

"You lied to me, you overgrown ape," Mike snarled. "If you didn't outweigh me thirty pounds I'd clobber you. Man, you fouled me up."

"No," Buck said, "*you* fouled *me* up, pal, and I'm the vengeful type. But I won't clobber you severely. Only mildly."

MIKE was entertaining the notion of begging off on the grounds of not being well, but he saw Prof Hoeffelstoeger and a neat, middle-aged stranger passing, and Mike figured that must be Mr. Smithers. Violent despair filled him. Suddenly he welcomed this outlet for his wrath. He hadn't served seven years in the Army without learning something about self-preservation, and he knew the best defense was a good offense. So he swung blindly at Buck's chin and connected, injuring his fingers.

Events got a little violent then. Mike tried to furnish his share of the action, and it was a bruising melee. And then suddenly Buck was down on the grass and it was over. Getting up groggily, feeling his skull, Buck said, "Okay, no hard feelings, anybody. That's how the ball bounces."

Mike watched him depart and felt a little astonished. I didn't know I was that good, he thought, and he turned toward the gap in the hedge, and there stood Nadine, staring in horror at a cudgel she was holding in her hand. That cleared up the situation somewhat. "I'm deeply grateful to you, Red," he said.

She looked at him dazedly. "He didn't have any business picking on you," she said. "Besides, he outweighs you forty or fifty pounds."

Professor Hoeffelstoeger said sourly, "Hughes, this is Mr. Smithers. We saw the Donnybrook."

Mr. Smithers grinned and said, "Hughes, that was a very amusing thesis you entered. That stuff about Shakespeare and all. I rather pictured you as a facetious—ah—unstable and—probably somewhat delicate fellow, not suitable for our rough sort of operations. I see I was misled. You apparently have grit and aggressiveness. That, plus your fresh, original approach to writing about the geological aspects of crude oil—well, I must say I'm favorably impressed. When you have at-

Fashions from th

Supported by muscular mood-setters, Met star Patrice Munsel models men's vest she bought in Morocco for $2

tended your wounds, please come and see me, eh?"

"A pleasure, sir," Mike said somewhat groggily, and the two men departed, leaving him alone with Nadine, who was biting her lip. He said, "I thought Buckley was your guy, Red."

"I had lots of guys," she said. "Only they were kids, Dad."

"So are you," he said sadly. "You're too young, Red. A child."

SHE big-eyed him. "You kidding, Dad? While my brothers were in Korea, I did a hitch in the WAC! That's where I got interested in amateur theatricals, but now, somehow, acting isn't important any more, Dad."

"How old *are* you?" he asked.

"Almost twenty-four," she said and sighed. "And no matter what Kinsey says, these campus bachelors are a little too adolescent for me."

"I'm twenty-nine," Mike said. "Did you land that fat part in I Am a Telescope, Red?"

"That's out," she said. "I flunked."

He was astounded. "But you made the deadline!"

"I didn't turn the stuff in, Mike." she said softly. "I got to thinking how shabbily dishonest it was. And I didn't want a glamorous acting career enough to cheat for it." She dropped the cudgel and took a step toward him. "Maybe I'm too old to tackle that career grind. There are other worthwhile projects for a girl, Mike."

"Like marriage, Red?" he asked, and she nodded, blushing, and he said, "Is that hair for real, baby? Is it natural?"

"Uh-huh," she said meekly. "But I could dye it, Mike."

"Naw," he said. "I was just thinking your kids are pretty apt to be redheaded. I was just thinking about redheaded kids."

She was close now, tenderly examining his lumps and bruises. He put his arms around her—for support, emotional support, some kind of support—and her lips were real close.

"We could dye the kids' hair too," she murmured.

It was spring, and he was susceptible to stuff like that; he was weak-willed. After a big, crazy kiss, he said unsteadily, "I just want you to know, baby, I *like* red hair. I'm nuts about red hair, baby."

She sighed contentedly, but he wanted to have it all clear and understood, and he said, "Don't be hasty, Red. Think about all the fame and money and stuff you're throwing away. Pace yourself, Red."

"Aw, who wants to be a telescope?" she said.

—WILLIAM R. SCOTT

Casbah

Pat paid $37 for native bridal robe, above, trimmed the cuffs, uses it as a formal wrap. She and daughter Heidi use *jalabas* (left) for winter street wear. Hers cost $14, Heidi's $3

METROPOLITAN Opera star Patrice Munsel likes her fashions rare. When she vacationed recently in Morocco, her fancy was caught by the wares of the casbah's colorful, pungent market stalls. There she found men's pantaloons, embroidered felt vests, fancy bridal robes threaded in silver and gold, and the great, hooded sheep's-wool coats called *jalabas*, which are worn by Moroccan mountaineers. She came home with an offbeat wardrobe of authentic clothes—mostly men's—which she uses for lounging, partying and strolling. Photographer Howell Conant, spotting the casbah-clad coloratura, was inspired to photograph her in a setting spiced by two spear bearers from the theatrical hit Kismet. But the setting isn't essential: Patrice finds that even without props, a $14 *jalaba* stops a lot more traffic on New York's Fifth Avenue than a $4,000 mink.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

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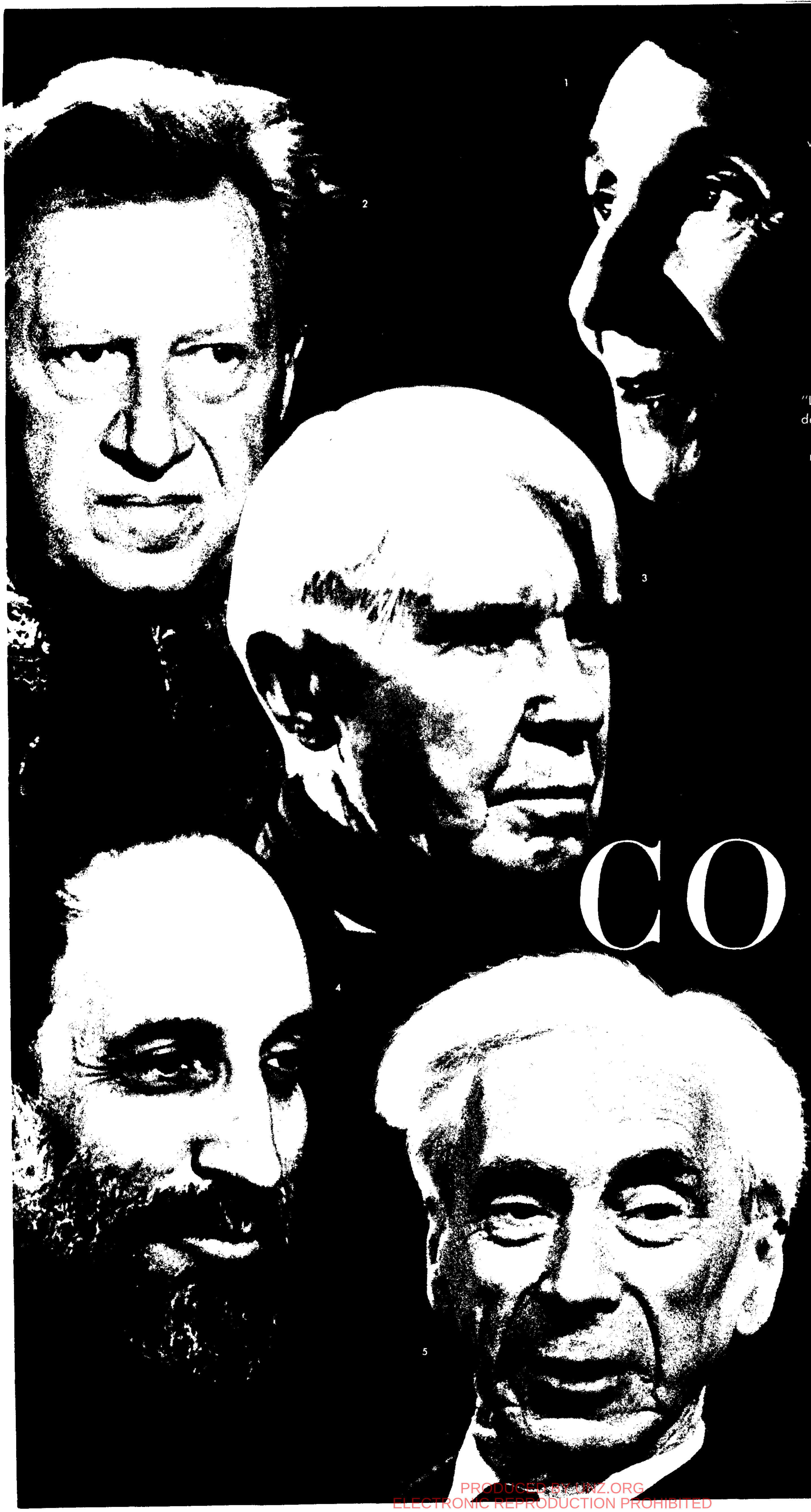

Wanda Landowska
Harpsichordist

"People who have nothing in their insides in their souls they are poor. But a man or a woman who has a conviction that something is beautiful, something is profound . . . it helps him to overcome his grief in very sad hours."

2 **Sir Osbert Sitwell**
Poet and Author

"The true aristocrat today is the artist . . . I would rather myself have written Shakespeare sonnets than have won the Battle of Waterloo . . ."

3 **Carl Sandburg**
Poet

"Lincoln understood the balances required in a democracy between freedom and responsibility. He loved and spoke that word 'responsibility' nearly as often as he did the word 'freedom.' You can't have one and not the other . . ."

4 **Dr. Louis Finkelstein**
Theologian

"America is the first great nation, I think, that has come into being, not by men coming to its borders to escape starvation, but in search of freedom, in search of human dignity."

5 **Bertrand Russell**
Philosopher and Mathematician

"I think one of the troubles of the world has been the habit of dogmatically believing something or other . . . I think that we ought always to entertain our opinions with some measure of doubt."

CONVE

6 **Edward Steichen**
Photographer

"Actors and actresses are most difficult to photograph. The thing that makes photography wonderful is getting models to be themselves. Well, actors can't do that. All actors can do is act."

7 **Frank Lloyd Wright**
Architect

"Early in life I had to choose between honest arrogance and hypocritical humility. I chose honest arrogance, and have seen no occasion to change, even now . . ."

8 **Robert Frost**
Poet

"I have hopes that the past will be found to have been all right for what it was. And the present, I hope will be found to have been all right for what it was, that it will have made its point in history . . ."

6

8

7

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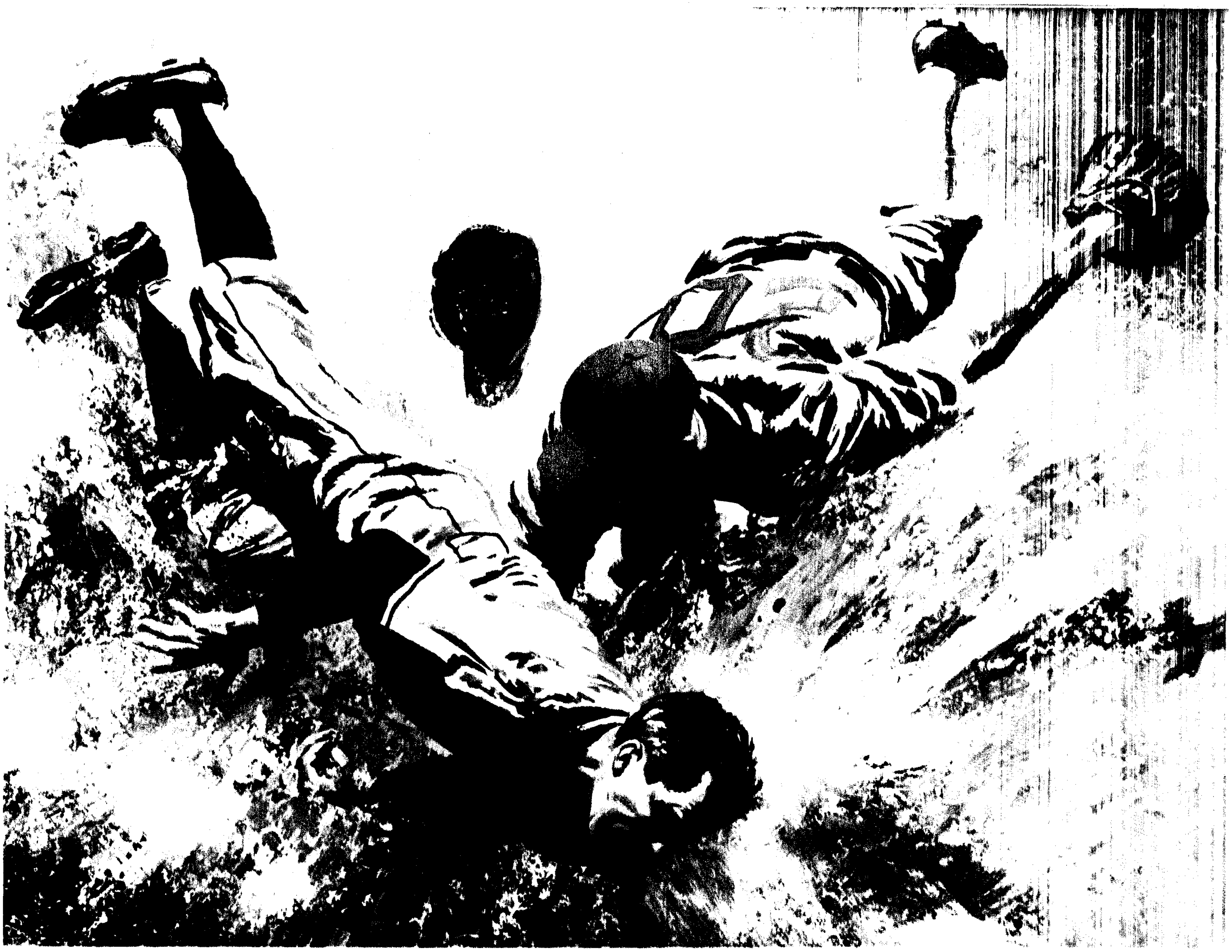


The pitcher rammed the ball at Harry. His arm caught in between Harry's left arm and his body, and the two of them spun completely around

Base Runners Need BRAINS

The sports writers wanted the Ravens to get rid of Harry, said he was too slow. Maybe he was. But when it came to thinking, he was the fastest man on the team

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

PERHAPS no one in baseball was more aware than Harry Elmo of a geometric curiosity attached to Hathaway Park, the home of the Ravens. There, a straight line, drawn from center field through the exit gate in left, led directly to a junk yard across the street from the ball park. Harry Elmo, the outfielder, found himself traveling in that direction and already halfway there. It saddened him.

For thirteen years, throughout a career that was totally fine as baseball careers go, Harry Elmo had played center field for the Ravens. Now it was spring once more—spring for most, late autumn for Elmo. Up from Class A had come a superman, complete with cape and the ability to fly (if you believed the sports pages). The new man's name was Duane Christie. He was twenty-one years of age, as opposed to thirty-five for Harry Elmo, and young Christie had taken center field the way Grant took Richmond, only more so. Grant, as Harry Elmo pointed out bitterly to a sports writer who fecklessly had used the analogy, bypassed Richmond.

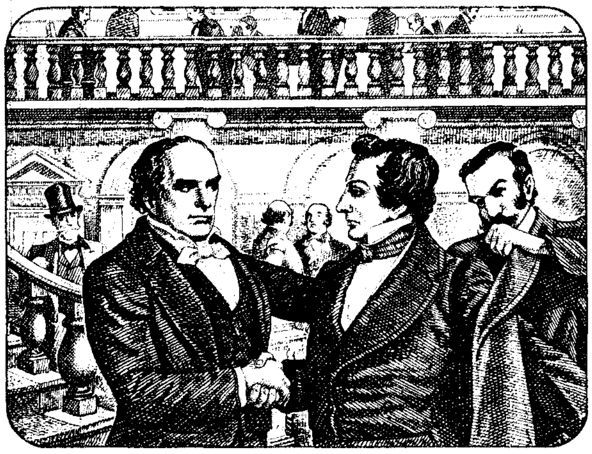
Indeed, there was the ever-present possibility that Harry Elmo, en route to the junk yard, would bypass left field. Over his head like a willing sword there hung the prospect of being benched. McCall, the manager of the Ravens, had in some respects an old lady's ways about him. He handled Harry Elmo the way an old-maid aunt handles a living-room rug that has outseen its usefulness. The aunt takes the rug out of the living room and tries it in the spare bedroom for an extra year's wear—if that much. McCall took Harry Elmo out of center field and put him in left for an extra season's wear—if that much. Nobody thought it would be that much: not the sports writers, not the Ravens' front office with its widely heralded youth movement, and not Harry Elmo. Harry Elmo waited for the sword to fall. He felt old.

But no one could gainsay Duane Christie. He was a fine young ballplayer, and, to boot, he was a splendid young man. Everybody said so. Everybody included a young lady named Judy Simms.

Harry Elmo tried to think of Judy as little as possible, and in this case, as little as possible was a great deal. When he put on his baseball uniform, he wore the emblem of the Ravens—a bird, wildly smiling—upon his sleeve, but it might as well have

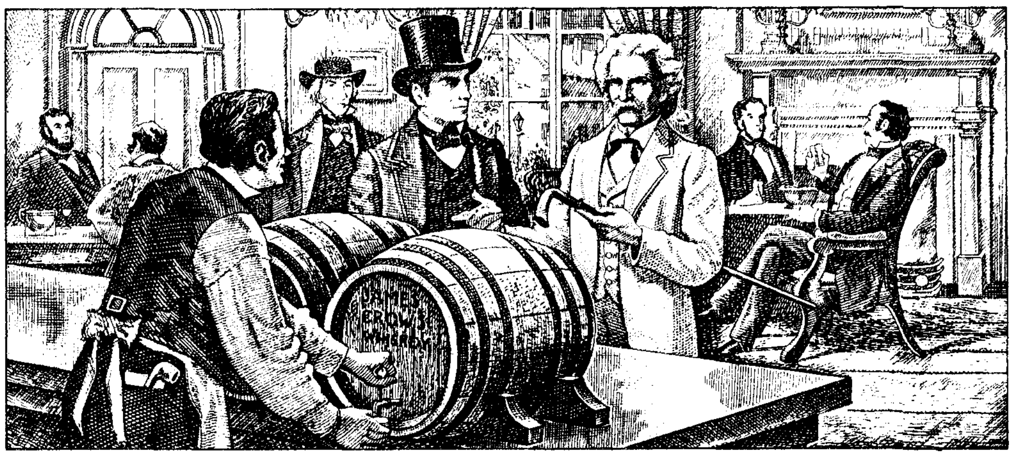
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MC DERMOTT

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF OLD CROW



Daniel Webster greets Washington Irving.

It was in such distinguished company as this that the great American orator would often call for Old Crow.



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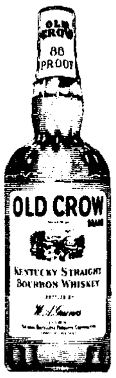

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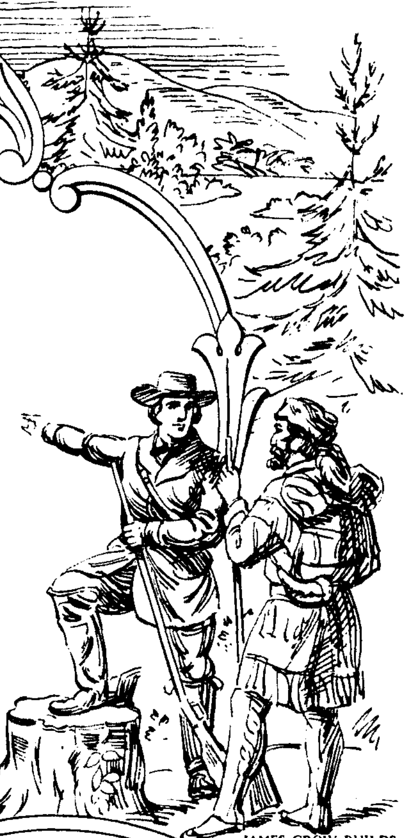
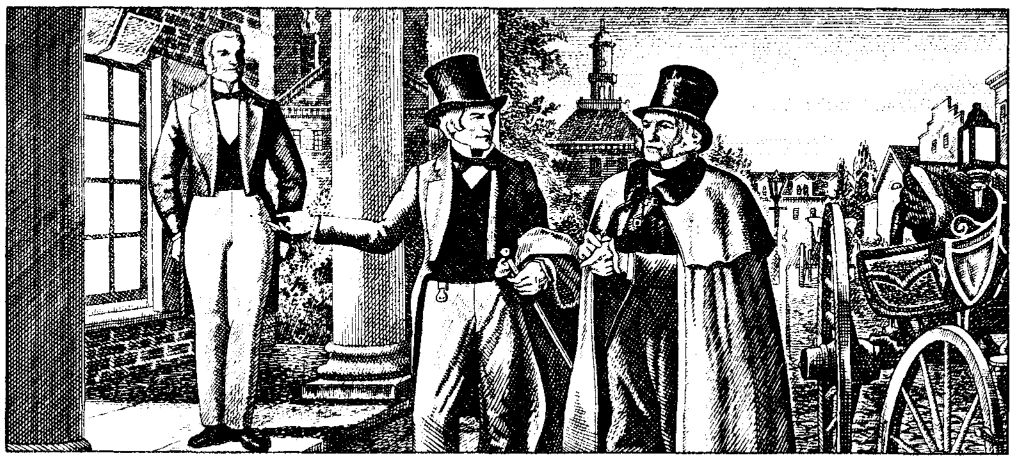
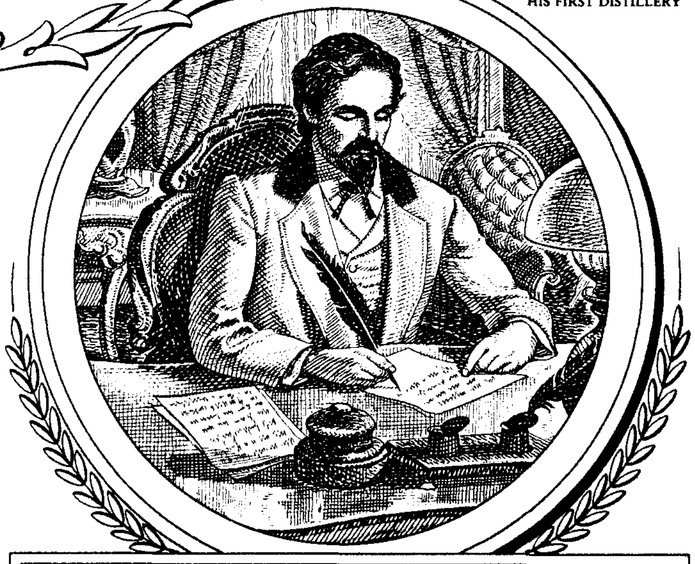


JAMES CROW BUILDS HIS FIRST DISTILLERY



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT AND HENRY CLAY ATTEND A DINNER.

At home, or when dining out, as he did with Gen. Scott, Senator Clay took pleasure in introducing his guests to Old Crow.



Gen. John Morgan writes of Old Crow.

The leader of Morgan's Confederate Raiders offers to send Old Crow to Dr. Henry Fox of Lexington, Kentucky.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY been his heart. He had known Judy Simms for a year now, in the gathering dusk of his baseball lifetime. Knowing her brought him a wondrous joy, for she was warm and gentle, Judy was.

She had black hair, and she was a tall girl. Her forehead came softly against the tip of Harry Elmo's nose, and he was six foot one, hard of muscle, tired only in the face, where night ball and sleeper jumps had etched their own indelible lines. And she was beautiful for him to see, Judy was, with figure of lambent splendor, and a look of gentleness, with lips that were red and eyes at once soft and afire.

But she was twenty-five, almost ten years younger than Harry. He told himself that, like everything else for him in life, she had come along too late. He told Judy that too. A hurt came into her eyes when he said it, but he believed telling her was for the best, and he went away to spring training in Florida, which benefited him not at all.

It benefited the Ravens hardly more. They had finished fourth the season before. Bulwarked by the acquisition of two new pitchers and the disposal of a relief man—whose leading claim to immortality the season previous was that he pitched better drunk than the rest of the bull pen did sober—they still displayed little more than hope.

But Duane Christie had joined the club. For which, huzzas, and the frank prediction in two out of four local papers that this was the Raven's pennant year.

Christie hit .457 in the Grapefruit League. He made catches that Willie Mays might make, but no one else. Harry Elmo admired him. He also knew that Duane Christie had a good amount to learn.

IT SHOWED up in the opening game of the season, against the Lions. Flags fluttered in the April breeze and a baseball-starved 40,000 crowd shoved its way into Hathaway Park to watch the Ravens get off winning.

It was a slow getaway, but there were signs of promise. The Lions had it 3 to 2, but in the last of the eighth the Ravens' leadoff man singled. Duane Christie singled him to third, and Harry Elmo, fouling off seven—count 'em—seven, drew a walk to load the bases with none out.

The Lions changed pitchers, but the Ravens' next hitter slapped a ground ball up the middle of a drawn-in infield. The man from third loped home with the tying run. Christie, seeing the ball go through to the outfield behind him, took off from second and bumped smack into the close-playing Lions' shortstop.

The latter was delighted at the encounter. Expertly, without moving his feet, he let Christie have the shoulder and hip. Off balance, the rookie base runner disengaged himself at last and was en route again. Waved around third, he headed for the plate—and was out on a not-too-close play.

Led by Manager McCall, the Ravens charged upon the umpires.

It was the third-base umpire's call to make. His name was Phelps. He had been around a long time, and was known, in varying degrees of respect, as Honest John.

"He give him the butt!" McCall yelled.

"Your man ran into him," Phelps said smoothly.

"It was open-and-shut obstruction!" McCall yelled.

"Then why," Honest John inquired, "didn't you have your man stop at third instead of sending him home? If it was open-and-shut obstruction, then he would have been entitled to home plate anyway, wouldn't he?"

"You're off to a great season, Honest John," McCall said.

"That I am," Phelps said. "Opening game, and all that. The mayor of your fair town threw out the first ball, and in just about five seconds flat, I am going to throw out the first manager."

The score stayed tied—till the next inning, when the Lions got a run to win, 4 to 3.

McCall got Harry Elmo to one side in the clubhouse after the game. "That was obstruction," the manager observed sadly.

"I know it," Harry said.

"But I couldn't beef too much on it."

"I know it," Harry said.

"You tell Christie, will you?" McCall said. "He looks up to you."

Harry Elmo gave his manager a dispirited look. But then he went on over to Duane Christie's locker and said, "How about supper?"

"Fine with me," Christie said.

"You don't seem upset about anything," Harry Elmo said.

"I'm not," Christie said. "I went three-for-four, didn't I?"

HARRY ELMO took the young outfielder to a little restaurant that he knew. It was a quiet place some blocks past the main section of town. The waiter knew Harry and smiled at him and said, "Where's the lady?"

Duane Christie looked up from his menu. "Lady?"

"Girl I used to come here with," Harry Elmo said shortly. "You want to start with tomato juice?"

"All right," Christie said, and went back to the menu.

"The skipper wanted me to talk to you about something," Harry said.

"Go ahead." Christie's eyes still were on the bill of fare.

"You cost us that ball game with your base running."

Christie's eyes flickered. "Yeah?"

Harry nodded. "Afraid so."

"How?"

"On that obstruction play."

"Don't you think it was obstruction?" Christie asked.

"I think probably it was."

"Then how was it my fault?"

"You ran right into him," Harry Elmo said.

"What if I did?"

"Well," Harry said, and he found this almost painful, "you were out at home."

"The coach sent me home," Christie said. "If he don't wave me in I stop at third."

"He waved you in," Harry said, tiredly, "because of two things. One, he figured you had at least a chance to score. Two, he figured he couldn't win an argument on the obstruction play."

"You know an awful lot about what he figured," Christie said. "Is the steak all right here?"

"Look," Harry said, "I'm trying to tell you this so you won't do it next time. Bases loaded, none out, you're on second base. Guy hits a ground ball, you run with your head turned around watching the ball and you bang right into the shortstop. That's why we couldn't win the argument. Sure, he gave you the butt, but he didn't have to move. You ran into him."

Christie looked up, his eyes directly upon Harry Elmo's face. "What does that prove?"

"The bases were loaded," Harry said patiently. "That means you have no business watching to see where a ground ball's going to go. No matter where it goes, you've got to run. The rules say so. So the least you can do is watch where you're going, instead of looking behind you."

"I wanted to see if it was going through," Christie said. "After all, whether I try for home or just stop at third depends on whether it goes through or not."

"No," Harry said. "That's not up to you. That's up to that third-base coach you were talking about a minute ago."

"Uh-huh," Christie said.

"You get it? You understand it?"

"Sure," Duane Christie said. "Who was that lady the waiter was talking about?"

"A girl I used to know," Harry said. "She lives a couple of doors down from here. We used to stop in here a lot."

"If she was as pretty as that one," Duane Christie said, and pointed toward the doorway with his fork, "I'd say you had quite a thing going."

Harry Elmo turned and looked.

IT WAS wrong. It should not have been this way. He was through with this girl, because he did not think he had any right to be otherwise, and the least he desired was not to see her again. She was here now. It was Judy.

Their waiter was escorting her to the table now. Harry Elmo and Duane Christie stood up. Looking at Judy, Harry did not see the expression on Christie's face. It was just as well, perhaps, that he didn't.

She smiled at Harry and rested a gloved finger momentarily against his cheek. "Hello, baseball player."

"Hi," he said. He would make it sound as easy as she did. "What brings you here?"

"I wanted to ask Leon about my ivy plants," she said. Leon was their special waiter. He knew about gardening. Now, he brought a chair for the girl, and she sat down. "What brings you here?"

"Supper," Harry Elmo said.

They were both lying.

They looked at each other for a time, and then Harry said, "Oh, I almost forgot. Duane Christie. This is Judy Simms."

Christie nodded, smiling. He's handsome, Harry thought. He's young.

They ordered supper, and Harry Elmo was surprised to find Duane Christie as nice as he was. He took my job away from me, Harry thought, and now he's working on my girl. Why is it I tell myself I like him?

"Harry was explaining to me," Duane Christie said to Judy, "a play I messed up in the game today. It cost us the game."

"Everybody thinks a lot of you," Judy said to him, and smiled. "I've read wonderful things about you."

"You can thank the old man here," Christie said. "He's taught me three quarters of everything I know."

"He's not so old," Judy said.

"I didn't mean it that way," Duane Christie said.

And, gallantly, when the coffee had come and gone, Christie offered to pay for the supper. And then, the offer refused, he rose, said good-by, and departed.

"Now, there," Judy said, watching him leave, "is a nice young man."

"Everybody says so," Harry said.

"Are you nice to him, Harry?"

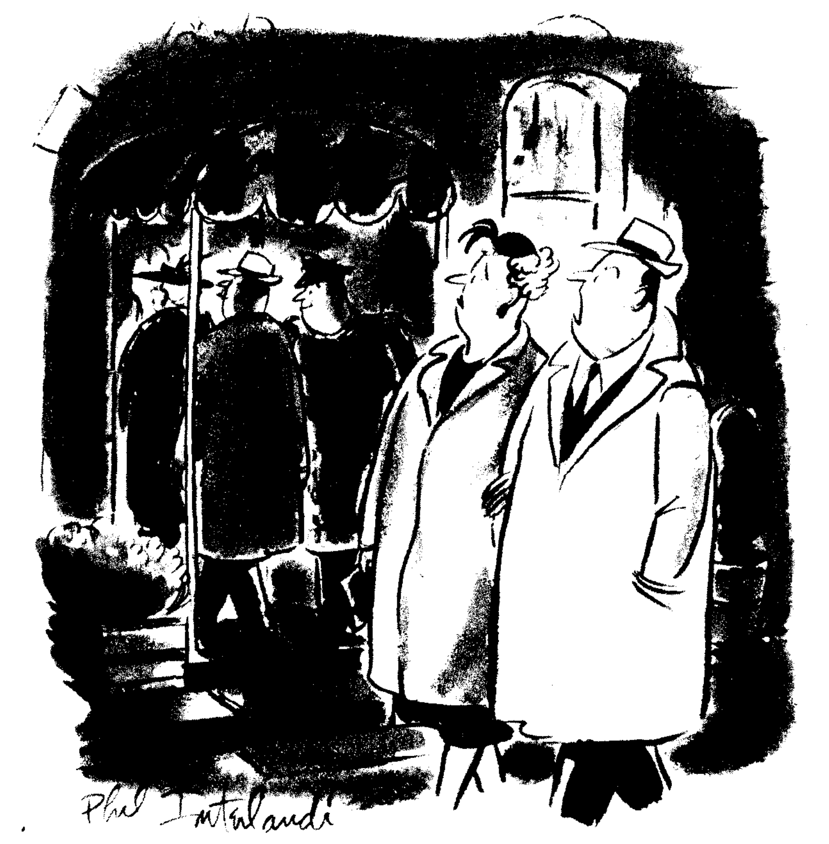
"Sure," he said. "Like I was saying to myself before, I love him. He takes away my job. Before he's through, he'll probably take away my girl."

"Oh?" Her voice was soft. "Am I still your girl, Harry? That's why I came here tonight, you know. Is that why you came, Harry?"

"Come on," he said, "I'll take you home."

She looked at him, not moving.

"We've been all through this," Harry



"Doorman; fancy food; bustling waiters; you wouldn't catch me dragging my wife into a place like that . . ."

COLLIER'S PHIL INTERLANDI

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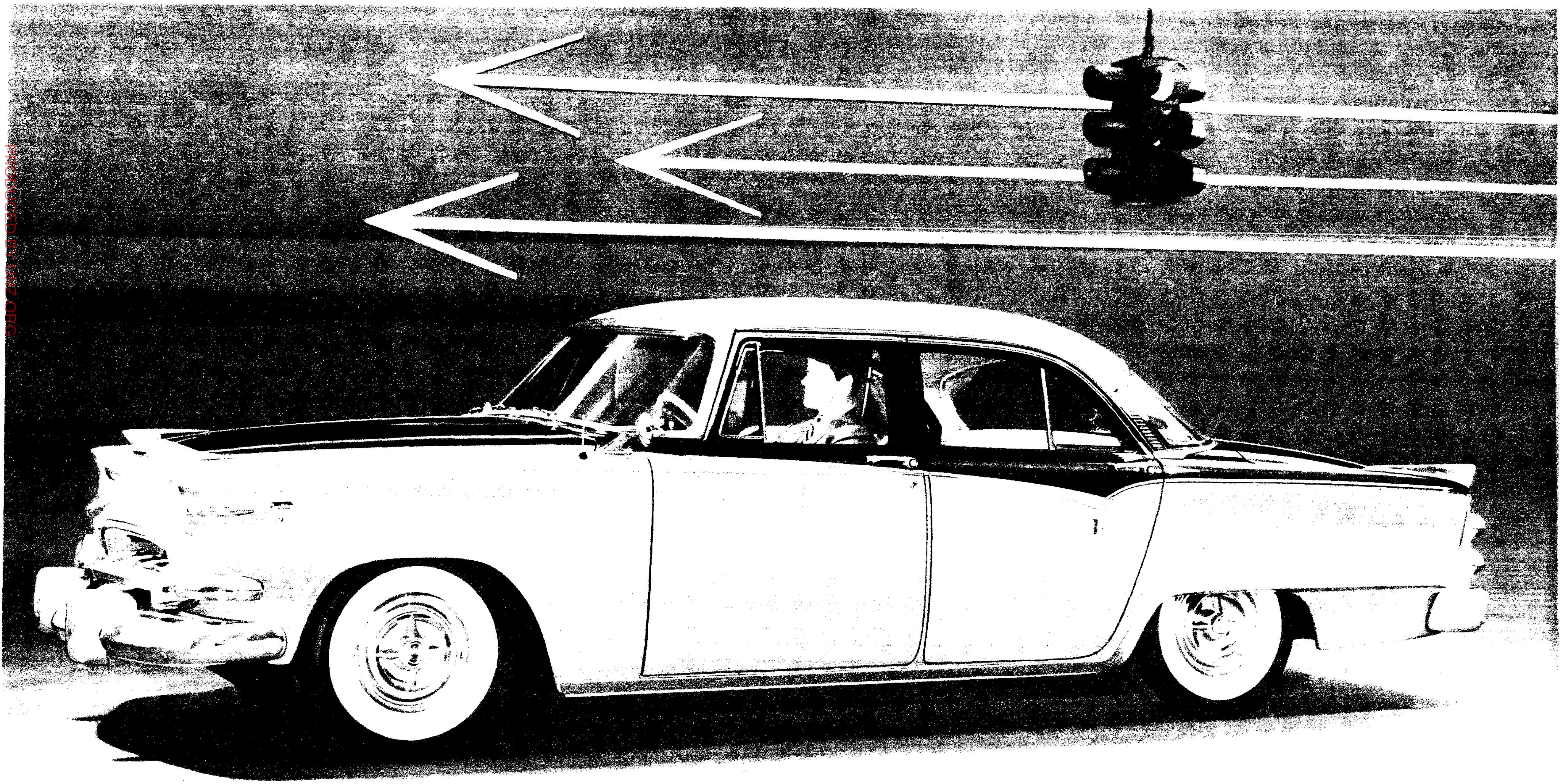

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PAT PENDING

THE FINE WINES OF ROMA

Elmo said. "Let's not go through it again." . . .

He said hello to Christie at the ball park the next morning, but Christie failed to return the greeting. Harry wondered briefly about this; then Christie went into the next room for a rubdown, and Harry saw that he had left a newspaper behind, opened to the write-up of yesterday's opening game. Harry picked it up. It was the first paper he had seen since the game.

He read the story, and then he did not have to wonder about Christie any more. It began:

Old Out-to-Pasture Elmo figures to cost the Ravens many a ball game this season, if McCall persists in using him, but not even the most devout pessimist thought Old Harry would start right out in the first game.

He did, though. Cost the Ravens what could have been the winning run against the Lions in yesterday's opener at Hathaway Park. Bases were loaded, and our side was behind 3 to 2 with none out in the home eighth. On a single through the middle, the tying run scored. Duane Christie, on his way in from second with the potential lead run, was openly interfered with by the Lions' shortstop. If he'd stopped at third and protested, the umpires would have had to give the Ravens the decision and award an extra base—and the lead run—to Christie.

But he didn't stop at third. Know why? Because our dear friend Harry Elmo, who'd been on first base when all this started, was running right up Christie's back. If the rookie had stopped at third, there would have been a convention there.

But he couldn't stop, because the thirty-five-year-old Elmo wanted to show everybody he can still run, which in any other situation he can't. So Christie was out at home, no protest was feasible, the Lions won it in the top of the ninth, and thank you, Harry Elmo.

It was not true, of course. Coming around second base, Harry Elmo had looked automatically for the third-base coach, had watched him wave Christie around. If the coach had stopped Christie at third, Harry could have got back to second. But there was no telling the sports writers—or, apparently, Duane Christie.

ON THE field before the second game of the opening series with the Lions, McCall said to Harry, "Did you have that talk with Christie?"

Harry nodded.

"Do any good?"

"I don't think so," Harry said. "He was sort of fresh about it, but I didn't dislike him for it."

"He's quite a young ballplayer," McCall said.

Harry nodded. "I even found myself liking him. We had supper."

"But you don't think your advice took?"

"It might have, if it hadn't been for the papers this morning."

"Ah," McCall said. He seemed very unhappy. "The papers."

"You read them too?"

"Not only I," McCall said, "but Shaughnessy." Shaughnessy was the president of the Ravens.

"Say no more," Harry Elmo said.

"I'll say a little more," the manager said. "Shaughnessy wants me to put you on the inactive list. He thinks you can't make the plays any more."

"What do you think?"

"I think you can," McCall said. "I told him that. He said he was sure you knew a lot of baseball, but he didn't think you had it on the field."

"And what'd you say to that?"

McCall shrugged. "I got sore. I told him you could come up with plays in the field that he'd never even seen before."

"And Shaughnessy—"

"—doubted it," McCall said. "But he said he'd leave it up to me, for the rest of this series anyway."

"That's nice," Harry Elmo said. "So, if I use my little flying saucer and break up the ball game, then I can still play. Otherwise, the junk yard back of left field."

"No," McCall said, "I'd use you as a coach."

"It's all the same," Harry said.

"Well, don't be bitter about it," McCall said. "How's Judy? You seen her since we're back in town?"

"Last night," Harry said. "She seems to be another contribution I am making to the eventual success of Duane Christie."

THE line-up for the second game was the same as for the opener, with one mild alteration. McCall himself decided to take over as third-base coach.

In the very first inning, Duane Christie singled and Harry Elmo, batting behind him, tried for the hit-and-run. The second baseman managed to knock it down; there was no play at any base.

But Duane Christie had gone sliding into second anyway, jarring the waiting shortstop, his antagonist of yesterday. That was all anybody needed. In a trice, Christie and the shortstop were wrestling on the ground.

"Oh-oh," Harry Elmo said.

"My sentiments exactly," Phelps the umpire said, and together they raced over to try to separate the combatants. Just as Harry Elmo reached the embattled pair, he felt a hand reach out and grab him by the sleeve. He turned and saw it was the Lions' pitcher, a legendary hothead named Quinn.

"Look out, Quinn," Harry said.

"Look out yourself," Quinn said, and leveled a haymaker at Harry's jaw. Harry made a mental note not to get involved in this sort of fracas any more, and ducked. He wondered why he wanted to stay on the active list at all.

Soon cooler heads prevailed. Honest John Phelps, the umpire, put hands on hips. "Boys, boys," he said. "It's so early in the season."

"My man apologizes," McCall said.

"As well he might," Phelps said. "Ah, well, it's spring. Shall we say one more chance for everybody?" His voice changed to a throaty roar. "And then I throw you all out! Every last one of ya!"

Play resumed. Once again the two teams were running it out with a close score—1 to 1 this time.

Then, with one out in the last of the seventh, Christie led off with a double.

Harry Elmo was next at bat. McCall put the bunt on as a matter of course, signaling from third base. It was a good play. It almost had to move the runner to third, if the ball was bunted so that nobody but the third baseman could make the logical play on it. Because if the third baseman made the play, then he'd have to leave third base to do it.

Quinn, still mad, studied Harry Elmo and then threw a duster that put Harry on his pants in the batter's box.

"Mad at me?" Harry called.

"Try this!" Quinn yelled, and threw a strike.

Harry bunted it. But the bunt did not

go as expected. It trickled toward first base instead.

It seemed the catcher's play to make—if not his, then certainly the first baseman's. Both charged the ball on the foul line.

But this was too good an opportunity for Quinn, the pitcher. He charged toward the first-base line, picked up the ball and, without even a glance for Christie going from second to third (where a play was unlikely anyway), he rammed the ball into Harry Elmo's ribs. His arm caught, in fact, in between Harry's left arm and his body, and the two of them spun to the dirt together.

Harry retained contact with the angry pitcher only so long as he felt was necessary. Then he rolled away from him, thinking to himself: If only he's got the brains . . .

He was referring to Christie, of course. Now, when he looked, he saw that Duane Christie's base running certainly had improved—whether Christie's doing or McCall's as coach at third. But whatever, the fleet Christie was rocketing toward the home plate that Quinn, in his zeal to make the play himself and tag Harry, had left unprotected.

The Lions' first baseman, with the play in front of him, gave a roar of dismay and dashed to cover. Quinn threw to him, but both of them were late.

"I think he broke my rib," Harry said to McCall as the latter came to the dugout to investigate the general welfare.

"Never mind," McCall said. He looked at Christie. "Did you read the papers this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you believe them?"

Christie swallowed. "No, sir."

"What'd you just make?"

Christie swallowed again. "Two bases on a bunt."

"Never forget it," McCall said to him. "And consider it a privilege to have this man in left field alongside you. All season long."

"Yes, sir," Christie said, and grinned at Harry Elmo.

HORRIFYINGLY strapped up and taped, in the wake of what was just another game of baseball, Harry Elmo was among the last to leave the clubhouse. He found that Judy was outside, waiting for him.

"Ah," he said to her. "Come to examine the remains or wait for our bright rookie flash, or maybe both?"

"Poor baby," Judy said to him. Gravely, she put her hands up alongside his temples and drew his face down to hers and kissed him very completely upon the mouth.

"It so happens," Harry said, "that I am taped to a fare-thee-well, thanks to Quinn, who hit me, and Kelley the trainer, who took care of the repairs."

"Poor lover," Judy said to him.

"Yes," Harry Elmo said. "Poor baby, poor lover, poor nothing. You are looking at a man who is going to play outfield for the Ravens this season."

"Yes, dear," Judy said.

"Every last blessed game of it," Harry said.

"Yes, dear," Judy said.

"Drunk or sober," Harry said.

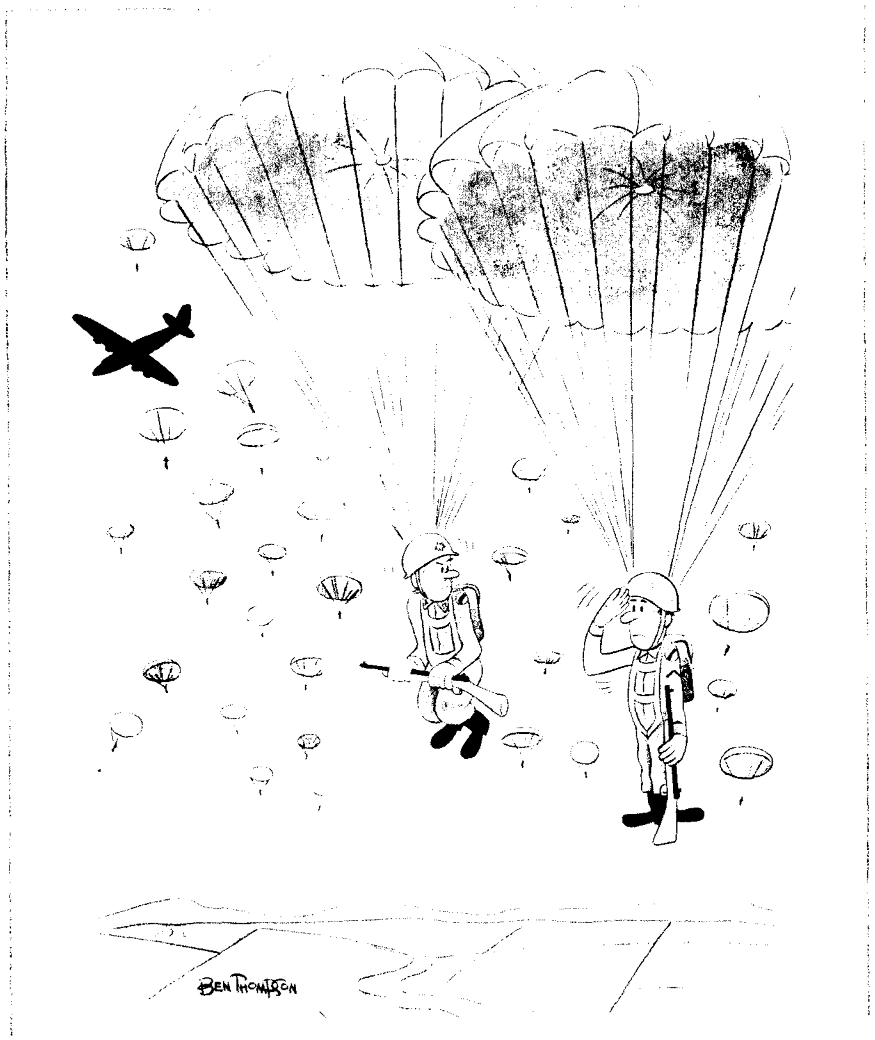
"Married or single," Judy said.

"Married or single," Harry said. "Can you stand a young man like me around the house?"

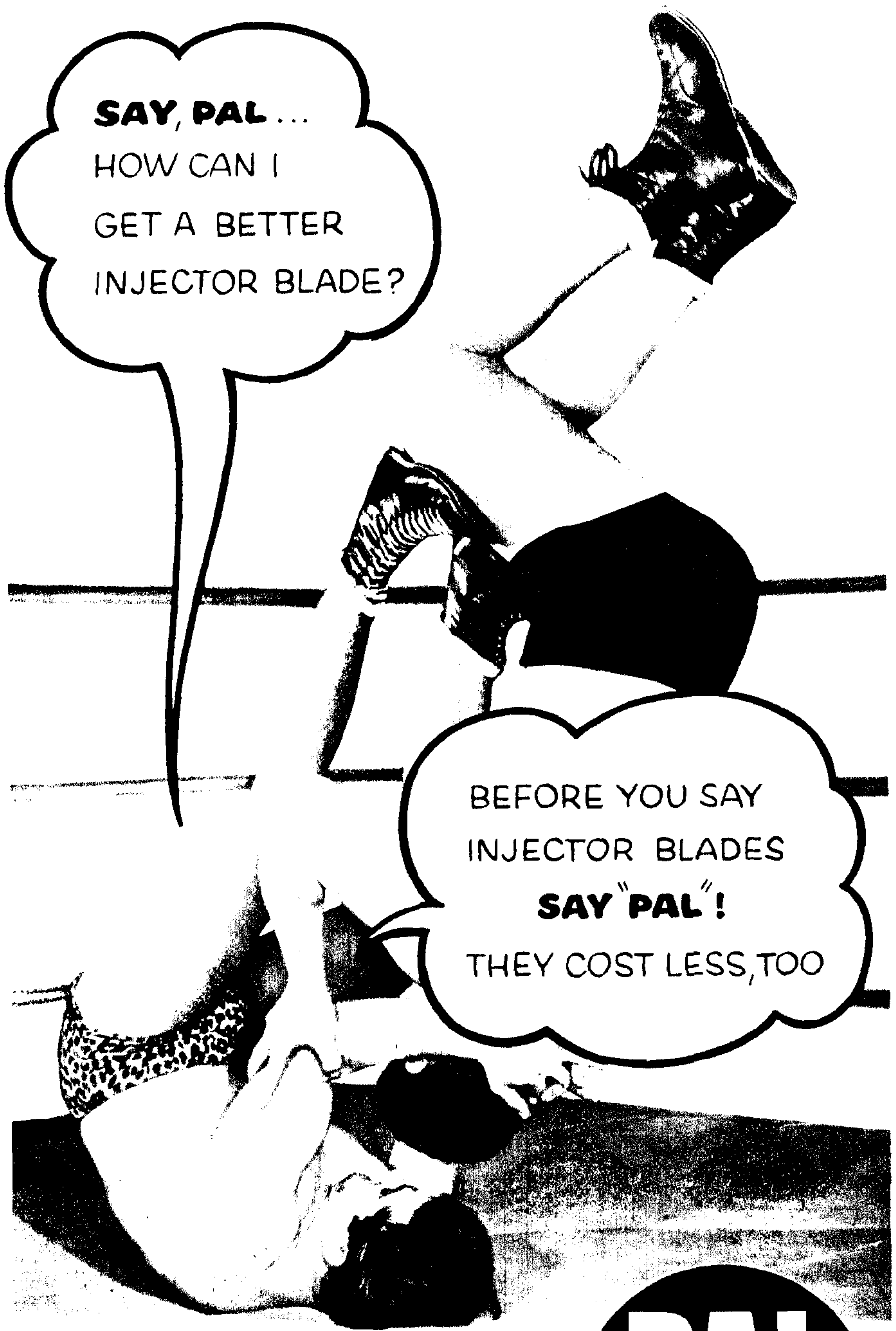
"I don't like them too young," Judy said. "Do you shave?"

"Hourly," Harry Elmo said to her. "I am just worried whether the marriage-license people will believe me when I tell them I'm over twenty-one."

She kissed him again. "It's all right," she said happily. "I have my mother's consent." —CHARLES EINSTEIN



COLLIER'S BEN THOMPSON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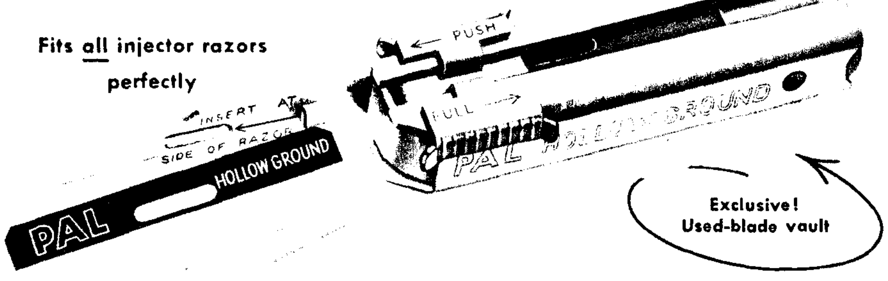

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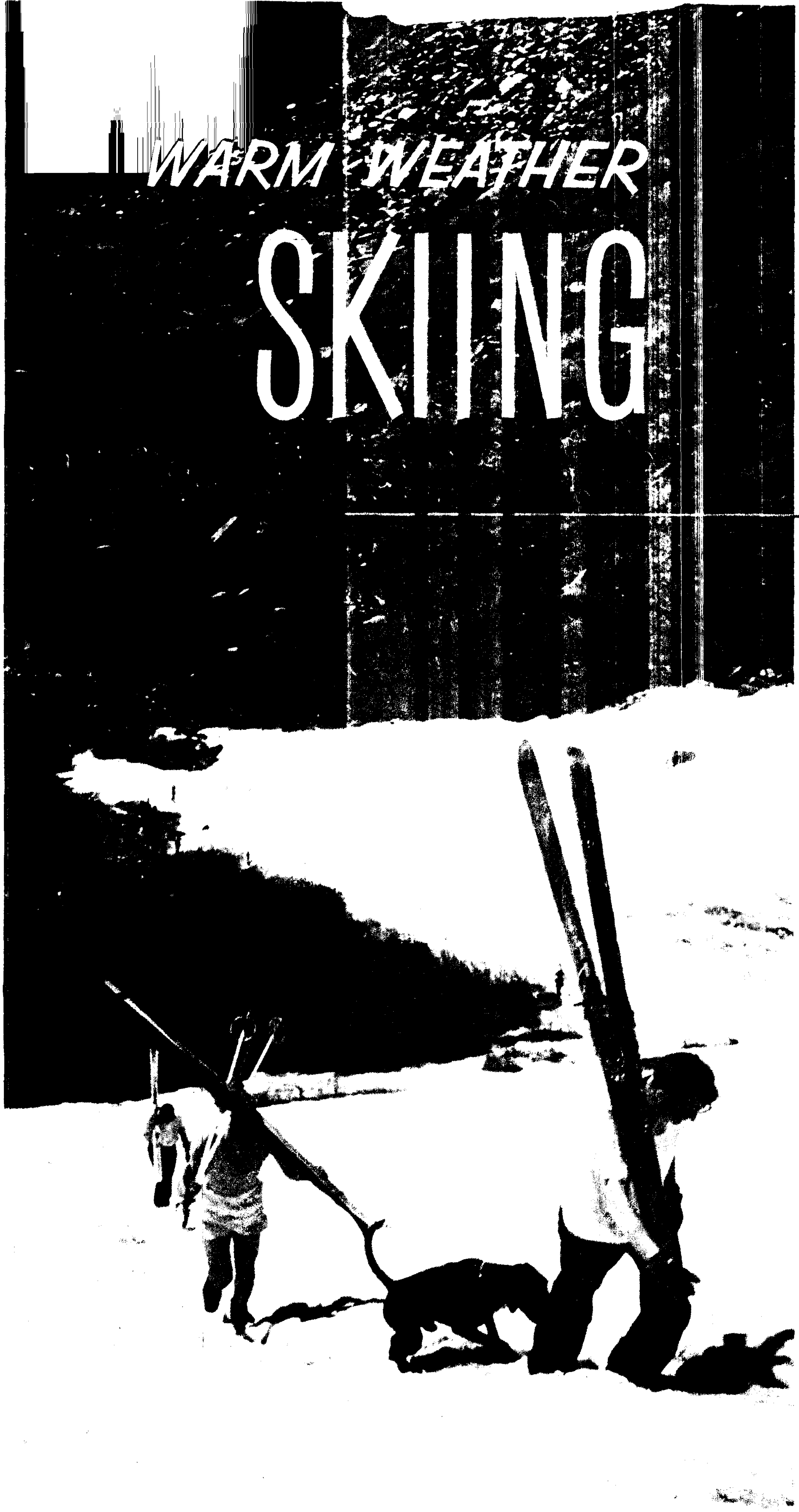
WARM WEATHER SKIING

During winter, nature stockpiles immense quantities of snow in Tuckerman Ravine, 5,000 feet up famed Mount Washington in New Hampshire. Comes spring and skiing fun begins just when it ends almost every place else



FOR most winter-sports resorts, the robins of spring sound a gloomy note indeed. Gone is the snow. Gone is the ice. Gone are the customers. But it's then, when most slopes elsewhere are nearly bare, that the skiing season gets under way at Tuckerman Ravine, a giant half-bowl, nature-carved high on New Hampshire's Mount Washington. It's a season which begins in mid-March and continues until the last traces of white finally disappear into the green earth about mid-June.

There's no skiing on Tuckerman in winter. Biting winds and bitter cold make sport impossible on the ravine, which stretches 3,800 to 5,000 feet above sea level. But while Eastern skiers are using warmer and lower trails during the cold months, the stage is being set for the Tuckerman season. Tons of snow blown from the higher reaches of Mount Washington settle in the ravine. By early spring, the snow is 50 feet deep and more in places, and packed hard. Now it's ready for the ski addict.

And the 50,000 skiers who test Tuckerman each season must be real enthusiasts. There's no ski lift, so they face a 2½-hour uphill hike to the ravine from the Pinkham Notch camp of the Appalachian Mountain Club—the nearest point where cars can be parked. Some visitors return each night to the AMC huts. The majority either camp out in the three open shelters at the base of the ravine, or bed for the night on the snow in sleeping bags.

First-time guests join the regulars in insisting that the fun is worth any hardship. The corn snow—hard-grained as a result of melting during the day and freezing at night—is lightning-fast, enabling top skiers to hit speeds of 50 to 60 miles an hour.

By May, college students from the New England area, who always make up most of the Tuckerman vacationing population, are whizzing downhill wearing shorts and protected by layers of sun-tan lotion. And before the snow melts away, there's even time to combine another sport with their favorite. After a hot day of skiing, the late-spring visitor can always dive into a crystal-clear spring nearby and cool off.

—HOWARD COHN

A trio of skiers—lightly dressed because of warm spring sun—trudge up Tuckerman Ravine. It's 2½-hour hike from the camp

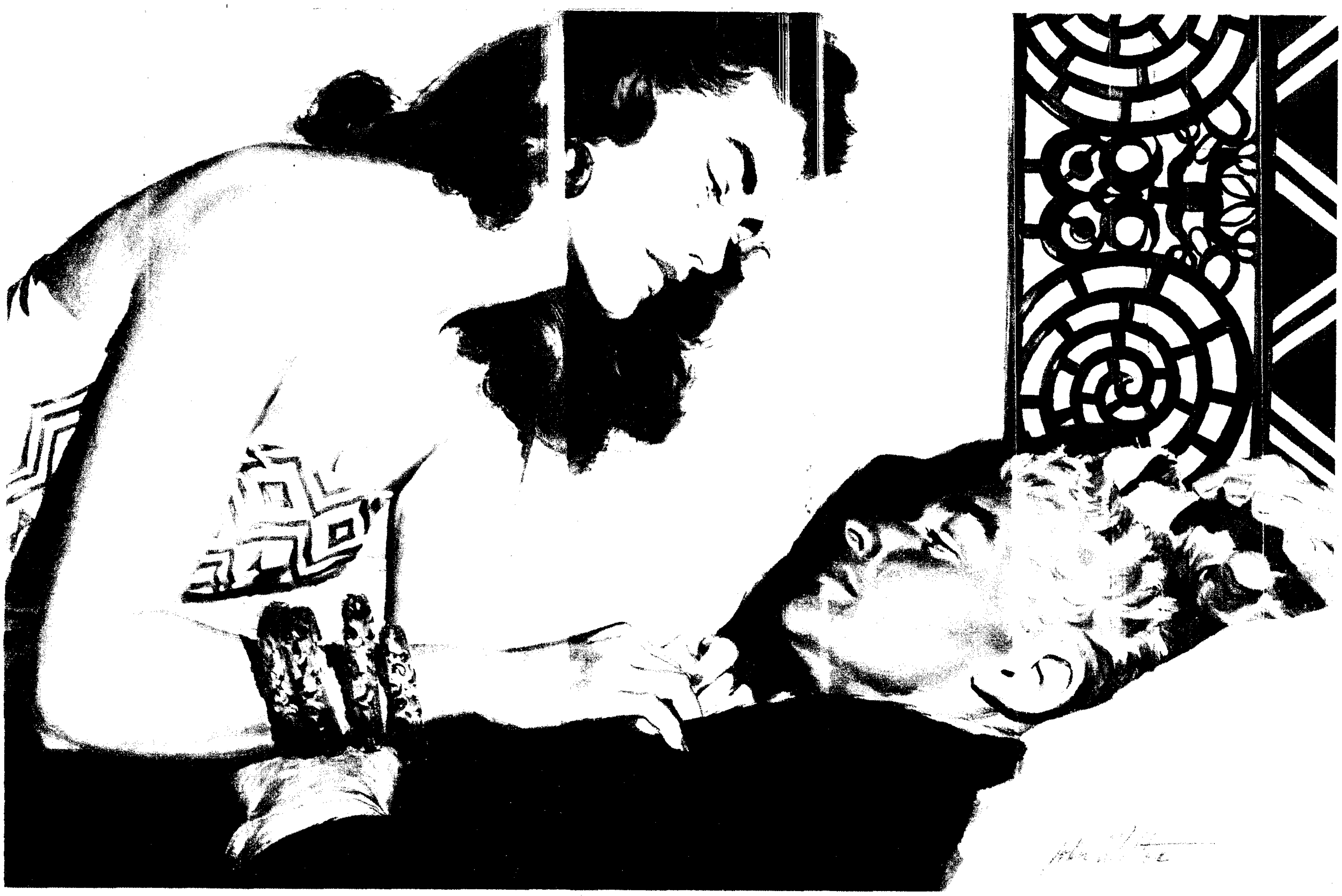
Ruth Goland, of Berlin, N.H., switches from skiing to swimming in stream near snow line

Wearing an outfit that looks almost brief enough for the seashore, Barbara Bennett, of Roslindale, Mass., prepares to ski down ravine

Snow seems far away as skiers pause on trip up to admire Crystal Cascade of Cutler River, fed by the ravine's runoff

Toward late spring, snow gradually recedes from top of Tuckerman Ravine. But there is still enough left for good, fast skiing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ



"You must sleep," Nini said. As she bent over Chaloner to take off his jacket, her closeness overwhelmed him, filling him with longing

Custom of DANGER

In this remote jungle outpost the two men had become friends. Now one of them had to betray the friendship, or hide forever his love for the other's wife

By LARRY FINN

THE train finally came to a lumbering halt in the cold and isolated valley of Awatoke, and Chaloner swung down beside the track. His pack and two suitcases were handed down to him, and after a brief hoot the train was on its way again, steaming noisily into the distance.

Before Chaloner could study his surroundings, which seemed to consist entirely of forest and mountains, he heard a jeep approaching and knew it could only be Taipuna, the Maori hunter who was expecting him but who did not yet know that he was a *pakeha,* a white man. He had an odd feeling as he waited to discover how the Maori was going to take him, since Maoris were a clannish lot who preferred to live and work with their own kind.

In this instance, the Game Department had seen fit to assign Chaloner to be Taipuna's assistant. A south New Zealander, Chaloner knew next to nothing about the Maoris in the north, except that they were supposed to be one of the finest people on God's earth. He hoped it was so. For Awatoke was a big district and, so far as he knew, he and Taipuna would be its total human population.

"Tena koe!" Taipuna greeted him, coming up with his hand extended. And then he looked thoughtfully at Chaloner. "I did not expect a *pakeha!*" He frowned, and then quickly softened the words with a smile and added, "But you are welcome."

They shook hands, the younger man wincing slightly under the Maori's grasp. "I'm George Chaloner," he said. He was not sure that he liked this big, aristocratic-looking Maori. Taipuna had a clear ruddy complexion and a fine mouth, but it was the hooked nose and sensitive nostrils that gave him such distinction, Chaloner decided.

"I'll help you with your gear," Taipuna said, and together they piled it onto the jeep and then climbed into their seats.

The Maori drove like the wind, and within twenty minutes they had traversed the desolate valley. They drove through a grove of black pines until they came to a clearing, at the edge of which was a wooden sign: *Game Ranger.* In the center of it were the buildings of Awatoke Station.

It was a permanent station, Chaloner could tell, or otherwise the government would not have gone to the trouble and expense of building a large bungalow, stables and stockyard. It was all neatly situated in the clearing and resembled a typical farm of the outback. The background of matai pines and snow-crested mountains was magnificent.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Taipuna asked. He was evidently very proud of the place.

"It looks good," Chaloner said. Cramped and cold, he jumped down from the jeep and gathered up his luggage. "I was expecting the usual mountain cabin," he said wryly, and then he glanced at the bungalow again and was reduced to a shocked silence. Standing in the doorway, watching them with great interest, was a young woman.

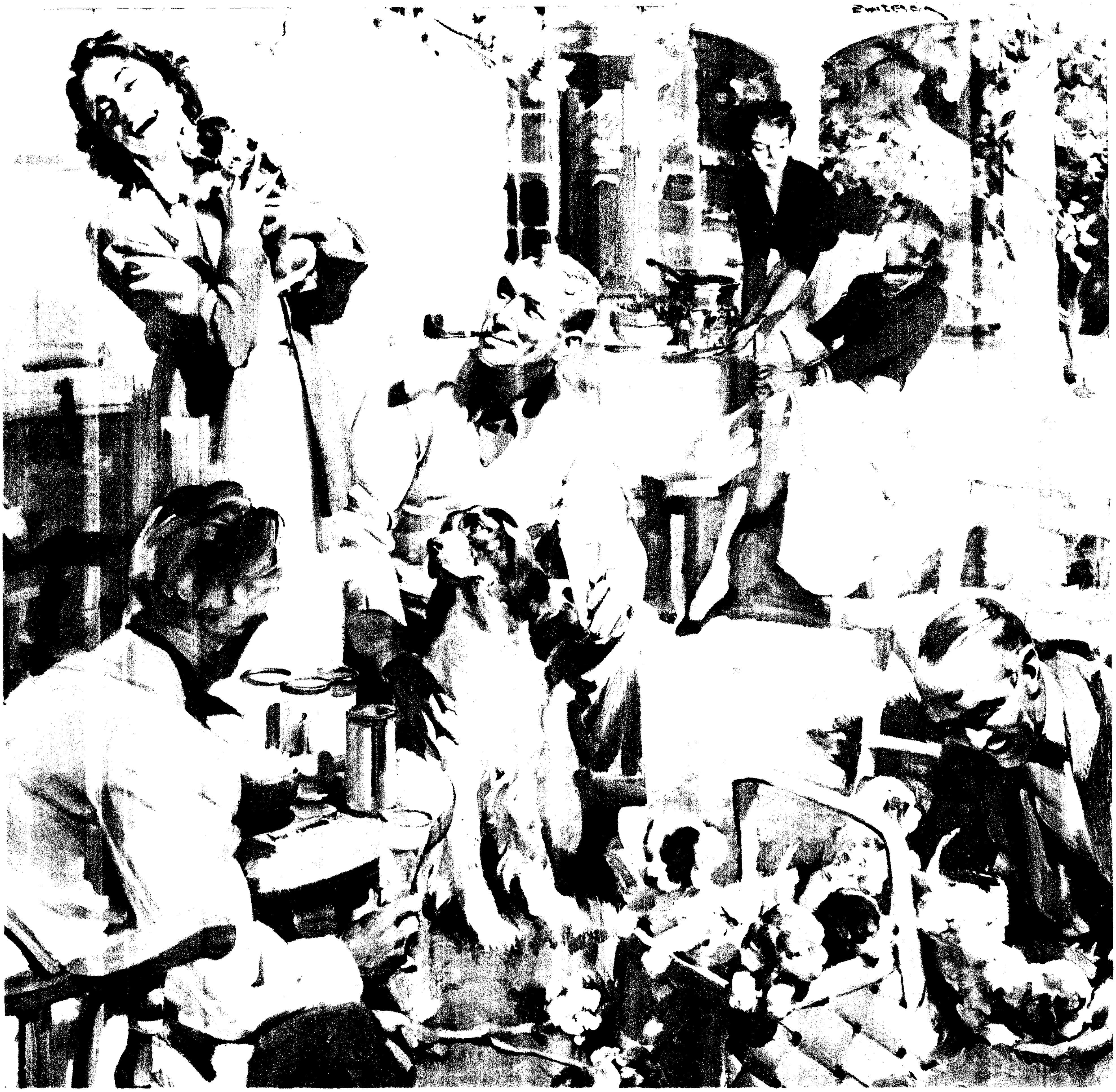
Taipuna caught his look. "My wife, Nini," he said a little defiantly, and gestured to her.

"But damn it all," Chaloner said, abruptly, "I didn't know you were married. Nobody mentioned it."

"The Game Department doesn't know she's here," Taipuna said curtly. His eyes had clouded, either with anger or pain, and somehow he managed to convey a warning. "It is entirely my business," he said.

"I had no idea," Chaloner said hopelessly, "no idea at all." He was appalled to think he had to share the house with a married couple. Being

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER



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isolated up here with a strange Maori was bad enough—but a married couple!

Nini had approached and was shyly distant, glancing from her stern-faced husband to the bewildered young white man. "This is Mr. Chaloner," Taipuna explained to her. "Come and shake his hand. We shall call you Hori," he said gravely to Chaloner, "which is Maori for George."

CHALONER took her soft, small hand and smiled; he could not help himself. "Hello," he said to her, and she was quite unable to hide her childish pleasure, which showed in her flushed cheeks and warm brown eyes. In spite of himself, he was charmed by her apparent friendliness and her beauty.

"It's cold. We'd better go in," Taipuna said. He stooped to pick up one of the suitcases and led the way inside.

"Welcome to our home," the Maori said gravely. He stood in the center of the spacious living room, which was warm and cozy but overfurnished with deerskins on the floor and trophies on the walls. "I hope you will be happy with us," he added, and he was so serious that Chaloner sensed the emphasis, as if he were striving to be prophetic.

Chaloner glanced at Nini, and she smiled cheerfully and went off to the kitchen. "Thanks," he said to Taipuna. "I'm sure I'll be happy." . . .

Nini did not eat supper with them, but hovered carefully about and tried to anticipate their wishes; it seemed a Maori custom for women to take their meals afterward, and Chaloner did not like it.

When they had finished eating, the two men took their mugs of beer to the fireside. "Perhaps we'd better start thinking about tomorrow," Taipuna said. "I'll go and get the maps." He motioned Nini to get on with her work.

They sat together over the maps and discussed their plans for that week. They were to go out on horseback, working different sections of the mountain ridges from Monday until Saturday morning; then they would return to the bungalow for the weekend.

"We're now in the roaring season," Taipuna said, "so I hope you will be careful."

Chaloner nodded, feeling a quickening sense of excitement: the roaring season, when the stags were in rut and the mountains and valleys echoed nightly with their mating cries. They were dangerous at this season and were likely to charge without provocation. These stags had to be seen to be believed, said the Maori; they were very big, up to twenty-two points, and were the leaders of the vast herds that migrated to the plains and constituted a threat to farming land. For twenty years there had been an open season on them, but two rangers were still necessary in Awatoke.

"Hunters never come here," Taipuna said. "Too far away. They would be very welcome, though."

Nini, who had been listening, took a seat beside the fire. Taipuna frowned, for she had changed her dress and pinned back her raven hair. "Perhaps you should take him out for a few days, Tai," she suggested. "He may get lost."

Taipuna's mouth tightened as he studied her. "He has had his training," he reminded her sharply. "He is qualified, or he would not have lasted the course."

"Oh, I'll be all right," Chaloner said, but he flashed her a grateful look.

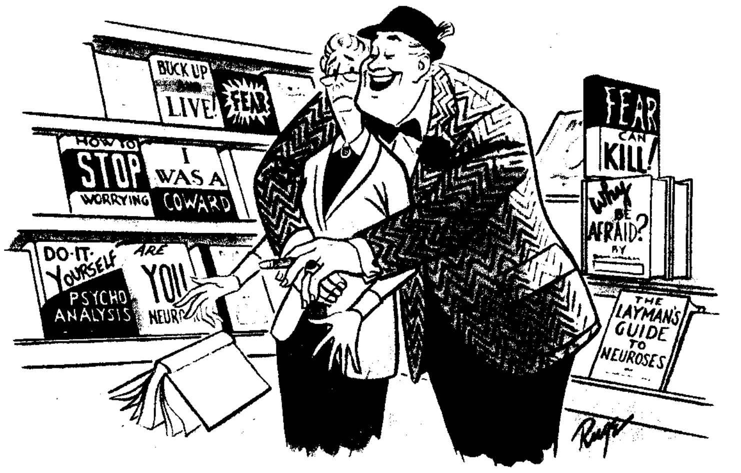
Taipuna looked from one to the other and then addressed his wife in Maori. She got to her feet and bade them good night, reserving a shy smile *for Chaloner, who could hardly hide* his dismay. Why, Taipuna was treating her like a servant, or a slave.

"We are men, talking men's talk," Taipuna said when she had gone.

Chaloner was quietly fascinated by the Maori's eyes, which were dark and solemn and mystical, lucid mirrors of his thoughts. They were the reason, perhaps, why he set his features in such a stern mask, believing he was cloaking his feelings. But like most men who were nearly twenty years older than their wives, Chaloner thought, Taipuna was probably very vulnerable to jealousy.

"Take no chances, Hori," the Maori was saying, "and don't be afraid to fire from the maximum range. We're government hunters, not amateurs, and our job is to kill deer."

Then, as if he remembered something he had meant to say all evening, Taipuna said abruptly: "I hope you will try and understand my wife, Hori. She is childlike in many ways."



COLLIER'S "Say, Sugar, do you have any good readin' material for an extrovert?" JOHN RUGE

"She seems a nice girl," Chaloner said warily.

"She is a qualified nurse," Taipuna said proudly. "Educated in Hawke's Bay. Her grandfather was chief of the Ngati-Pitone, and it was his wish that we marry."

The sentence echoed like a gong in *Chaloner's mind:* "It was his wish that we marry." It told almost everything. And how very dangerous it sounded, he was thinking.

"You don't have to worry about me," Chaloner said. "I will respect your customs, whatever they are. And if I slip up at all, I hope you'll tell me." His eyes sought Taipuna's and carried their own warning: I am here, they implied, to carry out a job.

"You will be happy here then," Taipuna said, with a strangely warm smile. "And now to bed, Hori."

IN THE cold hour of dawn, Chaloner tightened the harness of his three pack horses. He was expecting Taipuna in the stables, and was both pleased and surprised when Nini came instead.

"I have brought you some sandwiches for the journey," she said, offering him a package.

"Thanks," he said, and deliberately kept any feeling from his voice. He would abide by his decision and keep her at a distance.

But the pose was awkward for him, and he flinched inwardly when he noticed the puzzlement in her lovely eyes. "Is there something wrong?" she asked. "Did you not sleep well, Hori?"

He had to smile at this remark, but he was prevented from saying anything when Taipuna suddenly appeared and strode up to him. "Ready, Hori?" he said, and to Nini: "You will get cold."

"Good-by," Chaloner called after her, trying to make up for his gruffness. And as she turned and waved to him, all his decisions of the previous night were suddenly forgotten.

"Keep to the trails," Taipuna advised, in a schoolmaster's voice. "Off tracks can be treacherous. And something else: we're getting low on pork. Bring some back, but please do not dismount if there is trouble with a boar. Good-by!"

Chaloner led his horses out and mounted his own. After a cursory glance at the rifle in the saddle holster, he rode across the clearing and into the pines. His course was not difficult to follow, and since he had studied it carefully the previous night, he relaxed and waited for the sun to come up. He easily found the stream that led to the mountain trail and took his time crossing it. Once across the stream it was a steady climb to the first line of ridges, and a more perilous climb when he got above two thousand feet. Along the high trails he watched the valley of Awatoke far beneath him, but the station itself was hidden in the pines.

HE SAW his first deer, a stag and *two does, about an hour before he* reached a suitable camping place. He dropped the big sixteen-pointer with his first shot. After skinning the animal, packing the skin and taking some meat from near the backbone, he rode on.

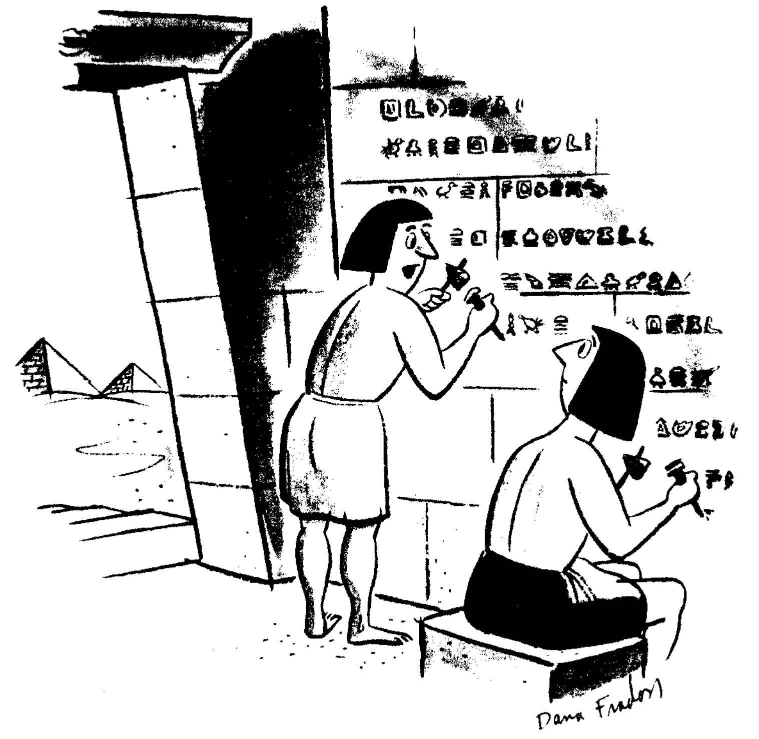
The whole process had gone smoothly, and he was glad when he could pitch camp and record the time, place and other data of his first kill.

Later, while surveying the terrain about him, he heard the faint but distinct report of a rifle across the ridges and knew that Taipuna was on the job, doing the work he loved.

During the weeks that followed, Chaloner was to hear each day the sound of shots far away. Each time he heard one, he was sharply reminded that he was not alone, and the thought cheered him. He would never have believed that a day would come when that sound would irritate him beyond belief, when he would wish that Taipuna were either a thousand miles away or had never existed at all.

Weekends at the station were more than a heaven-sent rest; they became, for Chaloner, pleasant times that he used for the purpose of cultivating Nini, for whom he felt a growing sympathy. He had persuaded himself that cool treatment was not for her, because it was unkind, since she was an unsophisticated creature, and because she had a brain and enjoyed the mental stimulation of his conversation. Tai was no fool, but his knowledge and interests were limited: his life had been spent in the bush and he would not have had it otherwise. But Nini was different, and she had developed a wide range of interests while she was in the select school in Hawke's Bay.

It was to Taipuna's credit that he behaved sensibly, if solemnly, on those long winter evenings when Chaloner held Nini spellbound with the tales that all men bring back from war and travels. Occasionally, Taipuna would politely interrupt and ask a question, nodding and puffing on his cigarette. These brief exchanges with Taipuna gave Chaloner a great deal of satisfaction, and in time he began to like the older man immensely, putting him down as a rough Maori diamond who



COLLIER'S "I'm not sure but I think it's 𓅪 before 𓈗 except after 𓏏 " DANA FRADON took life so seriously because he was older and was a tribal elder of some importance in his remote village. And Taipuna was kind to him, and anxious to make him a good hunter.

Moments alone with Nini were rare and precious, and one particular Sunday evening when conversation was at an ebb, Chaloner forgot himself and aroused the Maori's suspicions.

ABOUT nine o'clock Nini quietly went out into the yard to bring in more wood and, on impulse, Chaloner followed her out. He came up to her in the darkness and startled her.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Does Tai know you are here?"

He laughed. "I just came to help you. Here, let me get the wood." He brushed past her and started to gather the logs in his arms.

"Hori!"

He straightened up. "What is it?"

"You should not have done this."

"I like to help you," he told her. "Damn it, I'm not—" He restrained himself, lest he should say too much. But he was planting the seeds of intimacy, and knew it. They could not talk like this alone in the darkness and not become nearer to each other.

"You must remember, Hori," she said, "that it is my job to get the wood. Tai will be offended."

Taipuna was standing in the center of the room and glared at them when they came in. "Perhaps I should explain, Hori," he said coldly, "that Maori women know their place in the home. Whatever our customs may appear to you—"

"Hang on," Chaloner interrupted. "I didn't mean anything, Tai. You've no right to be offended because I tried to help a woman. That's one of *our* customs, as a matter of fact."

"Until your numbers increase, Hori," Taipuna replied coldly, "please regard Awatoke as a Maori station."

Chaloner carried his hurt to the mountain ridges. He had meant no harm, he was sure; he had merely wanted to help Nini. The trouble was that Taipuna was jealous, and you couldn't do anything right with a jealous man, even when he was your best friend. To hell with him, Chaloner decided. I'm playing the game.

But the image of Nini came into his mind, and a voice inside him asked: Are you? Frankly, he was not sure. . . .

On Thursday morning, while stalking a deer, Chaloner heard the unmistakable grunt of a pig from the nearby ferns. In the next instant the pig charged—from behind—and before Chaloner could jump aside, the animal, which was the size of a small pony, was on him, weaving its tusks like scythes. As he fell, the boar ran on into the ferns.

He sat up and tenderly examined his right calf. He could feel the pain now, and blood was dripping through the tear in his trousers. There was a deep three-inch gash in the flesh. He tied his handkerchief tightly around the wound, and then he struggled painfully to his feet. His camp was about a twenty-minute walk away, and he hobbled and staggered along the trail, all the time feeling the soggy warmth in his right boot.

Then Taipuna's words about Nini came back to him: "She is a qualified nurse, educated in Hawke's Bay. . . ."

Arriving at his camp, he wasted no time and immediately mounted his horse. He could reach the station in a matter of three hours, he thought.

He was afraid of fainting on the journey and never once looked down at his blood-drenched boot. He had visions of falling from the saddle and dying from loss of blood in this wilderness, and it was strange how his thoughts turned to Nini. For the first time he realized he was in love with her; reaching her meant everything.

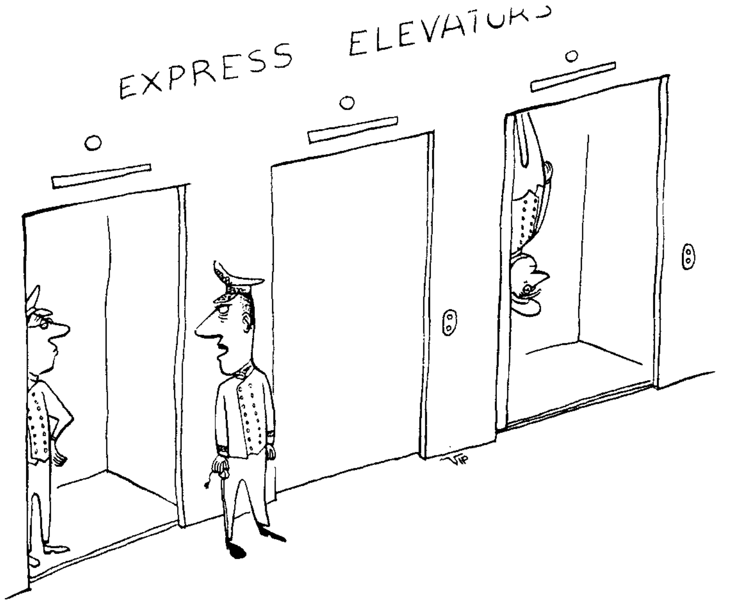
NINI must have heard him coming, for when he came into the clearing she was waiting for him, watching him with the strained look of someone who is expecting bad news.

Painfully he climbed down from the saddle and swayed against his horse. "It was a pig," he said briefly. Without a word she had come forward and was holding him up. She helped him into the bungalow and, leaving him on his bed, went for the first-aid kit.

She worked swiftly and methodically, cutting away his torn trouser leg and bathing the ugly gash with warm water and antiseptic.

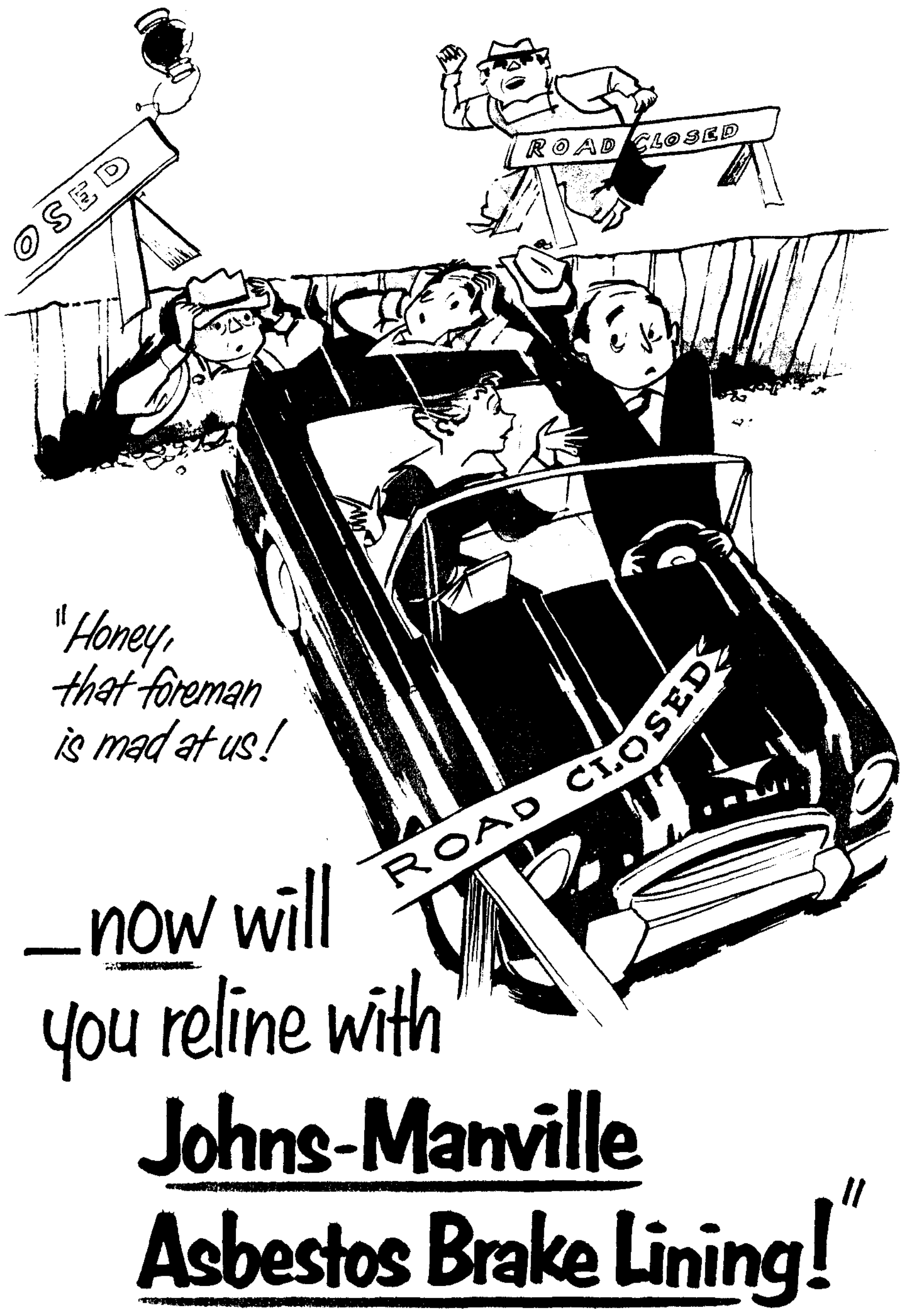
He watched her closely, trying to interpret her thoughts, but she was calm and uncommunicative. Disappointed, he said, "I'll get back to camp after I've rested."

She shook her head fiercely. "No, you must sleep. Can you undress yourself?" She bent over him to take off his jacket, and her closeness almost overpowered him, filling him with a longing that he knew he could not con-



"The new man doesn't seem to know which way is up"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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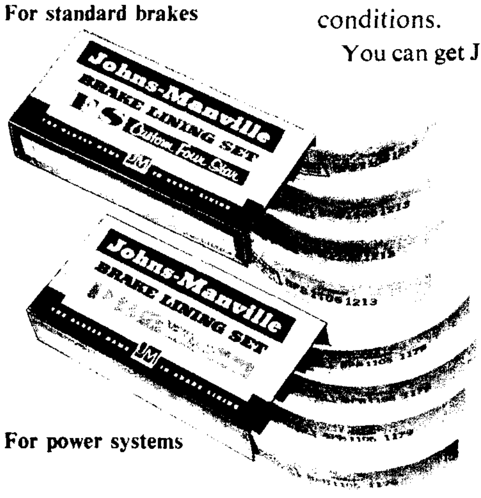

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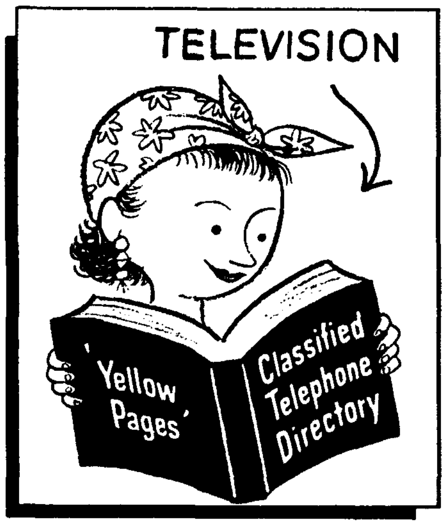

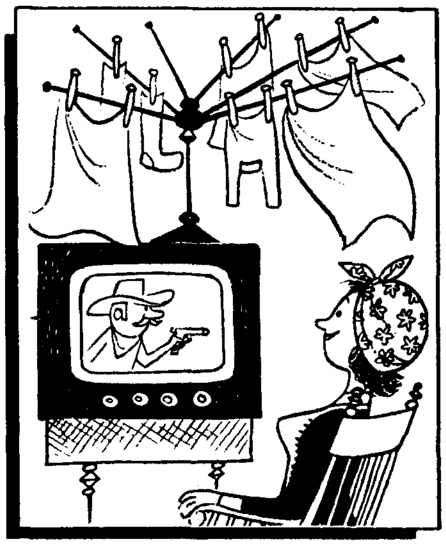

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trol. Boldly he grasped her hand, held it tight for a moment, and thanked her for what she had done.

She was embarrassed, and avoiding his eyes, she said: "I'll get you some soup now, Hori. Then you can sleep."

He slept soundly and awoke in darkness. He had no idea what time it was, though he knew from the light under the door that Nini was still up.

HE LAY there in the darkness and tried to sleep again, but there was a numbing ache in his leg that kept him awake. He began to worry about the morning. If he should have to stay here at the station until Taipuna arrived on the Saturday, it would only serve to increase the Maori's suspicions, since by that time his injury might look like no more than a cut. In any case, he did not fancy explaining to Taipuna that the injury had kept him in bed for two days; that would seem to reflect on his hardiness. On the other hand, if he were not in bed, then what was he doing around the station?

No, no matter how he felt, Chaloner thought, he must ride out tomorrow. And having decided this, he coughed just loud enough for Nini to hear him.

She tapped on the door and came in with a steaming cup of coffee. "How are you feeling?" she asked him.

"I feel better now that you're here," he told her half humorously, and she lowered her eyes.

"This will do you good," she said, handing him the coffee. "I have been worried about you."

"Have you really?" He was tremendously pleased, because he knew she meant it. "Sit with me, Nini," he pleaded, motioning her to the side of the bed. "I can't sleep just now."

She sat beside him on the bed without hesitation, smoothing the blankets. Once again he was aware of her complete lack of shyness, of her ability to accept him straightforwardly as a companion. So far as she was concerned, her place in life was fixed and permanent: she was Taipuna's wife. It was as simple as that.

"I'll be all right tomorrow," he told her. "I'll get back to the mountains."

"But why, if you are not well?" She was surprised. "It is no trouble for me to look after you, Hori."

"You don't understand," he said miserably. "Tai might think it's funny, my hanging around the place with such a small injury." He was trying to be cautious, but was not doing very well.

Nini studied him with her large, luminous eyes. "You mean Tai might think—" She stopped and smiled, as if enjoying the thought. "But how silly, Hori. Tai has nothing to worry about."

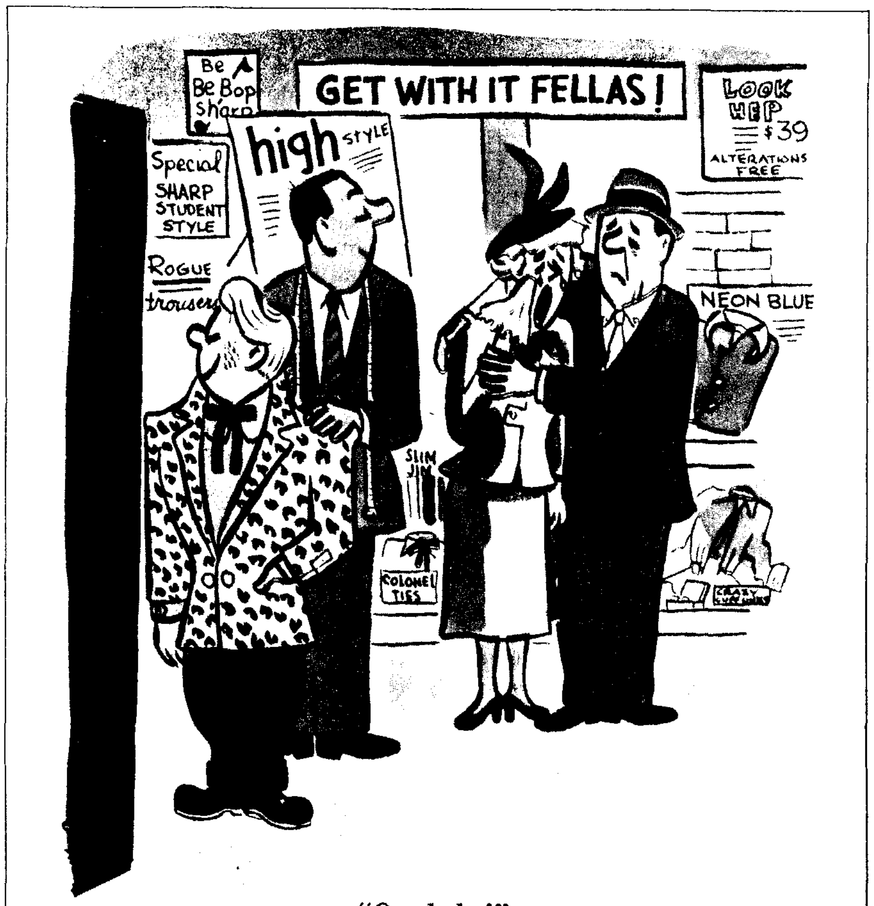
Chaloner was no longer sure of himself. Either he could leave it at that, or he could make a fool of himself by admitting that he had more than a neighborly interest in her. He decided that he must find out where he stood.

"You must remember, Nini," he said, "that you're a very lovely young woman."

The look she gave him startled him. "You think I am lovely, Hori?"

He dropped all pretenses and nodded slowly. "Very lovely. So much so that you hurt me." He reached out and took her hand. "I can't help it, Nini," he said intently. "I wanted to avoid you, but I can't. Listen to me, Nini, I think I love you." He drew her toward him, down to him, and kissed her.

When she broke away, they stared at each other in silence, as though guilt had robbed them of speech. It was as if Taipuna were watching them. "Forgive me, Nini," Chaloner said at last, "but now I know I love you."



COLLIER'S "Our baby!" STAN FINE

"Do you, Hori?" she said, and began to cry.

She cried silently and helplessly until he could bear it no longer and took her in his arms again. At first she tried to push him away; then she became quietly unresisting, and finally clung to him as though she never wanted to go. In all his life he had never been so happy, nor so miserable, and he wondered how it was all going to end.

HE RETURNED to the mountains the following morning, but never moved once from his camp. Resting his aching leg, he spent the day and night thinking of what he must say to Taipuna when they met: he had considered asking Nini never to mention his accident, but that was out of the question. Not only was it possible that the Maori, through his binoculars, had spotted him returning to the station, but it was quite certain that Taipuna had missed the customary sound of his rifle shots. There would have to be some sort of explanation anyway; and, if only for Nini's sake, it should be one as near to the truth as possible. Chaloner even toyed with the idea of telling Taipuna everything, that he was in love with her, but he could not bring himself to entertain that notion for long; there was no tactful, merciful way of telling a man that you loved his wife.

When, on Saturday morning, he rode back to the station, he was even less decided about what to do if the Maori should draw attention to his accident. He imagined himself saying cheerfully, even humorously, "Ah, yes, I was lucky. A few inches up, and the pig would have ripped my insides out." And then he would laugh. But when he imagined Taipuna and his quiet searching gaze, he was not sure that it was a sensible approach. Nor did the alternative sound any easier: "Yes, I had an accident. Fortunately, your wife was able to patch me up and look after me." Taipuna would frown, and wonder. For what was a gash in the leg?

It was only when he reached the stables that Chaloner realized that Taipuna had not yet returned, and after wiping down his horses he hurried into the bungalow. Nini was in the kitchen.

"Hello," he said quietly, standing in the doorway.

"Hori," she said, brightening. "I didn't hear you." She came up to him, but somehow he could not bring himself to kiss her.

"Tai's not back," he said awkwardly.

"What's the matter, Hori? Aren't you pleased to see me?" She searched his face.

"Of course I am." He smiled thinly and bent down to kiss her. Was Taipuna staying away deliberately, trying to catch them? Usually he was the first home.

"Don't worry," she murmured. "We will find a way. We cannot hurt him."

But when darkness came and Taipuna still had not arrived, Chaloner became moody and impatient. "I wonder where he is?" he kept saying. The thought that they were to spend the night together, alone in the bungalow, was something at once both exciting and depressing. "I'd better get some wood in," he said despairingly.

He went outside, limping slightly and feeling the sharp sting of the cold wind as he walked to the woodpile.

As he bent down to the wood, he noticed a distant glitter in the night that was too low to be a star. He straightened up with sudden shock. It was a fire, a campfire in the mountains. And it could only be Taipuna's.

But there was something wrong. It was too far down the mountain, well below Taipuna's usual beat. The Maori was in trouble, Chaloner was sure of it, for he was only about three hours' ride away and therefore had little reason for camping out on a bitterly cold night. The man was either injured or his horses had bolted, or both. It was even possible that they had gone over a cliff, for one false step on those narrow mountain trails meant disaster. But whatever had happened, this much was clear: Taipuna was hardly staying

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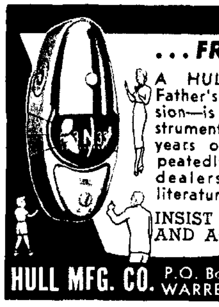

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away purposely, to put temptation in the way of his wife.

Chaloner slowly gathered the wood, trying to decide what he must do, trying to ignore the small voice inside him that cautioned him to do nothing. Leave him there, it said; his death is your salvation, for Nini will be yours. And after all, there might be nothing wrong; the Maori might be there for any one of a thousand good reasons—but the only trouble was that Chaloner could not think of a single one.

Nini sensed there was something wrong as soon as he came in. Wide-eyed she watched him stack the wood against the fireplace and then turn to her with his mouth grimly tight. "I must leave at once," he said. "I believe Taipuna is in trouble." Once he had said it, he felt a tremendous relief. The worry seemed to drop from his mind, leaving him clearheaded.

He left her abruptly, before he could weaken. If all this fuss proved to be for nothing, he was thinking, then only he was the loser, for he had lost Nini forever. But he was losing her in any case; he had decided that ten minutes ago, out in the darkness.

IT WAS past midnight when he found the campfire, and Taipuna lying beside it barely conscious; but it was not until Chaloner was kneeling beside him that he realized the Maori was dying.

"Tai," he whispered, close to the Maori's ear, "what happened, man? Can you hear me?"

Taipuna's lips moved but he did not open his eyes. "Hori—Hori—"

Chaloner choked with emotion at the sound of his name; it was said with such heartbreaking relief. "Yes, I'm here, Tai," he whispered.

Taipuna moved a hand, trying to point to something, and Chaloner reached for the brandy in his pocket. "Don't move, Tai," he said. "Just lie still and try to drink this stuff."

The Maori shook his head slightly. "I die, Hori." Then he opened his eyes and stared directly at Chaloner. He seemed to make a tremendous effort to speak. "You did not—fail me, Hori—Hori . . ." His voice faded away and he was no longer breathing.

Chaloner got to his feet and wiped his eyes roughly with his sleeve. Moving away from the fire, he began to search the immediate area for any clues that would lead to an explanation of the accident: it was strange that there was no sign of Taipuna's horses or equipment. But when he shined his flashlight over the edge of the trail, he saw the carcass of a horse lying on a ledge about thirty feet below him, and understood instantly what had happened. For some reason, perhaps a stag charging unexpectedly, the horses had bolted, and all, including the rider, had gone over the side. Taipuna had suffered his injuries in the fall, and yet he had climbed up to the trail again and made a fire!

ALL the way home, with Taipuna's body wrapped in blankets and slung across the pack horse, Chaloner wondered how he should break the terrible news to Nini. He had never known whether she loved Taipuna, but he knew that no woman could live three years with a man and not become close to him—especially someone like Taipuna who, if nothing else, had been every inch a man. Even now Chaloner was thinking of him sadly, with great regret, wishing him alive again. He had never really hated him; all he had been in the end was unfairly jealous.

When he entered the doorway of the bungalow, Nini, who had been sitting by the fire, turned slowly to him. She said simply, "Tai is dead. I know it."

"Yes," he said.

He let her cry, feeling like a stranger in the presence of a private sorrow. There was nothing he could say to her that would change anything.

"I must take him home, Hori," she said at last. "He must be buried in tribal ground."

"Yes, there is a train later today. I'll drive you down there." They spoke restrainedly, like good friends, temporarily forgetting the past and the fact that they loved each other.

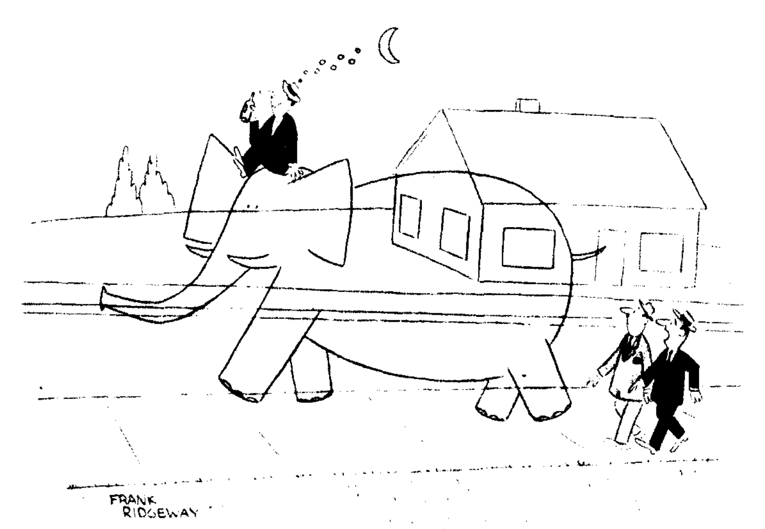
"There will be a great *tangi,*" Nini said abstractedly. "He was a power in his village."

Chaloner nodded. "He died very bravely," he told her, "fighting to the last. He fell down the mountain, but he gathered wood and made a fire. Other men would have died from shock." He saw the tears coming again, and reminded himself that he must make out an official report for her to take with her.

"I've got one or two jobs to do while you get ready," he said. Halfway across the room, he stopped. "What is the name of your village, Nini?" he asked.

"It is called Tongariro, Hori. Will you be coming there sometime, do you think?" She stared at him misty-eyed.

"In the spring," he said gently. "In the spring, darling." —LARRY FINN



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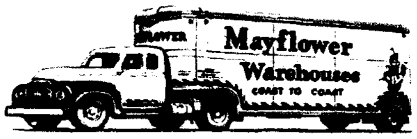

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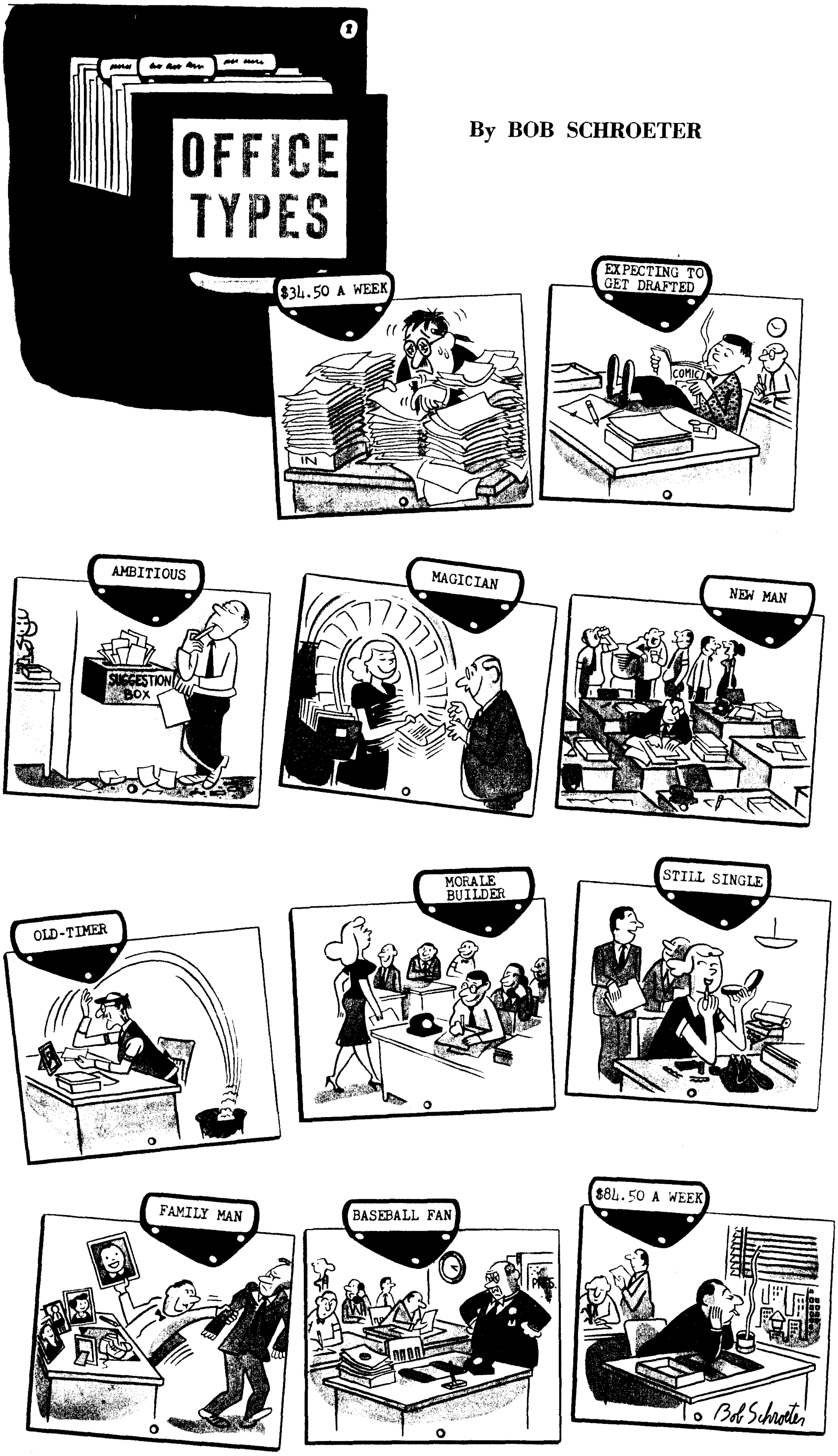
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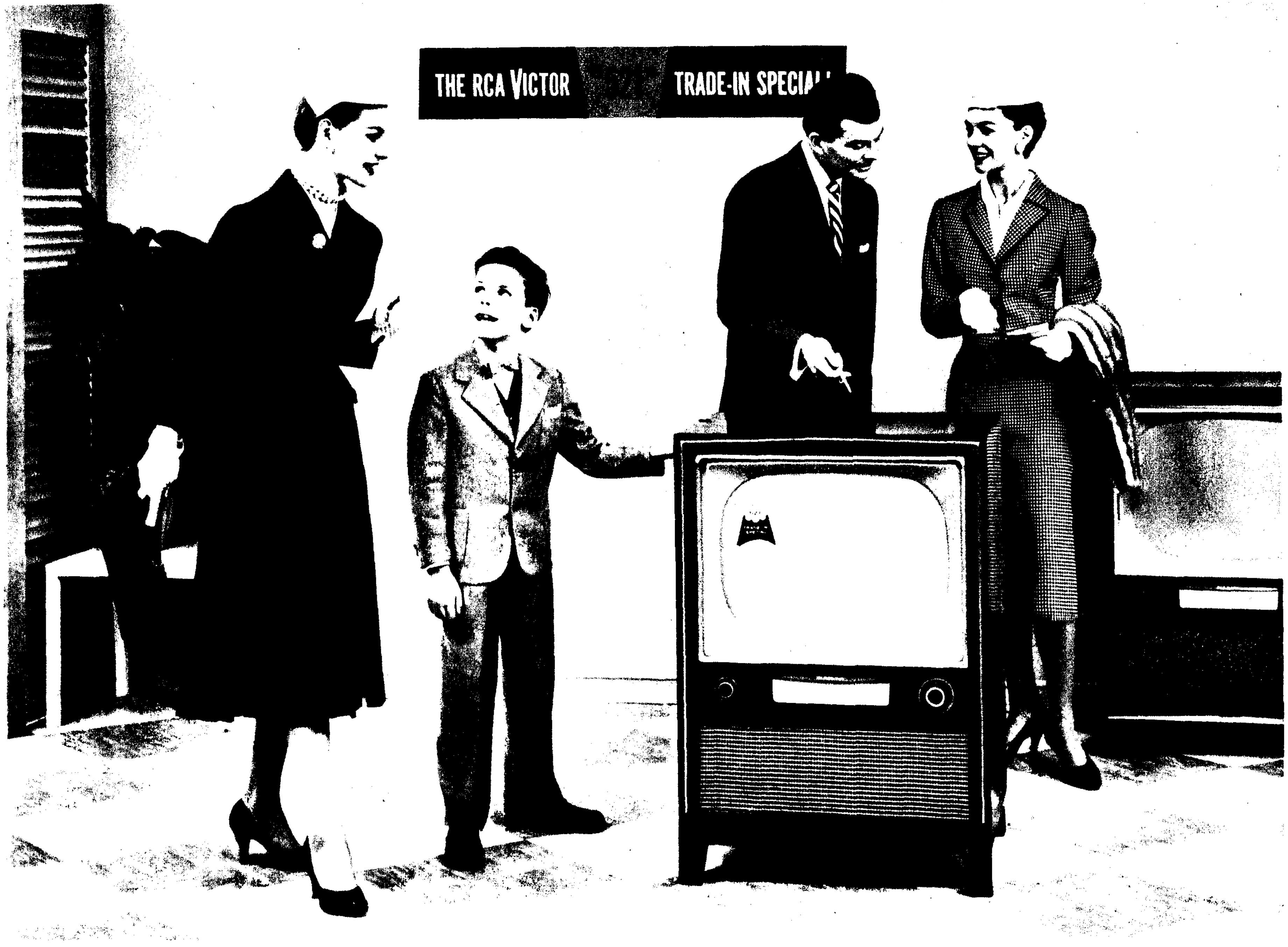
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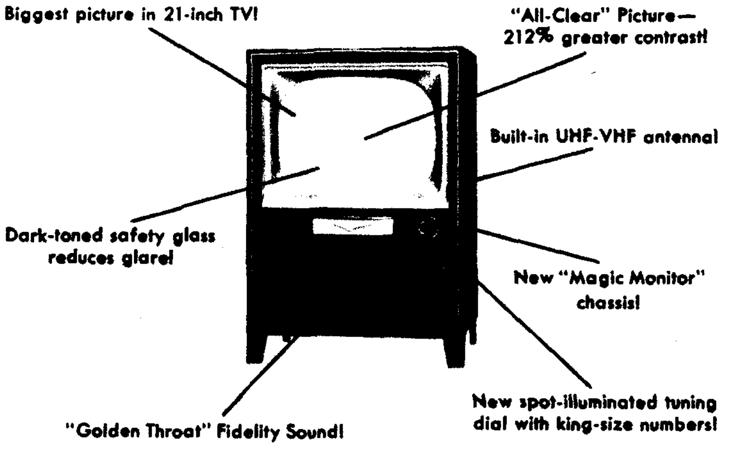
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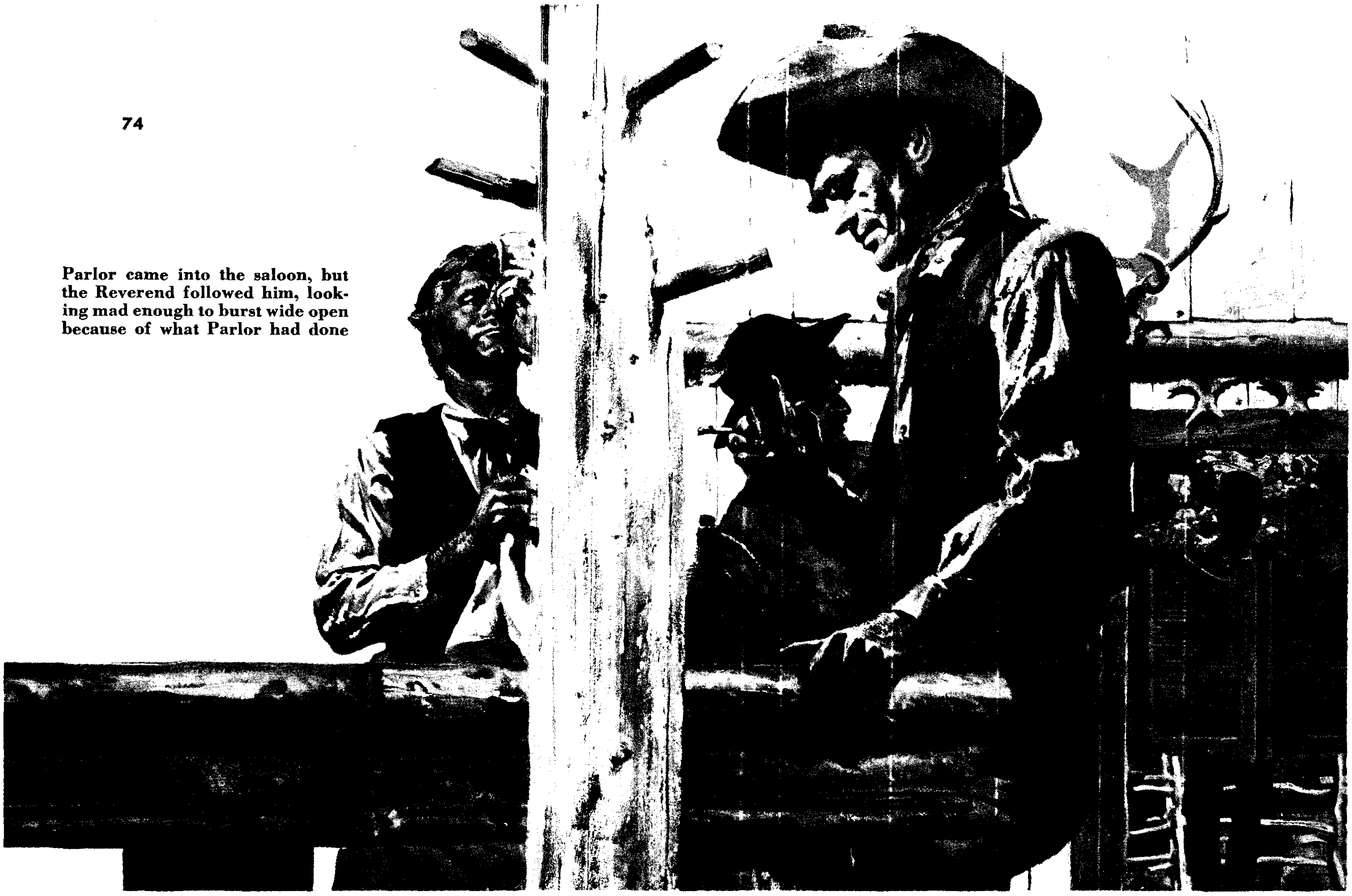


Parlor came into the saloon, but the Reverend followed him, looking mad enough to burst wide open because of what Parlor had done

The Reforming of PARLOR DAVIS

No one had ever seen a fight as awful as the one Parlor and the preacher fought that day. And what happened afterward—well, that was the strangest of all

By PEERCE PLATT

PARLOR DAVIS was a big, rawboned man, and folks used to say that having Parlor mad at you was worse than meeting a bear in the upper pastures. Parlor himself knew all about the bears in the upper pastures, because he was a sheepherder. Around in our part of Montana most of the sheepherders were Romanians back then, but Parlor wasn't anything—just plain galoot. About twice a year he would come down out of the mountains, where the pastures were, and spend his pay in town. By the time his ten-day spree was up, the whole population would be exhausted, including Parlor himself.

He sure packed a lot of activity into those ten days. As soon as he arrived, he'd stand in the square and take several shots at the town bell. That was the signal for the mothers to get their children indoors. Then Parlor would head straight for Sam Cassidy's saloon. Sam Cassidy was my father.

But one time Parlor came to town for the last time. I was just a young fellow then, helping my dad around the saloon. It was quiet that day. The poker game was going along nice—hadn't been a fight for three days—and a couple fellows were dozing in chairs along the wall.

I was about to doze off myself when I heard three fast shots and three gongs from the town bell. Right away the sheriff, who was in the poker game, took off his badge.

One time Parlor Davis had locked him in the jail for three days with nothing but bread and water to eat, and the sheriff wasn't taking any chances, not at his age.

And then Parlor marched into the bar. I set a bottle and a shot glass in front of him. There wasn't any use saying anything to him because he wouldn't answer. He never said a word to anyone until he'd been in town for several hours, long enough to get a bottle of whisky under his belt. After months on end with no one to talk to but his dogs and the sheep, it always took Parlor a while to warm up to civilization.

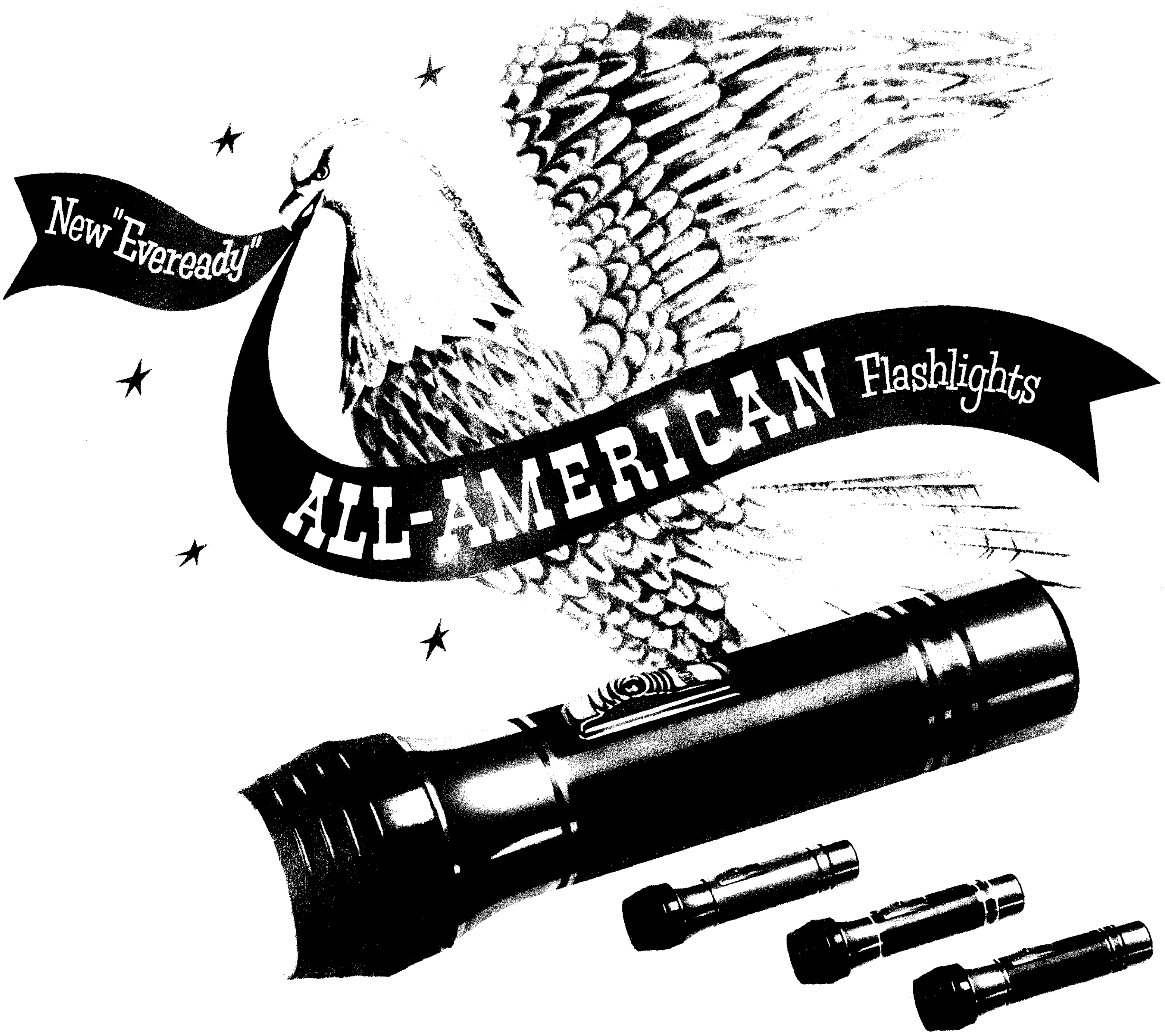
Anyway, Parlor just stood there drinking up the whisky. Back of the bar there was a painting about six feet long of a nude woman. After the style of those days, she was pretty hefty and had long, flowing hair which all but hid her attractiveness. Parlor sure liked that picture. While he drank his whisky, he would squint at it, frown at it, open up his eyes wide, smile at it, and occasionally raise the shot glass to it, paying no attention to the other people in the bar. It was just like a reunion.

When the bottle was empty, Parlor strolled over to the poker table. "Howdy, Sheriff," he said.

"Hello, Parlor. How was the trip down from the mountain?"

"I'm here, ain't I?" Even if he'd beat off two

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY



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or three bears and nearly froze to death, that's what he always said.

"Been hankerin' for a little poker," Parlor said.

"Now, Parlor," said the commission man, "I think you'd be smart to wait until you sober up."

The commission man, Ed Hawkes, was a middle-sized man with a pasty face, and he always wore a derby. Parlor reached across the table, grabbed Ed Hawkes's shirt front in one big paw, and lifted him clear off his seat.

"I think you'd better get on home," Parlor said. "Your wife wants the chickens fed."

"Now look here," the commission man said. "Put me down."

Parlor grinned. "How much you got in chips, mister?"

"Forty-five dollars."

Parlor reached into his pocket, pulled out some gold pieces and put them into the commission man's pocket.

"Your seat just got bought," Parlor said. Then he heaved the commission man out through the swinging doors. He came back and sat down in the empty chair.

"Sure nice to have you back, Parlor," the sheriff said.

THEY played for an hour or so, with Parlor not saying much and winning fairly consistently. He played his cards close to his vest, even though there was nothing behind him but a hat-rack. Parlor was always a gentleman in a poker game. He never raised a fuss, as long as it was straight and fair. But let anyone pull something crooked . . . Once I saw him catch a fellow dealing from the bottom of the deck. He pinned that crook's hand to the table with a knife, and then hit him so hard the man's hand was nearly sliced in two. . . .

About sundown I saw trouble coming across the square in the person of the Reverend Phineas Diffendaffer. The Reverend was a tall, gaunt man who always wore a black coat, black string tie and high-buttoned shoes. He was every bit a match for Parlor in size. His face was as long as a mule's and nine tenths of the time bore a melancholy expression, as if he had just shot his horse. Reverend Diffendaffer was a traveling preacher and this was his first visit to our town. He had set up his tent in a nearby field and was busy saving everybody. At night you could hear folks shouting and singing down there. Saloon business fell off something terrible.

I rightly reckoned the Reverend was on his way to the saloon to fetch a few sinners away, and when he walked in, he was just like a horse going to water—he went straight to the poker table. Everybody but Parlor laid their cards on the table, face down.

The Reverend took a deep breath and said in that big, booming voice of his, "It's a mighty shame to see the waste of perfectly good menfolk these days. O you sinners, why aren't you out working by the sweat of your brows like God intended you to do, instead of magnifying your transgressions in this den of iniquity? It's a mortal shame."

Parlor didn't even look at the preacher. He just pushed out a stack of chips and said, "It'll cost you ten more dollars, gents."

Now I know Parlor had nothing whatever against God, but he sure disliked that particular emissary right off the bat. The Reverend's face got beet red and he began pulling at his long nose. After a while, he decided to turn the other cheek. "Sheriff," he said, "who is this poor miserable sinner?"

"That's Parlor Davis," the sheriff told him.

"I see," the Reverend said.

"Parlor's a model citizen," the sheriff said.

"I see," the Reverend fairly shouted.

"Preacher," Parlor Davis said, "you're goin' to see yourself cross-eyed. Now git."

"Fellow," the Reverend said. "It pains me to see you there. You're on the road to eternal damnation, and believe me, it's a rocky road. Lift up thine eyes, you poor lost sheep, and see the everlasting beauty of salvation." He closed his eyes and put one hand on Parlor's head.

Quick as a cat, Parlor knocked the preacher's arm away and sprang up, facing him. For a full minute they stood with their noses not more than three inches apart. I'll swear thunder and lightning shot out of the Reverend's eyes, and Parlor looked like he was going to explode any minute.

Rowland Wilson

COLLIER'S "Not you again!" ROWLAND WILSON

"Beware the wrath of God!" the Reverend said, his fists clenched.

Then Parlor did something mighty strange. He stuck a finger of each hand in his mouth, stretched his lips tight so that his teeth showed, crossed his eyes, wrinkled up his nose and forehead, and wiggled his ears. It was a frightening sight. The preacher was so surprised he stepped back several paces, speechless. Then his face grew redder and he pulled at his long nose harder than ever.

We all had to laugh in spite of ourselves, and that made the Reverend lose his composure.

"I'll deal with you later," he said to Parlor, and he stomped out of the saloon.

OF COURSE we laughed all the harder after the Reverend left, but Parlor didn't join us. He seemed sort of shaken up. He dropped out of the game, got another bottle from me, and went upstairs to a room for the night. It was the first time I could remember that Parlor hadn't got into a fist fight on his first day in town.

Now as I said, Parlor didn't hold anything against the Lord. When a man spends most of his life up in the mountains with no one to talk to for months on end, except himself and the dogs and sheep, he gets a lot closer to God than even the Reverend Diffendaffer would suspect. In the winter he has the bitter cold to contend with, and in the summer the fires. He can't shoot bears when they come around because the shot would stampede the sheep and they would get lost or freeze out in the snow; so unless he has a torch to defend himself with, he has to wrestle the bear. It's no wonder a man gets close to God up there. His only other consolation is that if he meets his end, his dogs will take turns guarding his body until someone comes up and gives him a decent burial.

IN THE morning Parlor ate a dozen eggs and half a side of bacon and drank a pot of coffee. Then he buckled on his holster, winked at the nude in the picture over the bar, and strode out.

The rest of the morning was pretty quiet, but early in the afternoon I heard a few scattered shots around town and I hoped Parlor wouldn't hurt anybody. I later learned that he had shot up a barrel of imported cognac, which had just come in on the stage for the commission man, Ed Hawkes. It had cost a pretty penny and Ed was blazing mad. Before that Parlor had pretended to hold up the stage and had scared the passengers half to death.

But worst of all, Parlor had borrowed himself a rifle and gone down to the revival tent. For some unknown reason, the Reverend had a little blue-and-white flag flying from the top of the tent. Parlor shot it clean off, and all the while the Reverend Diffendaffer was inside explaining the Gospel to the Ladies' Informal Sewing Circle.

Parlor was just about back to the saloon when the Reverend caught up with him on the board sidewalk out front. He clapped a big bony hand on Parlor's shoulder and spun him around. "Son," he boomed in that hornlike voice, "why did you shoot down that flag?"

Parlor didn't answer.

"Do you realize it was the Lord's flag you shot down in cold-blooded wantonness?"

The muscles in Parlor's neck began to twitch.

The Reverend's manner changed. "What is this terrible black evil in your soul, Parlor Davis, that leads you to commit these sins? Do you not know that you can cast it out simply by kneeling and begging forgiveness?" His voice rose to the converting pitch. "Look into your heart, Parlor Davis. Cast out—"

Parlor turned on his heel and came into the saloon, leaving the Reverend on the boardwalk. The Reverend followed him in. He looked as if he were going to burst wide open he was so upset about Parlor and that flag. I think he had to find an outlet for all that righteous indignation, and he did. He caught sight of the painting of the nude over the bar.

"There you are," he shouted, pointing at the picture. "There's the symbol of your degradations and your sinful ways. It's an insult to the Lord."

That's when I knew the showdown was coming. The Reverend shouldn't have attacked that picture, Parlor's old friend.

"Take it down," the Reverend said to me. "Take it down and burn it."

With that, Parlor hit the Reverend flush on the nose. The Reverend reeled along the bar, past the poker table and crashed out through the swinging doors onto the sidewalk.

We all ran outside and saw the Reverend picking himself up, the blood streaming out of his nose. He very methodically took off his black coat and tie, laid them over the railing, and rolled up his sleeves. He stepped out into the street and raised his face to the sky.

"Forgive me," he said.

Then he turned around and almost tore Parlor's jaw off his head with a hard right.

Parlor landed about ten feet away in a cloud of dust. He struggled up. "All right, preacher," he said. "If that's the way you want it."

They faced each other for a moment, circling a little bit. By that time the whole town had gathered. Then the two men plowed into each other. I'll swear I saw eight fists swinging. They stood toe to toe, banging away at each other's bodies. Then Parlor caught the Reverend on the Adam's apple and they went down. For a while no one could see anything for the dust; then they were up again and flailing away.

The Reverend hit Parlor a terrible blow in the mid-section, doubling him over, and straightened him up with an uppercut. Parlor came back with a series of smashing hits in the face that caused blood to fly, and then clouted the Reverend with a right that knocked him into the spectators. But the Reverend was back in an instant, catching Parlor with a diving tackle that knocked him into the dust. Following his advantage, the Reverend jumped on Parlor, pummeling him until Parlor got hold of the Reverend's ears and pulled. They rolled halfway across the street, the whole crowd moving with them.

SOMEHOW they got separated and struggled to their feet. It was a sight to see. You could hardly tell them apart, they were so bruised and bloody and dust-caked. They stood there a minute, breathing heavy and loud like horses, and then started in again.

Parlor rushed in. The Reverend must have studied boxing somewhere, because he stopped Parlor with two tough jabs and as pretty a right cross as you'd ever want to see. Parlor went down. He got back up. The Reverend knocked him down again. Parlor shook his head and got up. This time Parlor tagged the Reverend with a right and followed it with another that sent the Reverend down.

Parlor returned the Reverend's fine sportsmanship and waited for him to get up. The Reverend was up like a bolt of lightning and they were banging away at each other's mid-section again, but this time a little slower, and you could hear them breathing and grunting. Then the advantage seemed to go to Parlor. They were both losing strength fast, so Parlor put everything he had into one vicious punch that caught the Reverend on the jaw. The Reverend caromed backward, hit a rain barrel, knocked it over and, fortunately for him, fell under the water as it spilled out. The water brought him around and he jumped up and went after Parlor. He knocked Parlor's guard down and hit him three punches more, the kind that start down around the hip and swing up across the shoulders—a right, a left and a right. Parlor summoned up what strength he had left, tried a haymaker, missed, spun around three times and fell flat on his face, out cold.

The Reverend stared down at Parlor for a minute or two while he caught his breath. For the most part the townspeople were quiet, because it wasn't every day you saw the preacher knock out the town's most ferocious citizen.

Then the Reverend picked Parlor up by the shoulders and dragged him across the street and into the bar. He left him there, stretched out on a bench, and went off to tend to his own physical and spiritual wounds.

ED HAWKES, the commission man, was one of the fellows who came into the saloon to see Parlor wake up. Considering the fact that Parlor had thrown Ed out of the bar the day before and had shot up his keg of expensive cognac, I would say that Ed Hawkes was plumb delighted with the whole affair. Ed was a mean man anyhow, quick to take advantage, and I'd known him to harbor a grudge for a long time, the way cowards always do.

Finally Parlor came around. He sat up, holding his head in his hands, trying to get his eyes focused. He looked terrible with the blood and dirt all over him.

Ed Hawkes laughed real loud and nasty. "Well, if you ain't a comical sight," he said to Parlor.

Parlor looked at him.

"Never thought I'd see the day," Ed brayed, "that the great Parlor Davis got his ears pinned back by a preacher."

Parlor swallowed and said, "You jest keep your mouth shut, mister, and you won't put your foot in it." And then he stood up, walked across the room like he was treading on eggs, and went upstairs. We were all quiet while he went, except for Ed Hawkes who laughed that nasty laugh of his again. . . .

Parlor didn't come down any more that day, and in the morning, when he hadn't come down by ten o'clock, we were all wondering if maybe he had died of shame in the night. So I cooked him up some eggs and ham and took them to his room.

When I went in he was lying on the bed doing nothing but staring at the ceiling.

"I brought you some breakfast, Parlor," I said.

"I don't want any," he said.

"How about a drink then?"

Parlor shook his head like he didn't hear me, and then said, "Mebbe the preacher's got the right idea. I been tryin' to figure it."

He didn't say anything more, so I went on downstairs. Around noon the Reverend came in, his face all black and blue and puffy. He went straight up to Parlor's room and all expected to hear fighting and general bedlam break loose upstairs, but there wasn't a sound. After some time the Reverend came down again, smiling.

"Good man, that Parlor," he said to everyone in general. "It's a shame he's not a man of the cloth."

Parlor came out of seclusion after I'd taken him up some supper. When he came downstairs the poker game was moving along pretty fast, table stakes. Ed Hawkes and the sheriff were both in the game, as well as the local blacksmith and a couple other fellows.

Of course Parlor made straight for the poker table.

"Have a drink, Parlor," the sheriff invited.

"Nope," said Parlor, sitting down. "I'm off that stuff."

Ed Hawkes guffawed. "Now I've heard everything," he said. "Say, that preacher didn't convert you, did he, sonny?"

Parlor just looked at Ed until Ed got uncomfortable and dropped it.

They played for about an hour before Parlor started to win. The game seemed to narrow down to a contest between him and Ed Hawkes, with Parlor taking most of the pots. When Ed had two pair, so did Parlor, and Parlor usually had the high pair. When they both had straights or flushes, it was mostly Parlor who held the high card.

Once Parlor had got himself backed up with a nice stack of chips, he made Ed pay dearly to see each card. The other players were dropping out on most every hand, just leaving Ed and Parlor in.

Ed started to take digs at Parlor about the lacing he had got from the Reverend. One time he said, "You show a whole lot more guts playing poker than you do fighting, Parlor."

Backward Glance

I don't regret my misspent youth,
When I was blithe and brash,
But, looking back, I say with truth
I miss my misspent cash.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Any other time Parlor would have laid Ed Hawkes out on the floor, but now he didn't say anything except, "Bet your cards."

Ed saw he was getting away with it. "You're a fake," he said to Parlor. "I knew you were a fake when the Reverend trimmed you, and I'm going to fake you right out of this game. Raise a hundred."

CALM as anything, Parlor called and collected the pot Ed had tried to bluff away from him.

Ed pushed his derby back on his head, pulled out his pistol and laid it on the table. "All right, sheepherder," he said, "I'll give you a poker lesson you won't forget."

Parlor didn't say a word. He dealt out two stud cards face down, ignoring the sheriff and the other players. Then he dealt Ed an ace and himself a deuce.

"One hundred," Ed said.

"I'm in."

He dealt out the rest of the cards. Ed bet a hundred dollars on each card and Parlor stayed with him all the way. On the last card Ed was high with his ace showing. He bet two hundred on the ace and Parlor called.

"I got the ace," Ed said. "That's it."

Parlor turned over a deuce for the pair and pulled in the chips.

Ed's face got red and he drummed his knuckles on the table. "Break a new deck," he said.

When I put a fresh deck on the table, you could have heard a pin drop. There were about thirty men gathered around the table, all as quiet as mice.

"How about paying me for that barrel of cognac you shot up?" Ed said. "You're nothing but a destructive jackass of a maniac, Parlor. That was expensive cognac."

THERE were little pin points of light in Parlor's eyes. He looked at Ed's gun and at Ed. "Do you want to play poker, Hawkes?" he asked.

"Draw," Ed said. "Jacks to open." He dealt five cards to each and just then in came the Reverend Diffendaffer.

"Parlor," he boomed, "I told you once card playing was the rocky road to damnation. It grieves me sorely to see you back on it again."

Parlor turned and looked the Reverend in the eye. "Reverend," he said politely, "jest let a man get to God his own way."

The look in Parlor's eyes stopped the Reverend from saying anything more.

Parlor peeked at his cards. "I'll open for five hundred," he said.

Ed pushed in a stack of chips. "Raise you five hundred." He sat back as if the hand was won, but Parlor pushed in five hundred without a twitch.

In just that little bit of action there was already two thousand dollars in the pot.

"I'm good," Parlor said.

"I'll take one," Ed said. He took the card, put it with his other four, and shuffled them nervously. "Three hundred," Ed said, pushing in the remainder of his chips.

"I raise you one thousand dollars," Parlor said. He pulled out his money bag and dumped a bunch of gold coins on top of the chips. "If that's shy some, there's my guns upstairs, worth a hundred."

Ed sat back and took off his derby. His mean, pasty face was glistening.

"You know I don't have that kind of money," he said.

"I know nothin'," Parlor Davis said. "Put up or get out." His face looked like it was cut out of stone.

Ed mopped his face. He wanted to back down, but he was in too deep. He slammed his cards down on the table.

"I said you were a fake," he shouted, "and I believe it. I'll see you, Parlor!" He scribbled an IOU and threw it into the pot.

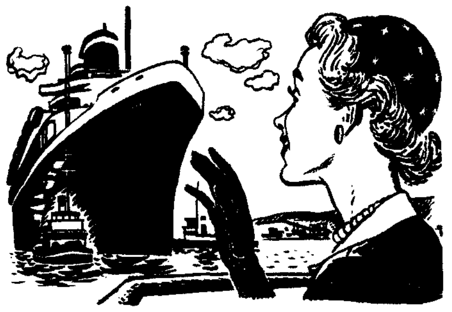
Parlor's face broke into a wide grin. He turned to the Reverend and said, "I want you to take this money as the Lord's money and build a church, Reverend. I'd feature that. It would give me something to dwell on up in the pastures." It was the longest speech Parlor had ever made.

Then he laid down a beautiful straight flush and Ed Hawkes lost control of himself. He grabbed up his revolver and shot Parlor Davis right between the eyes.

Well, some folks might say the money was tainted, but tainted or not the Reverend took it and built a beautiful little church in our town and preached in it for the rest of his days. He had a bronze plaque put up in the church vestibule; it said: *IN MEMORY OF PARLOR DAVIS.*

He and the sheriff had the old, shot-up town bell moved up into the church steeple. I never hear it ring on Sunday but what I think Parlor is back in town. —PEERCE PLATT

3 YEARS AGO...



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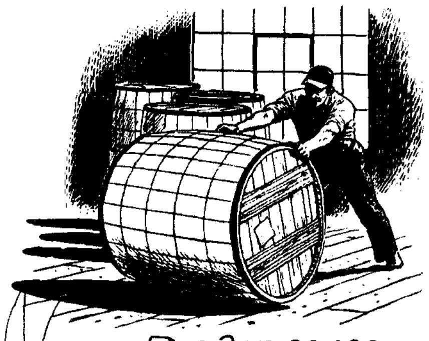

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Do You Know CORN When You See It?

By ROBERT FROMAN

Don't be too sure. More likely than not, your clothes, the chair you are sitting on, the paint on your walls, your auto tires—in fact, dozens of items all around you—contain corn in some form

AN IOWA chemistry teacher I met recently has an effective way of breaking the ice with a new class. He tells his students that since they are going to be dealing with unfamiliar words, they may as well start getting used to them immediately. On the blackboard he writes: "Inositol—lecithin—mannitol—sorbitol—zein."

"Now, all those odd-looking words have something in common," he goes on, "something pretty familiar to all of us here. Anybody know what it is? No? All right, I'll give you another clue.

"Last night I saw a fellow walking down the street with a pretty blonde on his arm. This morning, I asked him who was that lady I had seen him with last night. He said that was no lady, that was his wife.

"I trust most of you can recognize *corn* in that form."

This elaborate professorial joke makes a basic point about corn, America's number one farm crop —namely, that it is taking on countless new and mysterious forms totally unrecognizable to those of us who think of it only as what we nibble off the cob or as a label for ancient gags. In some of the newest and most complex plants of the booming American chemical industry, kernels of corn are being turned into countless new products. The five items listed on the Iowa blackboard all can be made from corn and are respectively a drug for treating hardened arteries, an emulsifier, a base for explosives, a source of synthetic vitamin C and a source of fiber for textile products.

They are merely a few of the newest and most ingenious by-products of corn. If you look around you right now, you'll probably see at least a dozen items made of or with corn products, some fresh out of the laboratories, some a hundred years or more old. In fact, if you're looking through spectacles made with safety glass, there's corn in them. There's corn starch in the page before you (I said corn *starch*). There's corn-starch sizing in the fabric that covers the chair you sit on.

The paint on your walls and the stockings on your wife, the leather of your shoes and the polish on the leather, the tires on your car and the castings of its engine, the insulation of your refrigerator and much of its contents—all may contain one or more of the products turned out by the nation's corn refiners.

Even if you're one of those people who can't digest corn on the cob and don't like bourbon whisky, don't imagine that your diet is corn-free unless you also avoid all meat, dairy and poultry products. Corn provides the major part of the feed given all U.S. livestock.

Some enthusiasts like to claim that corn is responsible for America's greatness, that without it our living standard would not be so high. That probably is an exaggeration. But it is true that corn, a native American plant, is intimately involved with the history of the New World.

A key date in the corn story is November 5, 1492, when a couple of sailors from a little ship named the Santa Maria, out for a cautious stroll somewhere along the northern coast of Cuba, came across a primitive village. The inhabitants went into a dither over the visitors and treated them to a banquet which included a strange-tasting unleavened bread. When the sailors returned to the ship, villagers loaded them down with presents for their leader, Admiral Christopher Columbus. Among the gifts were several ears of the grain from which the bread had been made. The sailors said the natives called it something that sounded like "may-z."

Natives' Gift Was Not Appreciated

Disappointed that there was neither gold nor spices among the presents, Columbus grudgingly took the grain back to Spain. Some of the kernels were planted, and eventually the grain found its way around Europe. But for several centuries it remained little more than a curiosity; Europeans just didn't like its taste.

Neither did the first American colonists. They brought with them the seed for wheat, barley and oats and looked on the native maize or Indian corn as a poor substitute. But the varieties of the grains they had brought with them weren't suited to the soils and climates, and the colonists had to eat corn or starve. Corn soon became America's principal crop, and it has held that position ever since.

More than any other crop, corn is man's handiwork. Botanists aren't sure how it originated, though they've found a few types of South American wild grasses which may be its ancestors. They estimate that it took several thousand years of cultivation by the ancient Incas, Aztecs and others to produce the plant we know.

Taking up where the Aztecs left off, modern farmers and scientists have developed thousands of corn varieties suitable for growing in every part of the world from the subarctic to the equator, from semidesert to swamp. Nowadays the sun shines as

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In seeking new products, corn chemists have becom

incessantly on growing cornfields as it ever did on the British Empire, for in the last 50 years the Old World has lost its indifference to the grain and is expanding its corn acreage at a rapid pace. But of the world's total production of more than 5,500,000,000 bushels, the U.S. still grows well over half.

Larger Crops from Less Land

One reason for America's dominance is the ideal soil and climate for the crop in the corn belt, stretching from Ohio to Nebraska and from Missouri to Minnesota. Another is the development of sensationally productive hybrid-corn seed by U.S. researchers. Since the early thirties, when the new-type seed began coming into use, farmers have been producing ever bigger crops from constantly shrinking acreages. In 1930 they had to plant about 104,000,000 acres to get 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn. In 1954 they grew nearly 3,000,000,000 bushels on only 82,000,000 acres. The hybrids are so prolific that an average acre will yield more than twice as much corn as wheat from less than one eighth as much seed.

About 85 per cent of the total U.S. crop goes directly to livestock as feed, and another 7 per cent or so goes to processors who turn it into special types of feed. So-called dry millers grind some 70,000,000 bushels a year into corn meal, hominy, corn flour, grits (including about 14,000,000 bushels a year for beer brewers) and other foods. Breakfast-cereal makers process 11,000,000 bushels a year, and we eat another few million bushels unprocessed in the form of sweet corn and popcorn.

Twenty to 30 million bushels a year go to distillers, who turn it into industrial alcohol, gin and that uniquely American potable, bourbon. In fact, two thirds of the grain that goes into our distilled spirits is corn, and though rye lingers as a generic term for blended whisky it accounts for only one sixth of the total.

Some 130,000,000 bushels of corn a year is taken by the wet millers or corn refiners, and this portion, although less than 5 per cent of the total crop, goes into an ever-widening range of products. A list of them would read like a mail-order catalogue.

"My old daddy," a chemist at one corn refinery told me, "used to say, 'Son, never be a Jack-of-all-trades. There's no future in it. Specialize, son, specialize.' I wonder what he'd say if he could see me now. In the last couple of years I've worked with steel-company technicians, a candymaker, an oil driller and a printer, to name just a few. They all wanted—and got—special new corn products to solve complicated production problems.

"I've had to learn a little about nearly half the professions and businesses going. Why, I've even had to take a short course in surgery. A pharmaceutical company got me involved in that. To make rubber gloves slip on easily, surgeons once dusted the inside of them with talc. But in the middle of an operation a glove worn by one of the doctors had split open, and a few grains of the talc had spilled into an incision he had made in the patient. Since the talc was inorganic, the patient's tissues couldn't absorb it, and the doctors had a devil of a time clearing up the resultant adhesions.

"The pharmaceutical company figured there ought to be some sort of starch that would do the dusting job without being a potential danger to the patient. To find out exactly what the company wanted I had to learn the whole operating procedure in detail. Turned out that we needed a starch which, among other things, could be steam-sterilized without getting sticky. That was quite an order, but we finally worked it out and I hear the result was exactly what the doctors ordered.

"I'm specially proud of that job. You see, starch has always been used as an adhesive or an ingredient of adhesives. In this product, the purpose is just the opposite—to make gloves slip on and off easily. Gives you an idea of how versatile starch can be."

Although it can be extracted from many vegetable crops, starch in the U.S. today usually means corn starch because the grain readily yields large amounts in a quite pure form. About 15 per cent of a kernel of corn is water. Four fifths of the rest is carbohydrate, most of which is starch. The other fifth is made up of assorted proteins and oil.

Corn refiners are called wet millers because to separate the starch and other ingredients they first steep the kernels in warm water for a couple of days. This process loosens the hulls and the corn germs. Then, when the kernels are crushed between rotating studded metal plates, the light, oily germs float away, the hulls can be screened off and the heavy gluten, which contains the protein, can be whirled to one side in a centrifugal separator. All are of value, but the main product of a corn refinery is the white starch of the endosperm, which remains after the other parts have been removed.

Whether just as it comes from the mill or refined in any of a hundred different ways (powdered, lumped, oxidized or pregelatinized), starch has infinite uses. Highly digestible and an excellent thickener, it goes into food products ranging from soups to desserts at the rate of 500,000,000 pounds a year. It goes into sizing (a toughening and strengthening agent) and coating for paper at the rate of 450,000,000 pounds a year, and into sizing for textiles at 300,000,000 pounds a year. It paradoxically "lubricates"—that is, keeps free flowing—the muds used in drilling for oil and holds together the molds in which are cast products ranging from gumdrops to locomotive parts.

Fire Leads to a Discovery

But starch is even more useful as a starting point for a wide range of other products. According to a favorite legend of the corn refiners, one of the most important of these products was discovered quite by accident. Many years ago, they say, a corn-starch maker was having trouble disposing of his product, and his warehouse filled to overflowing. One night it caught fire, and by morning it was a smoking ruin.

The owner put laborers to work cleaning up the mess. But the scorched starch had become so sticky that shoveling it was nearly impossible. One of the owner's products was a starch paste used as an adhesive. If scorched starch was so much stickier than unscorched, he reasoned, maybe there was a market for it too.

There was. The starch maker had stumbled on something far more valuable than his lost warehouse. Today, U.S. corn refiners roast starch in enormous cookers at a rate of nearly 200,000,000 pounds a year. The roasting turns the starch into dextrins—of which there now are scores of varieties—for use in binding together everything from prefabricated house parts to paper bags.

I asked one dextrin expert, Dr. T. A. White of National Starch Products, Inc., why there are so many kinds of dextrins. "They all meet different needs," he explained. "The adhesive on the flap of an envelope is a dextrin. The package containing your favorite breakfast food may be sealed with a dextrin-type adhesive. A dextrin may be providing the crisp finish on your wife's organdy dress—or holding the cork tip on the end of your cigarette. I could go on indefinitely."

You Eat It and You Wear It

Another whole class of corn-starch products is made by mixing starch with water and hydrochloric acid, then cooking it. If only a minute quantity of the acid is used, the result is corn sirup—of which you probably eat about nine pounds a year (the national per capita average), mostly in the forms of candy and pancake sirup, but also in hundreds of other baked, frozen and canned foods. You may be wearing it on your shoes, too, in the form of polish, or on your back since it's an ingredient of rayon.

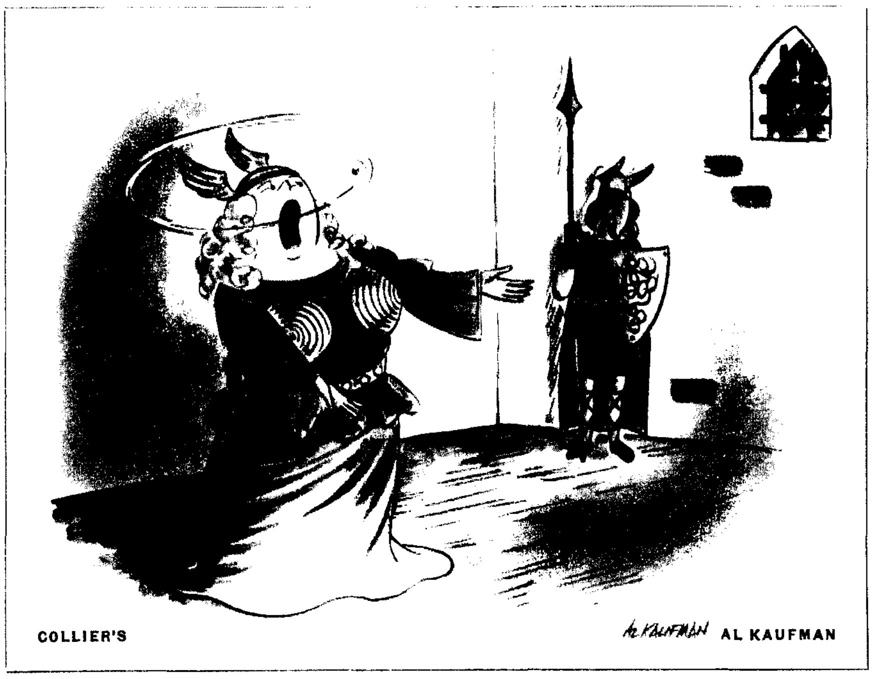
If the acid solution is slightly stronger—approximating its natural strength in your stomach, where it is an essential part of your digestive juices—the result is corn sugar and, eventually, dextrose. Dextrose is identical with the sugars in your blood. At this moment someone's life probably is being saved by an intravenous injection of dextrose to help him recover from the shock of an operation or an accident.

Quantitatively, though, intravenous injections represent only a minor use of dextrose. We consume nearly 800,000,000 pounds a year in foods, soft drinks and various flavorings. From it also come sorbitol, used as a moisture-conditioning agent in foods, confections and cosmetics, and mannitol, which makes caps for setting off explosives and serves as a base for pharmaceutical preparations.

From the corn germs, each about a fifteenth part of a kernel, the refiners press over 200,000,000 pounds of oil every year for use principally in cooking oils, salad oil and margarine. Smaller amounts are used in the manufacture of soap, leather tanners, ammunition and paint. And lecithin, a by-product of the oil-refining process, is used to emulsify ingredients of everything from drugs and cosmetics to motor oils and linoleum.

The rest of the kernel, consisting mostly of gluten (a protein) and cellulose, used to be thrown away as worthless. Legend has it that an upstate New York corn refiner dumped so much gluten into the Erie Canal in the 1880s that he caused a small flood which spread over a number of dairy farms. There the cows were said to have lapped up the mixture and started producing record-breaking flows of milk. Whether or not the story's true, gluten feeds for cattle became an important corn by-product about that time.

In the 1930s the cows began to get stiff competition for the gluten. Refiners' chemists discovered that the proteins it contained could compete even with starch in versatility. Currently, the most important of these proteins is zein (pronounced *zeen*). Small amounts of zein go into such varied products as printing inks, hair lacquers and rug backing. But its chief use is in Vicara, a remarkably wool-like synthetic fiber for suits, coats, sweaters, women's hats, shoes, handbags and other textile products. Now the chemists are working on other corn derivatives, such as leucine, tyrosine and methionine, and there's no telling what they may come up with.



In recent years even the steep-water used to soak the kernels in preparation for wet milling has been put to work. The U.S. and British governments put a host of researchers to work in 1943 on the problem of mass-producing penicillin, then available only in tantalizing driblets. At the Department of Agriculture's Northern Regional Research Laboratory, in Peoria, Illinois, a team of biologists went to work on the theory that better nutrition for the penicillin-producing molds might tease more of the drug from them.

Penicillin Yield Boosted Tenfold

Nothing they tried helped much, however, until a member of the team dumped a jug of corn steep-water into a mold culture. That culture promptly produced ten times more penicillin than before.

Since then penicillin and most of the other antibiotic-producing molds have been fed on steep-water. Now, however, some drug firms are testing other nutriments which may prove even more effective. If they do, it will be no tragedy for the corn refiners. Their eyes opened by the Peoria discovery, they've looked long and hard at their steep-water and have found it full of other potentials.

One already realized is inositol, a member of the B-complex vitamin group for which steep-water has proved the first commercially feasible source. Currently under investigation for use in treatment of diseases of the heart and arteries which kill some 597,250 Americans every year, inositol may make steep-water one of the most important refining products.

Impressed by the ingenuity with which the refiners make use of the tiniest fractions of the corn kernel, I asked Dr. C. F. Speh, a Department of Agriculture research expert in Washington, about utilization of other parts of the corn plant.

"Guess people have been trying to do something profitable with them for several thousand years," he told me. "Actually you can make fine fuel, fertilizer, cork substitute and lots of other things from the cobs, good paper and wallboard from the stalks and leaves, and vitamin products from the tassels. Trouble is, you're up against tough competition—competition from livestock. They turn the cobs, stalks, leaves and tassels into ham, bacon, roasts and chops—and they'll go out in the cornfield and collect the stuff themselves if you want them to. It's cheaper to leave the waste matter for the livestock than to collect it for other uses."

Time and again, he explained, rumors have started that someone has found a use for cobs that will make them worth as much to the farmer as the corn itself. So far, about the only farmers who've collected cash for their cobs are those who grow a large, solid variety for pipe makers.

The Quaker Oats Company takes half a million tons of cobs a year to make furfural (a chemical used in nylon and numerous other synthetics), but it buys them from truckers who get them for nothing from farmers who don't keep livestock and therefore are glad to be rid of the cobs. Actually the cost of collecting and hauling the cobs is so high that, if Quaker Oats also had to pay a fee to the farmers, it might switch to other raw materials.

A few other processors gather cobs in the same way but on a much smaller scale for use chiefly in soft-grit blasting of metals and in packing and insulating materials.

Since the stalks and other parts are not delivered to shelling stations, anyone wanting them must collect them from the fields, an expensive undertaking. Only in a few corn-growing areas where livestock aren't raised are enough of these materials available for a few small-scale paper and wallboard operations.

"There's plenty in the kernel to keep us busy, anyway," Robert G. Ruark, vice-president of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, told me. "In fact, within a few years what we've accomplished so far will seem elementary."

The reason for his confidence is the industry's current research program, high-lighted by the work of the Corn Industries Research Foundation, Inc. Financed by the eleven chief wet-milling companies, the foundation for 15 years has been pioneering a new approach to industrial science. The program is under the direction of Norman F. Kennedy, a tall, slender man with graying sandy hair and gold-rimmed glasses who looks and talks like the popular conception of a scientist. He isn't. A graduate of Harvard's School of Business Administration, he is one of the founders of what is becoming a new and important profession.

Describing a New Profession

"You might say," he told me, "that my job is to persuade one group of naturally reluctant men to put up a lot of money and to talk another sometimes even more reluctant group into taking it."

More explicitly, Kennedy is the liaison between the corn industrialists and the nation's scientists. From the hard-headed members of the first group, he pries loose as much no-strings-attached cash as he can, currently about $120,000 a year. Then he seeks among the second group, mostly university professors, those able and willing to make use of the money on research that interests them and that may—just possibly may—shed a tiny ray of light on some yet unknown law of nature important to the refiners.

"My job isn't easy," he explains, "because the scientists are strictly not for sale. Any one of them could triple or quadruple his income any time just by saying yes to any one of the dozens of offers always open to him from big commercial outfits that want him to do specific research for them. Most don't even bother to say no. They're dedicated men, dedicated usually for life just to trying to find out something they don't know."

At this moment some professor in some university laboratory may be experiencing intense satisfaction because he has just identified beyond doubt the atom at the tip of a branch off a molecule of some hitherto useless polysaccharide, a starch product. As a result, sometime in the next ten or twenty years you may finish your dinner with a delicious new dessert guaranteed not to up your calorie count by even a fraction. Or you may throw away your raincoat because all your suits are impervious to water. Or you may be cured of a disease that formerly meant certain, painful death.

"So far," one corn refiner told me, "those of us working with the starch molecule have felt a little like the proverbial blind man looking for a black cat in a pitch-dark room. I hope it doesn't sound smug to say that even so we've accomplished quite a bit. But imagine what we can do once we can see what we're doing!"

Who says so?

Who in the world would ever tell you that you can't use Tampax? Doctors? Nurses? Of course not. Tampax sanitary protection was invented by a doctor and is based on the well-known medical principle of internal absorption.

Your friends? Naturally not. Many of them use Tampax themselves. In fact, millions of women have already used billions of Tampax. It really seems far more natural than the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness.

Who, then, is holding you back from using this far-more-comfortable type of protection? *Look in your mirror for the answer.* Tampax is a decision every woman must make for herself. *You* must decide you want to be free of embarrassing odor and disposal problems. *You* must decide that protection you can't even feel when it's in place is the right kind of protection for you.

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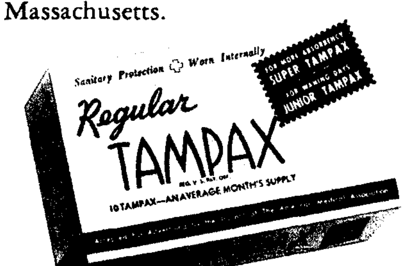
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The DARKEST HOUR

By WILLIAM P. McGIVERN

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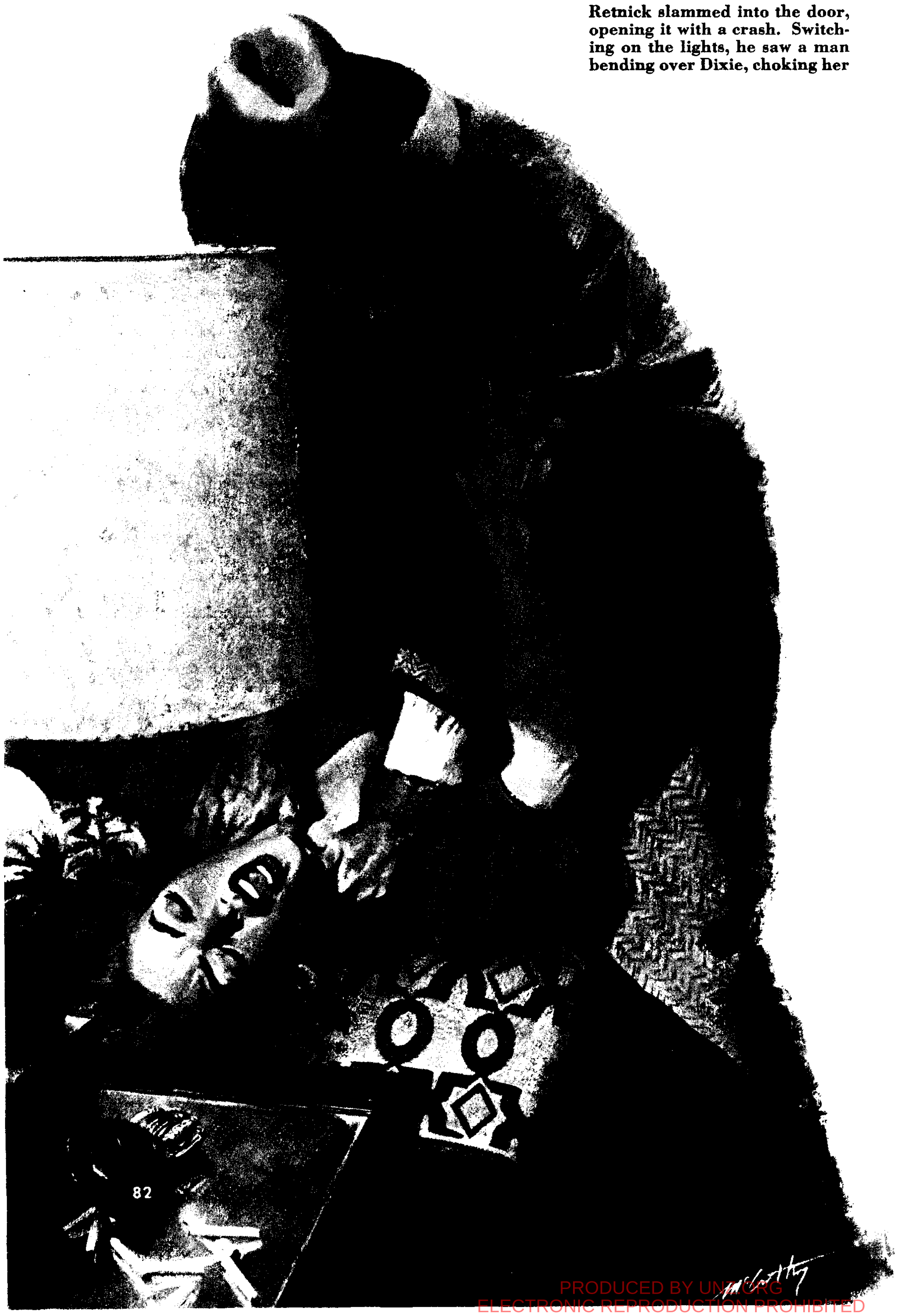

Retnick slammed into the door, opening it with a crash. Switching on the lights, he saw a man bending over Dixie, choking her

Retnick had forced the men who'd framed him to come into the open —and now it was kill or get killed

The Story: STEVE RETNICK, once a waterfront cop, served five years after being framed for the murder of AL VENTRA, a hoodlum who had tried to move in on NICK AMATO, the crooked boss of a longshoremen's local. When Retnick got out of prison, he was obsessed with revenge, but before he could get to FRANK RAGONI, a friend who claimed to know who had killed Ventra, Ragoni was killed. Retnick suspected RED EVANS, a part-time Amato employee, but when he found Evans, through a girl named DIXIE DAVIS, Evans denied any part in the crime. Meanwhile, Amato was having trouble with his organization: HAMMY, a muscle man, had killed a good union leader, JACK GLENCANNON, and had been fired; and JOE LYE, Amato's chief assistant, was smarting under Amato's relentless persecution and his interest in KAY TALBOT, Lye's girl. Retnick, hoping to crack the Ragoni and Ventra murders, went to LT. NEVILLE of the police and asked him to pick up Evans and Amato's nephew, MARIO, a soft, young hanger-on, and to throw the two together—one might break down. This was done, but neither would tell anything. The next move, Retnick thought, was to get word to Amato through a crooked cop, CONNORS, that one of the two *had* talked, but Neville refused. And so Retnick then went to an old friend, SGT. KLEYBURG. He, like Neville and Retnick's wife, MARCIA KELLY—whom Retnick refused to go back to until his name was cleared—told Retnick he should forget revenge, but Retnick was adamant. Out of a sense of indebtedness to Retnick, Kleyburg finally agreed to tip off Connors, though he didn't want to do it.

The Last of Three Parts

IT WAS an hour before dawn when Nick Amato walked into the brightly lighted hallway of the Thirty-first Precinct. With him was an attorney named Coyne and a stockily built man who wore a tweed overcoat and a checked cap pulled down over his left ear. This man had several names that were familiar to the police, but he was called Kerry along the waterfront, in recognition of his tweeds and brogue.

Amato stopped at the information counter and smiled apologetically at the gray-haired lieutenant on duty, but the lieutenant knew all about Amato's smile. Leaning forward he said, "I suppose you want the boy?"

"That's right," Amato said. "So let's have him. The lawyer, he's got the papers."

When Mario appeared, he was smiling with a new strength and confidence. What sustained him was the realization that he had handled himself damn' well. Not even Joe Lye or Kerry could have done better. For a while he had been so scared that he was nearly sick right in the lieutenant's office, but it was over now, and he hadn't told them anything.

"How come the delay?" he said to Amato, pleased to be able to joke about it. "These places ain't rest homes exactly."

Amato smiled at him but the lights in his eyes were like the points of daggers. I was good to him, he thought. Cars, clothes, money, dames. My wife's little man, pink-cheeked, wavy-haired, with hands that had never known a day's work. My nephew, he was thinking, who would be watching goats on a rocky farm in Italy if it wasn't for me. I made him a big shot. Just because he can tell people I'm his uncle he's a big shot. And he squealed. At the first hint of pressure he crumbled like a piece of stale cake.

Amato kept his little smile in place with a conscious physical effort. He had received Connors' call an hour ago, and since then his anger had been growing dangerously. Connors wasn't sure what the kid had spilled, but he said Neville was happy about it. So this wasn't over yet. They'd pick Mario up again and again, knowing he was soft and frightened, and eventually they'd get the whole story—

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

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When your thirst cries out for a soothing, cooling glass of finest beer, there's no refreshment like Schlitz! For here is a beer with a difference your taste can actually "feel" all the way down.

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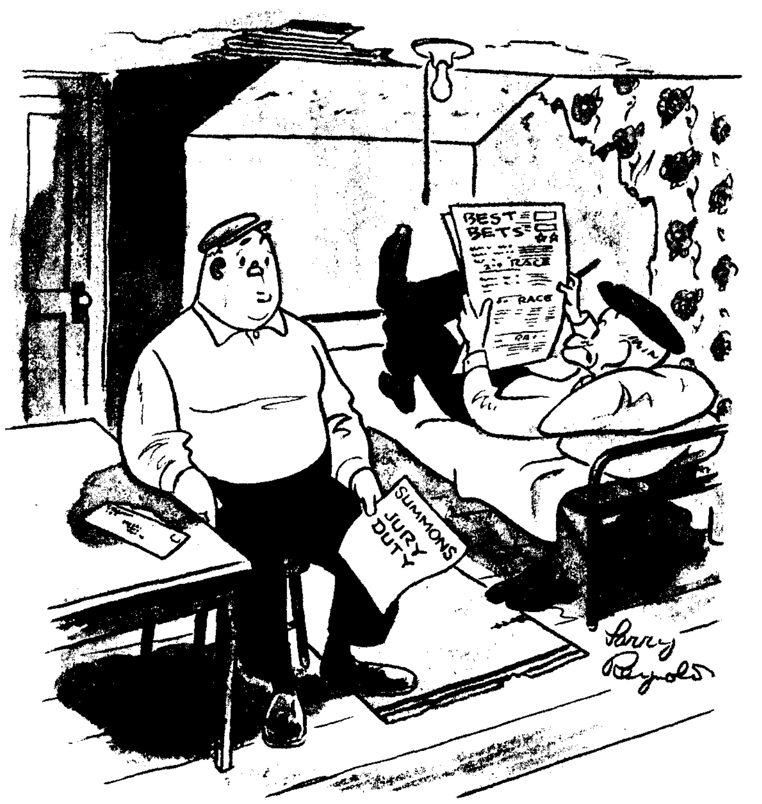


COLLIER'S "Just tell them you're a free-lance burglar—they'll let you off . . ." LARRY REYNOLDS

if they didn't have it already. And the cops were still holding Red Evans . . .

"Let's go," Amato said to his nephew, and walked outside, making no attempt to conceal his disgust. Kerry joined them on the sidewalk. "Should I be on my way?" he asked briskly.

"Yeah, get going," Amato said, without looking at him. "Don't mess this up. Evans says Dixie Davis is the one who fingered him. All he wants is to pay her off." Amato shook his head. "You guys got to have dames. And you got to tell 'em everything. Brag about every job you pull. Then the cops get hold of them and you act surprised because they squeal."

Kerry smiled faintly. "Sure and that will never change, Nick. I'll see you later."

AMATO glanced at his nephew. "You go home now. Wait for me in your bedroom. You understand?"

"Look, Nick, I'm all right. I didn't tell them anything."

"Listen to me," Amato said. "As a favor, okay?"

Amato's attitude confused Mario. "Sure," he said. "Sure, Nick."

"I'll see you in an hour. We'll have a talk about tonight."

"All right, Nick."

Coyne, the attorney, said, "Can I drop you somewhere?"

"No, I got my car."

"Well, good night then."

Without answering him Amato turned and walked down the block to his car. He needed Lye now, and he thought he knew where to find him. . . .

Kay Talbot lived in a tall and imposingly respectable apartment house on the East Side. A uniformed attendant peered uneasily at Amato, and then opened the door.

"Kay Talbot," Amato said. "What's her apartment?"

"Six A, sir. But you'll have to call from the lobby. The tenants insist—"

"Okay, okay, we'll phone her," Amato said, and thought: East Side snobs. No place for Nick Amato. He was just good enough to pick up the checks . . .

Lye answered his ring. "Yeah?"

"This is Nick. I want to see you. I'm downstairs."

There was silence on the line.

Asking permission, Amato thought. Explaining to her: I'll get rid of him fast, baby. You keep out of sight. I'll tell him you've got a headache.

"Sure, Nick, come on up. Six A."

Lye met him at the door wearing a silk dressing gown over a white shirt and black trousers.

"Sorry to bother you this time of night," Amato said gently. "But I got a job for you."

"Yeah. Who is it?"

Amato didn't answer him. He was staring about the room, a pleased little smile on his lips. "Very cute," he said. "Where's the girl friend? Headache?"

"You were talking about a job."

Amato stared at him. "Sure there's a job. You want me to do all the work while you sit here and play footsie?"

"Stop riding me," Lye said. "If you ain't satisfied with me, maybe you should get somebody else."

"Sure," Amato said slowly. "And then I'll toss you back in jail, back where the guards said you caught up on your prayers."

A door opened and Kay Talbot came into the room. "This is a wonderful surprise, Mr. Amato," she said. Smiling into his little brown eyes she knew, with her actress' instinct, that she wouldn't fool him for an instant. And she realized also that all of her guile couldn't hide the fear in her eyes—the fear had been part of her so long that she had stopped trying to manage or conceal it.

"This is a nice place," Amato said. "If I'd known it was this nice I'd have stopped by sooner. If Joe asked me, that is."

"We've planned to have you up," she said. "Now, wouldn't you both like a drink?"

"Take care of Nick," Lye said. "I'll get dressed."

"Are you going out?" Her voice was dull with fear.

Lye walked rapidly into the bedroom and Amato said, "In our business we work around the clock." Watching her, he wondered if she really loved Joe Lye. It didn't figure. She probably was after his cash. That was why she put up with his cheapness, his twisted, ruined face. And Lye was getting a bargain, Amato thought, as a strangely complex desire for her began to grow in him. Part of it was physical, but there was something else, too. She was class. He had never known a woman like this. Did he want her because she was blonde and elegant? Because his people were peasants who would have bowed to a woman like this?

"I saw you in the movies once," he said. "That was quite a while back. You played a college girl who didn't wear any make-up." He was enjoying her strained smile. "The guy you liked couldn't see you for dust, so you got a job in a cabaret. Then when you were all dolled up he fell in love with you without knowing you were the girl he knew in college."

She picked up a cigarette from the table. "I'm afraid it sounds just as idiotic now as it did then."

"The guy had a good reason to fall for you," Amato said, watching her. "You were clean and damned good-looking. What else does a man want?"

The door opened then and Lye walked into the room, pulling up the knot in his tie. He glanced at Kay and said, "I left the radio on. How about going in and turning it off?"

"Of course," she said quickly.

When she had gone, Lye rubbed his hands along the sides of his trousers nervously. "Okay, what is it?" he said.

"The kid," Amato said quietly.

"You're not serious!" Lye said, and his lips began to strain in spasmodic little jerks.

"I didn't come here to make jokes," Amato said. "He talked. He'll talk again." His voice was suddenly harsh. "He's home now. In his bedroom. Anna goes to six-o'clock Mass. You got to make it look like suicide."

"Nick, figure out something else. I don't like it."

Amato felt his anger swelling inside him. "Maybe you want to go back to jail?" he said in a low, trembling voice.

Lye turned away from him abruptly. The dream that had haunted him that time when Amato had let him rot in the death cell came vividly back to him. "I—I just said we might figure out something else," he said.

"*We* don't figure things, *I* figure them," Amato said.

"Sure, sure," Lye said, his mouth contorted. "I'm ready. Let's go."

Kay returned to the room, looked quickly at Lye, and asked anxiously, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said. "Come on, Nick, let's go."

Amato smiled at him. "You go on, Joe. I'll take up that drink offer now."

"You're staying here?" Lye said dully. He hesitated, obviously reluctant to leave.

"It's late, Joe," Amato said gently.

Lye picked up his black overcoat from a chair, nodded jerkily at them and walked out the door. Amato was silent, smiling faintly.

"I'm glad you stayed," Kay Talbot said. "I've wanted to talk to you for some time now."

He looked at her in surprise. "What do you want to talk to me about?"

She smiled nervously, drew a deep breath and tried to meet his eyes directly. "Why do you nag Joe about the time he spent in jail? Don't you realize how it upsets him?"

"It bothers him, eh?"

"You must realize that it does," she said. "I know it's just your way of joking. I'm sure you don't mean it seriously, but that needling about the death cell and his prayers, it's on his mind day and night."

"It's no joke," Amato said smiling. "I'm looking for information. What was he praying for? That's all I want to know. Maybe you can tell me why he's praying. You know him pretty well. How come he prays when he's ready to die? Who does he think got him out of that death cell?" He flung out his arm with a sudden anger. "You think those are funny questions? Well, I'll tell you. You like dough, eh? You give me some sensible answers to them questions and I'll load you down with more dough than you ever seen in one lump before." Amato turned away from her and shook his head irritably.

She knew he was serious but his questions struck her as irrelevant and slightly comical.

"How come you got mixed up with Joe?" he asked her suddenly. "And how long would you last without his dough?"

"With excellent managing, about three months."

"Then what? Back to the movies?"

"Or television or the theater," she said. Her voice broke and she turned away from him quickly. "My agent still sends me Christmas cards," she said. "Isn't that an encouraging sign?"

"I could do more for you than Joe," he said. "You're no kid. You need things solid and secure. Joe Lye is nothing." As her expression remained unchanged he made an impatient gesture with his hand. "How about it?"

She managed a smile and said, "I'll make you that drink now."

"Forget the drink," Amato said dryly. He knew she was telling him no, tactfully but finally, choosing Lye ahead of him. His proposition had struck her as foolish. He was a fat little peasant in her eyes. When everything was quiet again, he thought, when the trouble with Retnick was over, then he'd think about fixing her and Lye. He said good-by without looking at her and left the room.

THE ringing of the telephone woke Retnick. He sat up in the darkness and looked at the illuminated hands of his watch. It was six thirty. He heard his landlady, Mrs. Cara, knock on his door and he crossed the room and turned the knob. He had been dozing only a few minutes—except for a coat and tie he was fully dressed.

"It's a call for you," Mrs. Cara said.

Retnick went down the hall and picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Steve Retnick?" It was a girl's voice, low and intense.

"That's right."

"This is Dixie Davis." She laughed nervously. "I—I'm scared. That's why I called. You gave me your number, remember? A million years ago, I guess."

"Take it easy," he said.

"I got a call just a few minutes ago. It was a man and he said he had dialed the wrong number. But it scared me."

"Did you call the police?"

"What for?" she said. "I—I just wanted to talk to somebody, that's all. I know you think I'm no good, but—"

"I'll call the cops," Retnick said.

"Now listen: lock your door and sit tight. Understand?"

Retnick made the call and then left the house. It was black outside, and the streets were empty and cold. He hunted five minutes before he found a cab, and then he gave the driver Dixie's address and told him to hurry. . . .

He entered the foyer of her building breathing more easily: there hadn't been time for anything to happen— Then he saw that the inner door stood slightly ajar and that the jamb had been splintered by a jimmy.

Retnick took the steps two at a time, and when he reached her landing he saw that the door of her apartment was standing ajar. A dim light in the hallway gleamed on white scars in the wood around the lock. He hesitated a moment, and then he heard a faint sound from inside the apartment.

He slammed a hand into the door, sending it flying inward with a crash, and in the same instant he found the light switch on the wall beside the jamb. When light flooded the room, Retnick saw a man bending over Dixie, choking her. Her silk robe was twisted up about her thighs. The light gleamed on her thin, chalk-white legs.

The man straightened and moved forward slowly; his right hand went toward the pocket of his tweed overcoat. "I—wasn't going to hurt her," he said, grimacing. "She's my—we're friends, see? I'd been drinking too much, I guess, and lost my head. You know how it is?"

He reached for his gun then, but Retnick's first blow knocked him into the wall, and the second, a right thrown with all his weight behind it, felt like it had broken the man's jaw and cheekbone.

RETNICK got a glass of water and helped Dixie to drink a bit of it. She sat up on the sofa, massaging her throat with both hands. "Why did he do it?" she said in a weak, trembling voice.

Looking down at her, Retnick felt suddenly numb; this girl had almost been murdered because of him! He had convinced Red Evans that she had betrayed him, and Evans had planned casually and easily to have her killed.

"Listen to me," he said slowly. "The cops will be here in a few minutes. They'll take you to the station to swear out a complaint. After that you get out of town. You understand? I'll give you money. Go to Chicago. Are you listening, Dixie?"

She nodded.

"Okay. Here's a man I want you to see." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to her. "I went to school with him, and he'll see that you're taken care of."

She took the paper. "Why are you helping me?"

"I—I don't know," Retnick said. Why had he put her on the spot in the first place? It was all I could do, he thought. I had to make Evans think she had squealed on him. It was her life against— He frowned, unable to complete the thought. Against what?

He heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Taking a few bills from his pocket he gave them quickly to Dixie. "Don't tell the cops you're leaving town," he said.

IN THE impersonal, harshly lighted squadroom of the local precinct, Dixie and Retnick gave their statements, and the man called Kerry was slated for attempted murder and put away in a cell. Retnick was ready to leave when Lieutenant Neville came in, a worried frown on his face. He nodded to Retnick and said, "I was hoping you were still here. I just got the report. Let's go downstairs, Steve. I want to talk with you."

The darkness was lifting. A thin pearly light sparkled coldly on the dark windows. Neville and Retnick walked down the sidewalk toward Park Avenue. The lieutenant took out his cigarettes, lighted one and inhaled deeply. "I just left a dead one, Steve. Mario Amato. He blew his brains out an hour ago."

Retnick stared at him, and when he saw the expression in Neville's face he felt as he had when he'd looked at Dixie's bruised throat. And now he knew what the feeling was—it was a sense of guilt crowding insistently against the weight of his cold anger.

"When did this happen?" he asked.

They had stopped and were facing each other in the cold, gray light of dawn. Neville said, "Anna Amato found him in bed when she got home from six-o'clock Mass. Mario was in bed, a gun in his hand. Half his forehead was gone."

Retnick shook his head. "You're sure it's suicide?"

"It's suicide, all right."

It wasn't my fault, Retnick thought. A soft, nervous kid, caught in a murder investigation, Mario had taken the easy way out.

Neville stared at him with cold, stern eyes. "I blame myself for this," he said. "Maybe you blame yourself, too. I don't know. We threw away the book and made a mess of things. My only consolation is that I didn't buy your insane notion to spread the word that Mario had squealed. If I had I might be responsible for murder instead of suicide."

"You'll let Red Evans go now, I suppose?" Retnick said.

"With Mario dead, we haven't got any lever to use against him."

"You let him go," Retnick said slowly. "I'll be waiting for him."

Neville said in cold official voice: "You get in trouble and I'll treat you like a lawbreaker."

"Thanks all to hell," Retnick said.

"Steve, I—" Neville paused, frowning into Retnick's hard face. "There's no way to get through to you," he said at last, and his voice was empty and tired. "But remember: the price of vengeance can be too high for any man to pay. You'll know that someday."

"I'll pay it," Retnick said.

Neville shrugged. All compassion was gone and his face was closed and grim. "Good night, Steve," he said shortly, and walked away.

BY NOON Nick Amato's house had become a place of well-organized grief and mourning. His wife's friends filled the house, and Anna lay in bed, turning her head slowly from side to side, pressing Mario's first Communion picture tight against her breasts. She had passed from hysteria to shock; her expression was dazed and incredulous.

Nick Amato sat in the kitchen, a dead cigar in his hand and a cup of hot coffee before him on the table. He was tired and nervous; his face was gray with fatigue and there was a tiny but annoying tremor in his left eyelid. The knowledge that Kerry had bungled the job on Dixie Davis frightened him. The police had not yet released Red Evans, and now they had Kerry.

Joe Lye came into the room and stood hesitantly near the door. "Father Bristow is here," he said. "He's up with Anna. You think he can help her?"

"He'll tell her it was God's will."

"What would he tell her if he knew the truth?"

"Shut up!" Amato said, glaring at him. "It had to be done. Connors told me the kid spilled something to the cops. Supposing he squealed that I told him to hire Evans? He could hurt me. Like I can hurt you."

Lye pulled out a chair and sat down at the table facing Amato. "We're going to talk," he said. "I got something to say to you."

Amato shrugged. "Go ahead."

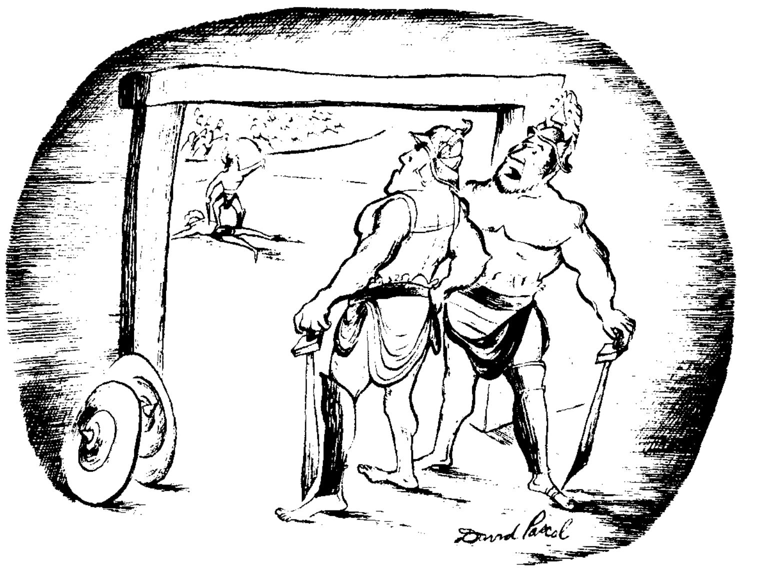
"Kay told me about the deal you offered her."

"Women are funny, Joe. You pay 'em a compliment that don't mean anything and they think you're serious." There was a change in Lye that Amato didn't understand; but his intuition told him it was dangerous.

Lye said, "So she misunderstood you. Okay. What I'm talking about is you and me, Nick. I'm going to work *with* you from now on, not for you. When we take over Glencannon's local, I'm going to run it. You and I will split up this stretch of the docks. We'll be partners."

"I don't like partners," Amato said gently. "You know that. Al Ventra wanted to be a partner, remember?"

"You remember something now," Lye said, in a tight, straining voice. "Kay is ready to swear she heard you tell me to kill your nephew. You better remember that good. We'll go to



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the cops—Kay and me—and that will put you right in the chair."

Amato smiled. "That would put you in the chair too, Joe."

"It's a standoff," Lye said. "You got that old Donaldson rap hanging over me. I got the kid's murder on you. So we're partners, Nick. You ain't going to needle and hound me about going back to jail. If you do you'll pay a high price for your fun."

Amato kept his anger in check. "I'm a sensible fellow," he said. "You can hurt me, I can hurt you. So it figures we should be friends."

"Partners," Lye said.

Amato shrugged. "Partners."

Lye could hardly believe that he'd won; it had taken all his courage to do this, and now he was so spent and drained that his hands were shaking. But he had never known such relief. Already the tense and clotted fear of Amato was easing out of him, and he was suddenly sure that the violent nightmares would never haunt his sleep again. And the tic that afflicted his face, that sinister barometer of his passions, even that might disappear. "I swear, Nick, we'll get along fine," he said. "You're still the boss. But I had to get out from under you. Kay and I want some kind of life together. We want to live like normal people."

Amato looked at the dead stump of his cigar. "Kay was out of the room when I told you to take care of Mario. She didn't hear nothing."

Lye felt his lips tightening. "She'll swear she heard it all," he said and got up. "I'll be at the local if you need me."

AFTER Lye had gone Amato sat staring at the door. His body felt slack and hot and his left eye was quivering with fatigue. He knew he was in trouble; the knowledge was intuitive but certain. Kerry wouldn't sing on an attempted murder rap, but what about the trouble that might come from Retnick and Neville—and now Joe Lye? They were prodding him into action, not giving him time to think.

That was how they got you; by making you jump. Finally you jumped one time too many . . .

Amato went down the hallway and picked up the telephone and gave the operator a number.

Connors sounded sleepy and irritable, but his manner changed instantly when he recognized Amato's voice.

"I'm going to make a hero out of you," Amato said. "You're going to solve that old Donaldson killing all by yourself. You'll have the evidence and you'll make the pinch tonight. You'll like being a hero, won't you?"

"What's the rest of it, Nick?"

"The guy you arrest don't like it," Amato said quietly. "He breaks for it. And you got to shoot him."

"Nick, there's been too much of that lately," Connors said, his voice rising.

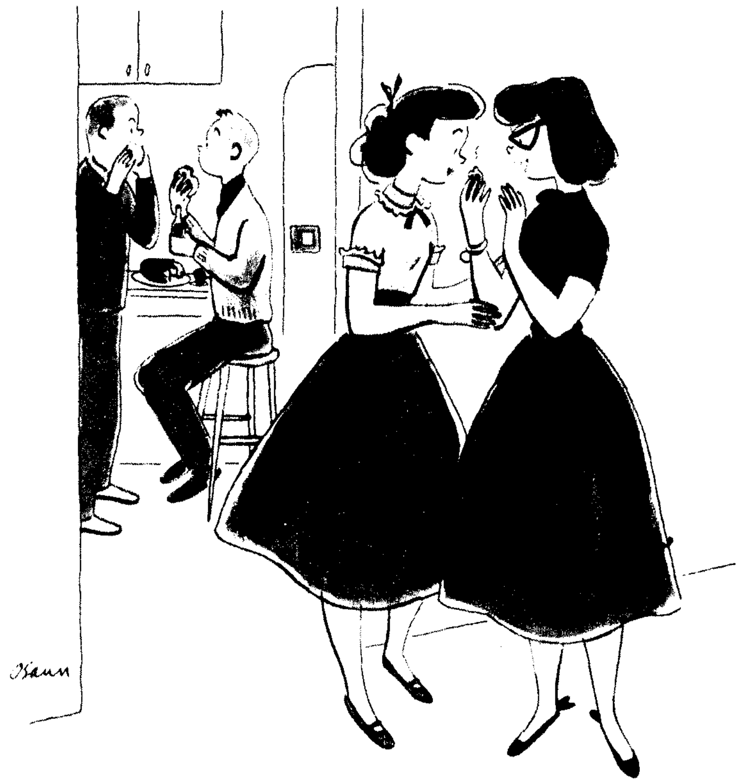
"Shut up! You're going to be a hero or you're going to be in jail." He was jumping now, without time to think. It happened to the smartest guys.

"Sure, I'll handle it. Who is it?"

"Joe Lye," Amato said, and put the receiver carefully back in place. . . .

It was eight o'clock that night when Retnick rang the bell of his wife's apartment. He had spent the day in his room trying fruitlessly to find a solution to his problem. When he came out of prison he had thought you took what you wanted and paid the price. But now he was beginning to realize that it wasn't as simple as that. If you couldn't pay the price, then what?

TIZZY



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COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

He heard her light footsteps. Then she opened the door and looked up at him uncertainly. She wore a white silk blouse with black slacks.

"You didn't say when you were leaving, Marcia," he said. "I—I wanted to say good-by."

"I'm taking a flight at ten," she said. "I'm glad you could stop by."

Retnick entered the room and looked around at the familiar furniture and pictures. She hadn't changed anything. His big chair was in the same place, and his pipe rack was still on the table. He sat down on a large ottoman without removing his overcoat and rubbed a hand across his forehead. Something was wrong with him, he knew.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" Marcia asked.

"No, I'm fine."

She sat down on the sofa, tucking her feet beneath her. For a moment they were silent, and then Retnick said heavily, "Do you have to go tonight?"

"No, not particularly."

She was a million miles from him, he realized, cool and distant, unmoved by his presence. He knew he didn't touch her any more.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "Will you listen a minute?"

"Of course, Steve."

"Put off your trip," he said. "Stay here until I finish the job I've got to do."

"What would be the point of that?"

"I don't know," he said wearily. "Maybe there's no point to it. But it might make a difference. Maybe I could see everything in a different light."

"It's a pretty slim chance, I'm afraid."

He looked at her then, jarred by the almost casual tone of her voice. "You won't do it?" he said.

"There wouldn't be any point to it," she said, glancing up at him. "I might as well be honest, Steve. You—you've turned into something—well, it doesn't matter. Maybe you were that kind of man all the time. I don't know." She shrugged lightly. "You think I had a fine roistering time of it while you were away. But for the record they were five miserable years. I was scared most of the time. Scared because I couldn't understand the cruel and stupid pride that made you refuse to let me help you. Did you stop to wonder what that did to me?" She shook her head as he started to speak.

"It's not worth arguing about. But I'd like to finish this, please," she went on. "You told me to get a divorce, you refused to see me, and then you behaved like a madman because you thought there was someone else while you were gone." She smiled sadly. "And my big affair, my great sin! He sang at the club for a while. He was a gentle young man who drank too much. I got to know him just well enough to convince me you were worth waiting for, even if it took fifty years instead of five. That's how I put in my five-year stretch, with an occasional dinner with the Ragonis, or a drink with Lieutenant Neville. I might as well have been in jail too."

If she were angry or bitter, Retnick thought, it would be different. But she seemed disinterested and slightly weary.

"You want to kill the men who framed you," she went on. "And someday you will. You'll be the final judge on that score. Just as you're the final judge on me. You're the final arbiter on all behavior, all questions of right and wrong."

"All right," he said wearily. "I get the general idea."

The telephone in the bedroom rang.

"Just a minute," he said. "This man, the singer. Did he love you?" He saw that her lips were trembling; his question had pierced her cool indifference. The telephone rang again and she said, "Excuse me," in a small, unsteady voice.

When she returned she said, "It's for you."

He went into the cool, softly lighted bedroom. The room smelled faintly of the lavender sachets she kept with her gloves and lingerie. Retnick sighed and picked up the telephone. "This is Steve Retnick."

"My name is Kay Talbot. You don't know me, but I'm—a friend of Joe Lye's."

"I'm not interested in Joe Lye's friends," he said.

"Please listen to me. Please! I know you don't care about him—" She stopped and drew a deep breath. "No one cares about him! He's just a cheap little hoodlum with a twisted face. I know that!"

"What did you want?" Retnick said. She was almost hysterical, he knew; the tight control of her voice was slipping.

"He's going to be killed," she said.

"You'd better call the police."

"I can't! The police are going to kill him. Amato sent a police officer to do it!"

"Was it a man named Connors?" Retnick asked her sharply.

"Yes, that's his name. He's going to kill Joe, and Joe told me you hated Amato. So I looked you up in the book. They're afraid of you."

"And you want me to save your boy friend?"

"No," she said, laughing softly. "No one can save Joe. The poor guy is all through. But nothing can save Amato either."

Retnick's hand tightened on the receiver. "What's that?"

"I can hang him," she said. "Are you interested?"

"Where are you now?"

She gave him the address, and Retnick said, "You sit tight."

Then he broke the connection and dialed the Thirty-first. If she were telling the truth there must have been a major row between Amato and Lye. But over what?

WHEN Neville answered, Retnick said, "Lieutenant, this is Retnick. I just had a call from Joe Lye's girl friend. She tells me Amato has put the finger on Lye, and she says she can hang Amato. I thought I'd let you know. I'm going over to her apartment now."

"What's her address?"

Retnick told him and Neville said, "All right. Meet me in front of her place. I'll leave here now."

Retnick walked slowly into the living room. Marcia looked at him and said, "You sounded excited, Steve. I hope it's good news."

"Yes, it's good news," Retnick said. "This could be the end of it. Tonight could end it."

"I hope you'll have what you want then."

He stared into her small, familiar face, slowly considering the painful thoughts in his mind. Then he said awkwardly, "I thought you'd be better off with a divorce. I thought you would get started over without me. I couldn't let you visit me in jail. And I couldn't come back to you as a jailbird. It was the way I felt about you. You were like some prize I'd won by a fluke, and I couldn't crawl back to you—" He gestured helplessly. "I had to prove I was framed."

"You never had to prove anything to me, Steve," she said. "You still don't."

"But it's not over yet. I've got to finish it."

"You want to finish it," she said. "It isn't clearing your name, coming back to me like a white and shining knight.

Be honest, Steve. You want to be in at the kill."

"Maybe that's it," he said. Nothing made sense any more, he thought. "You're still planning to leave, of course?"

"There's nothing here for me."

"Well, good luck," he said.

She watched him from the doorway as he walked down the hall. She waved tentatively as he stepped into the elevator, but he was already out of sight. The doors closed with a dry and final ring.

LIEUTENANT NEVILLE was waiting in front of Kay Talbot's apartment building. "What do you think this woman has on Amato?" he asked.

"I told you she wasn't specific."

"She probably knows he played hooky in third grade. Well, let's go up."

Kay Talbot opened the door and smiled nervously. She wore a simple black dress with pearls, and she had obviously prepared herself carefully for this role. But all the careful grooming wasn't enough to conceal the fear in her eyes.

Neville said quietly, "Miss Talbot, I'm Lieutenant Neville. This is Steve Retnick. May we come in?"

"Yes, yes, of course," she said.

Neville glanced around the gracefully furnished room. Then he said, "What have you got to tell us?"

"Nick Amato is going to kill Joe Lye," she said.

"How do you know that?" Neville said casually.

"Amato sent a detective here, a man named Connors, around eight. Joe was in the kitchen. Connors told me to stay in the living room and he searched the apartment with his gun out. Maybe Joe heard him talking to me. Anyway, when this man Connors reached the kitchen, the back door was open and Joe was gone."

"What did Connors do then?" Neville said.

"He went down the back stairs after Joe," Kay said.

Neville glanced at Retnick and the lack of expression on his face was eloquent. "Well, do you know *why* Amato wants Lye murdered?"

She took a deep, unsteady breath and said, "Mario Amato didn't commit suicide. Joe killed him." She began to weep silently. "Amato made Joe kill him. Because Mario talked to the police."

"Did you hear Amato tell Joe to kill Mario?" Neville asked.

She hesitated a second or two. She was going to lie, Retnick knew, but that didn't matter; she knew the truth. "Yes, I heard him tell Joe," she said, staring in Neville's eyes. "It was right in this room."

Neville said, "Will you repeat that in court?"

"I'll shout it at the top of my lungs," she said. "He made Joe do it. And now he's going to kill Joe. He's got to pay for that."

"He'll pay," Neville said. He looked at Retnick. "Get her coat. We can hang Amato for murder with a little luck."

They drove across town to the Thirty-first, and Neville took Kay Talbot inside to give a preliminary statement. Retnick waited alone in the car, trying fruitlessly to evade his dark, accusing thoughts. But there was no escape.

He didn't hear the doors of the precinct open and he started when Kleyburg cried, "Steve! You said it wouldn't happen."

Retnick turned and saw the old detective standing on the sidewalk beside the car. He had come out without a coat and the cold wind had blown his thin gray hair into a tangle over his forehead. "You said it wouldn't happen, Steve."

Retnick got out of the car. "Go back inside," he said. "You'll catch pneumonia."

"I heard Neville talking to that woman," Kleyburg said. "Mario was murdered. I killed him, Steve."

"Not so loud," Retnick said, looking around. He couldn't meet the pain and confusion in the old man's eyes. "Mario was in on it. He deserved killing. Tomorrow you'll see that."

Kleyburg shook his head slowly. He looked at Retnick as if he could suddenly see him very, very clearly. "Tomorrow I won't see anything," he said. "I told you I never had any trouble looking at myself in a mirror. Well, that's over. After forty-two years as a cop I wind up a murderer. That won't change in the morning. For you or for me, Steve."

"Miles—"

Another voice cut coldly and sharply through the silence: "So you used Kleyburg, eh, Steve?"

Retnick looked up and saw Lieutenant Neville, his pale face an angry vivid slash against the darkness. "I wouldn't help, so you made an old man do it," he said, walking slowly forward.

"It paid off," Retnick said. "We've got Amato."

"And that's all that matters, eh?" Neville drew a deep breath. "Okay, Steve. We can pick up Amato now. You got what you wanted."

"That's right," Retnick said dully. "I got what I wanted . . ."

IT WAS nine fifteen when they arrived at Amato's. A line of cars were double-parked before the house, and a crape hung on the door. Retnick removed his hat and followed Neville into the softly lighted parlor. Father Bristow was standing in the archway that led to the dining room, and Anna Amato sat in a straight chair behind him. There was no expression on her dark, tear-swollen face, but her head was turned slightly to one side, defensively and helplessly, as if she were expecting a blow.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Amato," Lieutenant Neville said.

Father Bristow came forward casually, but his eyes were sharp and interested.

"It was good of you to come," Anna said automatically.

"I'm Lieutenant Neville. I'm sorry, but I came to see your husband on an important matter. Is he here?"

"I know nothing," Anna said. She seemed hardly conscious of Neville's question. "My boy is dead. They bring his body home soon. Can't you let me wait for him in peace?"

Father Bristow said, "Couldn't this wait, Lieutenant?"

Anna Amato suddenly shook her fists in the air. "This is a house of death," she cried. "I wait for my boy. I know nothing except that my boy is dead."

"Wait a minute," Retnick said. "You don't know anything, eh? Well, it's time you learned something then. Mario didn't commit suicide. Joe Lye killed him. And your husband gave the orders. That's why the cops are here now." He paused, and then added thickly, "Now you know something."

The room was still as death as Anna turned slowly and awkwardly to Nev-

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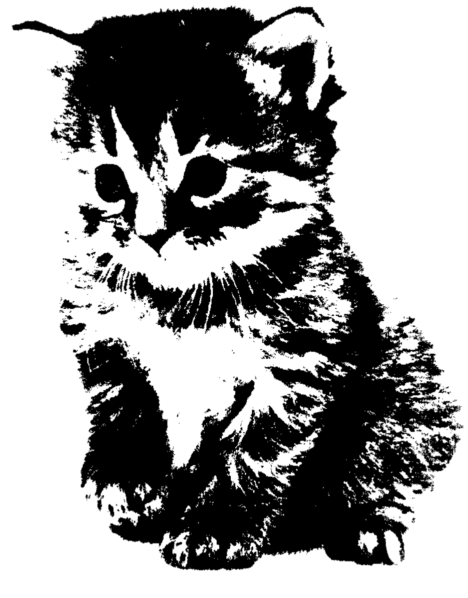

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ille. "Is that true?" she said in a dry whisper. "You say this too?" Then she reached out with a cry of pain and caught Father Bristow's arm in her hands. "They lie, they lie," she said. "Tell me they lie."

"Now, now, Anna," Father Bristow said. "There will be time for this later." He stared coldly at Retnick. "This isn't the time for it. Not now. Not in this house."

Anna shook her head from side to side. "No one says he lies."

"I'm not lying," Retnick said, forcing the words out.

"I said I know nothing," Anna said, smiling softly and emptily. "But it isn't true. For thirty years I watch and see, I listen and hear. I know everything."

Retnick turned sharply and walked to the front door. Outside, the street was empty and silent. He breathed deeply but he couldn't seem to get enough air. His anger was gone, everything seemed to be gone, and he felt nothing but a cold, draining impotence. . . .

It was a few minutes later when Father Bristow came out of the house and said, "She'll never get over that, Steve."

Retnick glanced at him and it was then the priest saw the change in his eyes. "Neither will I," Retnick said. "Doesn't that make us even?"

Father Bristow sighed. "I don't know, Steve."

Neville came out a little later, after Father Bristow had gone. He said, "Amato's on the run. And she told where he's running to. I'll call the district from my car and get some help."

Retnick looked at him. "And you think I'm a heel, eh?"

"Nothing so cute as that," Neville said. "Heels are human. I doubt if you are. Look at what you've done to that woman! And what about the girl, Dixie Davis? You almost got her killed. And what about Kleyburg? You made him pull a shady deal to help you out, the first he's touched in all the years he's been on the force. And what about your wife? You've hurt everybody you've touched, and you think—"

"Shut up!" Retnick said savagely. "I got Amato, didn't I? That's more than you and your whole department could do. I got the guy who framed me—nothing else matters."

NEVILLE turned away abruptly and said, "All right, let's go then. You got it all figured out. Well, I hope I'm around when you realize all you've done."

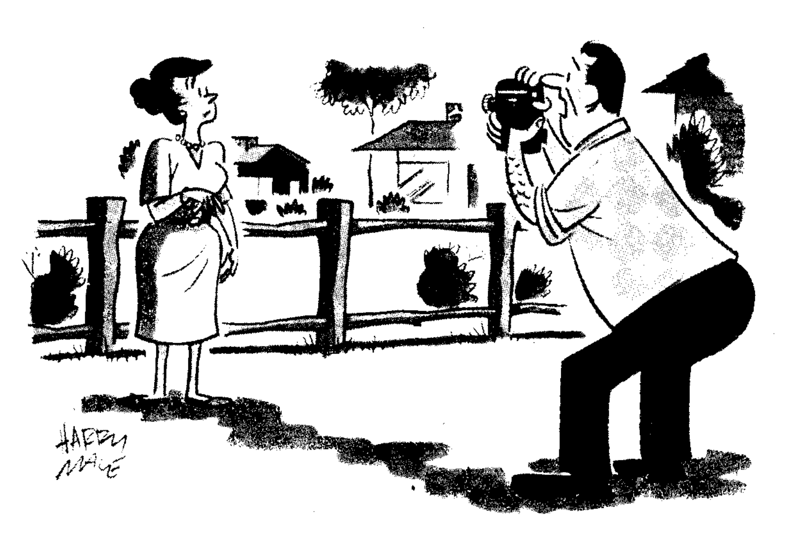
As Neville stepped on the starter of his car a police squad turned into the block and roared toward them under full power.

"I'll see what's up," Neville said. He stepped from the car and walked toward the young patrolman who had climbed from the squad. When he came back he looked at Retnick with an odd expression on his face. "I warned you, Steve," he said heavily. "I warned you the best way I knew. I told you sometimes there's a price to vengeance that no man can pay. Now you've run up a big bill."

"What's the matter?" Retnick said sharply.

"After we left the Thirty-first, Kleyburg went down in the basement and tried to kill himself," Neville said. "He's still alive but it doesn't look good."

Retnick rubbed the back of his fist cruelly over his mouth. "Where did they take him?" he muttered. "I want to see him. I've got to see him before he dies."



COLLIER'S "Don't just stand there. Run, dance, jump, do something!" HARRY MACE

"You wanted to get Amato," Neville said. "Let's finish that job. You can't help Miles now, Steve."

"Sure," Retnick said heavily. "I can't help him, I can't help anybody."

AMATO sat stiffly beside the driver and watched the heavy concrete supports of the elevated highway flash past them into the darkness. A small leather suitcase rested on his lap, and his arms were wrapped around it, hugging it tight against his body. This was the last big jump. If he slipped now it was all over.

"Everything is set, eh?" he said to the driver.

"Sure, there's nothing to worry about," the driver said casually.

"I better not have to worry," Amato said. "I don't pay money to have things go wrong."

"It was short notice, Mr. Amato," the driver said. "We done our best. The launch is waiting at the pier. The guard there left a door open and took a walk for himself. You'll go down the Hudson, through the Narrows and then meet the fishing boat. The trip to Cuba takes a week. After that we're out of it."

"I got everything set in Cuba," Amato said. "I had that set a long time."

Amato stared straight ahead again and hugged the grip to his chest. Instinct had made him run. There were men who would have stood fast and fought, betting on themselves, betting on money, influence, lawyers. But Amato had a peasant's instinct for survival. He fled without regret, as he would have fled from a volcano that threatened his village.

The car slowed to a stop. "Well, here you are," the driver said.

Amato grunted, got out of the car and stood in the darkness watching the red taillight until it disappeared at the intersection. Turning abruptly he walked to the warehouse. The small door used by the guard was ajar; a light from inside threw a thin bright line along the edge of the jamb. Amato pushed the door in cautiously. A single bulb gleamed in the checker's office, spreading a circle of brightness around the entrance to the warehouse.

But beyond this small yellow pool the terminal was lost in a vast, echoing darkness. The motor launch waited for him at the end of this black cavern, the next link in the chain that would pull him to safety.

Amato closed the little door behind him, breathing more easily. A hundred-yard walk and he was on his way. He shifted the heavy suitcase to his right hand and started into the shadows.

And one of them began to move.

A little cry of terror broke through Amato's lips. He backed toward the door, tasting the strong, bitter fear in his mouth.

He saw the gleam of black shoes, and then a voice he knew said, "The trip is off, Nick. It ends here." Joe Lye came out of the darkness. One side of his mouth was pulled up in an unnatural, ghastly smile, and a gun glinted in his hand. "You should have taken me for a partner," he said. "That way you wouldn't have to die."

"Joe, you gave me a scare," Amato said, trying desperately to smile. "I—I been looking for you. We got to clear out, you and me."

"You weren't looking for me," Lye said. "Connors was looking for me. You shouldn't have used a punk like him on a tough job, Nick."

"Joe, we got no time for talking," Amato said, trying to swallow. "We're making Cuba the first stop, Joe. I got everything set. Passports, dough, berths on a freighter. It's all set for you and me. You'll like it there. It's great, Joe." There was a high, giddy tremble in Amato's voice now. "But we got to get moving. You carry the dough. Nick trusts you."

"You're not going to Cuba," Lye said in a cold, empty voice. "You gave Connors that Donaldson rap. That finished me, Nick, and now I'm going to finish you."

"Joe, you're crazy," Amato shouted.

"Just a few seconds, that's all you got," Lye said. "You used to wonder why I prayed in the death cell. Now you can find out."

"Joe, be smart!"

A DRY metallic click sounded as Lye cocked the gun. "Joe!" Amato screamed. He fell on his knees. "Don't shoot me. Give me a break."

"So long, Nick."

"God—" Amato's voice was an incredulous whisper. He knew then he was going to die—here in this cold warehouse, with a satchel of money and the launch that could take him to safety moored only a hundred yards away. The words of the Act of Contrition spun in his head, eluding his desperate search. "I'm sorry," he said, beginning to weep. "I didn't do wrong. There was no other way—because I dread the loss of Heaven—"

"Who were you praying to?" Lye said bitterly, and shot him twice just below the heart.

The echoes of the two reports rang through the immense warehouse, and above this clamoring racket Lye heard the keening wail of police sirens.

"Nick," he whispered, "can you hear it? It's cops."

But Amato lay on his back staring in fear and wonder at the shadows closing slowly over his eyes.

Joe Lye looked around uncertainly, picked up the grip that lay beside Amato, and ran into the darkness of the terminal. Ahead of him was the river and the launch. This wasn't part of his plan; he had no plan beyond killing Amato. But as the desperate illogical hope grew in him, he heard the launch's motors turn over and kick throbbingly to life. "Wait!" he shouted, but the motors smothered his shrill, pleading voice.

NEVILLE braked his car to a skidding stop as another police squad was approaching on Ninth Street, its siren whining.

Retnick was at his side when Neville kicked the door open and stepped into the warehouse. In the middle of a brilliant pool of light before them, Nick Amato lay dying. Neville knelt beside him. "Who did it, Nick?" he said.

"It was Joe. I could've saved him—" Amato stopped.

Retnick was staring down the length of the dark terminal. That's where Lye was. He glanced at Neville, and saw that he had put his gun on the floor while he loosened Nick Amato's tie and collar.

"Who killed Glencannon?" Neville asked quietly.

Retnick picked up the lieutenant's gun and walked into the terminal. His thoughts circled hopelessly, but he knew precisely what he was going to do. It was a simple, inevitable choice. There was only one more thing for him to lose.

When he reached the wide doors that led to the open wharf he hesitated and stopped in the last few feet of darkness. He was suddenly aware of a terrible knowledge: he was a stranger to himself, a man who stood in the darkness waiting to die. He was a stalking animal who had reveled in the wrong done to him, putting that wrong above every other right. And Retnick saw himself clearly now, studied himself with eyes he had closed five years ago. Neville, Marcia, the priest—they'd all been right, and they'd all warned him, but he hadn't listened.

He hesitated no longer. With the gun hanging at his side he stepped onto the open wharf. The cold wind struck his body, chilling the tears on his face, and then he heard Joe Lye shout: "Don't move, Retnick!"

Lye stood against the wall of the warehouse. The sight on the barrel of his gun gleamed like a splinter of ice. "You can try shooting if you want," he cried.

"I'm through shooting," Retnick said in a weary, hopeless voice. "Somebody else will have to kill you, Joe." The gun fell from his limp fingers.

From the darkness behind him he heard the sound of running footsteps.

"Pick up that gun!" Lye screamed.

For an instant, Retnick regretted his decision; perhaps he could have paid the price if he lived.

"You get it in the stomach," Lye shouted. "Pick up your gun."

And Retnick knew then that Lye wanted to be killed too. They were both looking for the easy way out. "You're wasting your time, Joe," he said. "You might as well toss your gun into the river."

"They won't take me back!" Lye yelled, and put the gun to his temple. But then he began to sob terribly; the gun dropped from his fingers and he went slowly down to his knees. The sound of his weeping was like that of a lost and frightened child.

Three uniformed patrolmen followed Lieutenant Neville out of the terminal onto the wharf. Two of them hauled Lye to his feet while a third picked up the gun that had fallen from his hand. "You okay?" Neville asked Retnick.

"Sure."

Neville looked at Lye and said, "You're going back to the death house."

Lye's face was blank. "I never left there," he said in a soft, wondering voice.

When the cops had taken Lye away, Neville looked at Retnick and then at his own gun, which was lying on the thick planking of the wharf. Picking it up, he studied it with a little frown. "You wanted him to kill you?"

"That's right," Retnick said. "It seemed like a good idea at the time."

"We got an earful from Amato," Neville said. "He framed you for Al Ventra's death. Evans killed your pal, Ragoni—and we've still got Evans. You're in the clear. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"I was in the clear when I went to jail," Retnick said. "Now that I'm clear I'm guilty. That's a cute twist, isn't it?" The moment of dual perception was gone; there were no longer two men in his mind, there was only one: Retnick, who had taken what he wanted and couldn't pay the price. The moral bankrupt.

"Steve, part of what you accomplished was good," Neville said, seeing the pain in Retnick's eyes.

"Part of it," Retnick said bitterly. "How's Kleyburg?"

"One of the boys in the squad heard a report. He's got a better-than-even chance," Neville said. "I said you couldn't help him a while ago. But I could be wrong. Will you go to see him tomorrow?"

This would be the start of it, Retnick knew. The payment. "Yes, I'll see him," he said slowly.

Neville glanced at his watch and said awkwardly, "We can talk about this later."

"Sure, let's go."

Neville caught his arm. In the moonlight Retnick saw the little smile on his lips. "I meant that. You know where I am. I'll expect to see you."

IT WAS almost eleven o'clock when Retnick let himself into the hallway of his boardinghouse. Mrs. Cara, his landlady, said he was to call his wife at home. He went quickly down the hall to the telephone.

Marcia answered the first ring and said, "Yes? Hello?"

She'd been waiting, he thought, and a hope that was sharper than pain went through him. "This is Steve," he said. "You called me."

"I switched over to an early-morning flight," she said. "You told me your job might be over and—I wanted to be sure you were all right."

"Everything is over," he said thickly. She'd switched flights, that was all.

"You don't sound too cheerful about it."

"It's—" His grip suddenly tightened on the receiver. "I need you, baby," he said, in a harsh and desperate voice. "I need you," he said again, feeling a tremor shake his body. "You don't owe me anything. It's the other way around. And I can't pay you back. Ever. But let me see you before you go."

She didn't answer him for a moment. Then she said unsteadily, "I thought we'd been over everything important, but—I could be wrong. Do you remember that bar on Seventieth? Ricardo's?"

"Yes, sure." He stood, breathing as if he had run a race. "I can be there in ten minutes."

"I'll be waiting for you," she said, in a voice so low that he barely heard the words.

Retnick went down the hall to the doorway, and Mrs. Cara smiled at him and said, "You going out?"

"Yes, I've got to," he said, hardly conscious of her presence.

"You're not coming back?"

"I don't know. I hope not." Then he became aware of her smile. "I guess you understand," he said.

"You go home," she said.

Retnick opened the door and went quickly down to the street. Turning up his collar, he started for the avenue where he knew he could find a cab. And then he began to run.

—WILLIAM P. MCGIVERN

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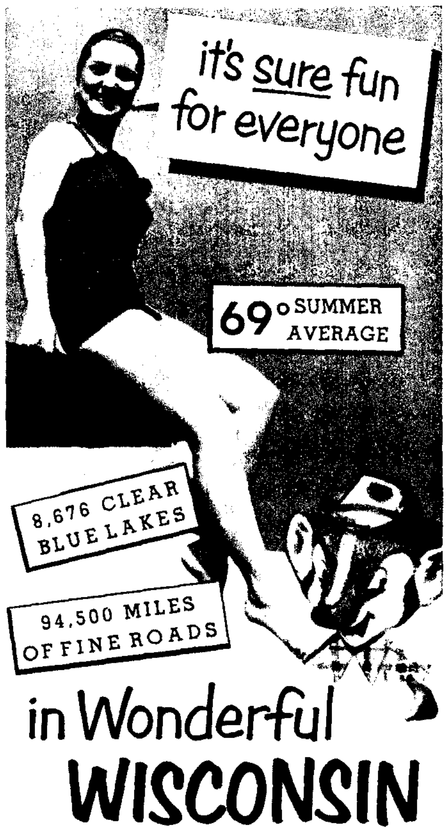

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CHILD GUIDANCE-*and*

There are two types of children, says a top TV comic. We used to call them "male" a

YOU may wonder how it is that a fellow like me is going around telling other people how to raise children. Do you wonder? Sure you do. You're saying: How come a fellow like that George Gobel figures he knows so much about children that he sets himself up as another Benjamin Spock, or an Arnold Gesell, or a Salvador Dali? Well, I don't claim to be an authority. It's just that I've been through the mill. I started in on the ground floor—as a child. Since then I've become a parent. Thrice over. Gregg is nine, Georgia four, Leslie one. That makes fourteen. At least, that's the way it seems most of the time.

But don't get the idea I don't like children. I like children. Especially in the summer . . . when they're away at camp. Or in the winter . . . when they're away at school. Or between the dark and the daylight when the night is beginning to lower, when there's a pause in the day's occupation that is known as bedtime. And that's when children are really a joy. When they're in bed. Asleep. Oh, I tell you true . . . it takes a heap o' sleepin' to make a pappy happy.

I'll say this: Being a successful parent isn't easy. It requires nerves of steel, the patience of a saint . . . and a strong right hand (or left hand, as the case may be). In fact, if you have a strong right hand you don't hardly need anything else. But I'm just fooling. Violence only begets violence and besides, there are books that teach you how to be a parent scientifically. Like, The Child from One to Five, The Child from Five to Ten, The Child from Ten to Midnight. There's also How to Tell Your Children Apart, Siblings Who Cannot Pronounce the Sibilant S, and, of course, the well-known *Der Wurst Zerschmettern Unter Dem Zieklein,* by Willie Rindfleisch.

But child training today isn't what it was yesterday. For one thing, the children are different. They're older. And child-training methods are different, too. They're newer. The reason I happen to know this is that I've done quite a bit of research on the subject. You see, I'm what is known as a self-read man . . . if I do say so myself, and I often do. Say so, that is.

Why I happen to be such a heavy reader is on account of my wife, Alice. She's all the time giving me books on child training. She used to give me books on child training even before we had children. In fact, she gave me so many books we had to have three children to use up the different theories I'd read about.

You see, there are so many theories today on how to raise your children that sometimes it gets a little confusing. For example, some experts say that when a child cries the best thing to do is let him cry. Some say the best thing to do is pick him up. Others say the best thing to do is drop him. I've got a brother-in-law who's got a kinda interesting idea on the subject. When his kid cries, he just stuffs him into a laundry bag. I'll admit this is a tricky operation. For example, one time his wife sent out the laundry and clean forgot the boy was inside the bag. When the laundry came back, the kid was fluffy dry and ready to iron. But he was a good little fellow after that, believe thee me. See, it was a wet-wash bundle and the laundry had taken all the starch out of him.

Georgia Gobel, 4, is no extrovert. She never has told off-color stories or smoked cigars

I don't want you to get the idea that I believe in using harsh methods in raising children. But, by the same token, I think modern techniques sometimes go too far. Like, take free expression in those progressive nurseries. It's just like anything else that's free: someone has to pay. Usually it's the parent. See, the teacher has been professionally trained. She's had courses in child psychology, rhythm bands, jujitsu and, of course, she has special equipment. Like shin guards.

But at home, free expression is a house of another color—as I discovered one Sunday when I gave the children a box of finger paints and told them to express themselves freely. See, what I thought they were going to do was paint one another's fingers. They began innocently enough, painting the wallpaper in their bedrooms. Then they went on to my bedroom. And that wasn't so bad. The clincher was when they got into my suit closet and proceeded to paint all my suits. And it's not that some of them didn't need it. In fact, some of them looked better. But there were a few treasured items that suffered in the translation. Like my Tattersall vest, which now has chartreuse pin stripes on a field of shocking pink.

How did I handle the situation? Very simply. What I did was to call all three into the den to mete out justice. I asked Leslie, aged one (who looked ravishing in her shocking-pink diaper on a field of chartreuse flesh)—I said, "Leslie," I said, "who is responsible for this carnage?"

"Ka-ka-ka-ka," responded Leslie. She always tells the truth.

So I ordered her to her room, and turned to Georgia, aged four. She had painted only her fingernails. "Who's responsible for this carnage?" I demanded, leveling a stern, unpainted finger at her.

"Ka-ka-ka-ka," she responded quickly.

"What do you mean, 'Ka-ka-ka-ka'?" I said. "You can talk better than that. Go to your room."

"I don't have one, Daddy."

"That's no excuse," I said. "Go make one." And Georgia scampered obediently out of the room.

That left Gregg, who was obviously guilty. All this time, unnoticed by me, he had been standing in a corner, casually painting a casual chair.

"Gregg," I inquired casually. "Whatever are you doing?"

"I'm doing what you said, Pop. I'm expressing myself freely."

Now you would think that under these circumstances I would have lost my temper, wouldn't you? Sure you would. But that's the worst thing you can do. Giving way to anger doesn't get to the root of the problem. What it does is, it makes you mad. So I calmly took Gregg aside, spoke to him in a quiet, friendly voice, probed patiently into the frustrations of his little soul, listened tolerantly to all the boring details of a marble game that had ended badly and deduced the fundamental cause of his little indiscretion. Then I whacked him.

I don't know if this is recommended by those fellows up at that Yale school. That's where they get all these children together behind glass walls and observe their behavior. I sort of tried that with Gregg, once. Of course, I didn't have a full glass wall, but I did have a large magnifying glass which I held between him and the sun. Boy, did he jump!

Today everything is scientific. Before a parent makes a move, he's got to check his reference

Extroverted? Leslie, 1, is so outgoing, says the author, that sometimes she's gone for days

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL AND MARTIN HARRIS

all like that

By
GEORGE
GOBEL

made," but [illegible] technology they got a little dull

Indian Guide Gregg Gobel, nine, son of child guide George Gobel, thirty-four

"My wife, Alice," says Gobel, "is all the time giving me books on child training. We had to have three children to use up the different theories I had read about"

books. When I was a boy, parents had a different attitude toward children. Things weren't so organized. What I mean is, parents didn't take part in . . . well, they didn't interfere with the children's fun. They allowed the kids to grow up unregulated—but happy.

Now everything's organized, from the cradle to Eagle Scouthood. There's Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Sea Scouts; there's Indian Guides, Cub Scouts and Wolf Packs and there's Camp Fire Girls, Brownies and Blue Birds.

These activities are for the children. At least, that's the idea. But it takes parents to run these organizations. In fact, statistics show us that it takes the combined efforts of two and one half parents 24 hours to keep one child active for three minutes.

See, for every den there must be a den mother. Me, I'm a den father. Well, not exactly a den father. My son Gregg is an Indian Guide—which makes me not a den father but a kind of Great White Father, I guess.

And it's interesting how it happened, too. You see, one night Alice turned to me and said, "Don't you think it would be nice if Gregg were an Indian Guide?" Well, I couldn't get too hopped up about that because I don't figure there's too much of a future for Indians in this country. But to humor her I told her I thought it was a great idea. Of course, at the time I didn't know that his being an Indian Guide made me one, too.

In fact, I didn't find out about that until the first powwow. I'd come home tired and all I wanted to do was get into bed and get some rest and there at the door was Gregg in full war paint, swinging his tomahawk.

Well, I looked at Alice. "Where's Crazy Horse going?" I asked.

"He's going with you."

"I'm going to bed," I told her.

"No, you're not, George Gobel. You and your son are going to an Indian Guide powwow at Buddy and Charlie Twitchell's."

"Oh no I'm not," I said.

"Oh yes you are," said Alice.

So there you are. And there I was. At the Twitchell Tepee. . . .

The evening began innocently enough, with the rhythmic beating of a tom-tom. It progressed through beadwork, leather-tooling and silversmithing until the high light of the evening—an Indian wrestling match between me and Buddy's father. Charlie Twitchell is five years my junior,

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Among the minny, minny kinds of problem childre

MARTIN HARRIS

The Gobels with son Gregg. On TV, George's wife Alice is portrayed by actress Jeff Donnell. Here she's portrayed by George's wife Alice

60 pounds my senior and, from what I hear, a man with at least one eighth Sioux blood coursing through his veins. Twitch won hands down . . . and I lost face down, *on the rug*.

Of course, winning or losing isn't the important thing. The important thing is how making a fool out of yourself affects your child. I know how it affected Gregg. He not only wouldn't walk home with me that night, but the very next day he packed up his tomahawk, left a white feather on my bed, and moved in with Charlie Twitchell.

Words, Wallops and Wampum

Of course, I straightened out the situation with a few well-chosen words, a few well-aimed cuffs and some hard-earned wampum which I added to his allowance. All of which merely points up the necessity for knowing the type of child your particular children fall into the category of . . . which.

There are two types of children. In the old days you called them "male" and "female." But with advanced technology, this got a little dull. So now the two types are "introvert" and "extrovert." These words don't stand for "boy" and "girl," you understand. It's more confusing than that, even. See, an extrovert is a fellow who strides into a room, slaps you on the back, pumps your hand, tells a loud, off-color joke to your wife, blows cigar smoke into your face, sells you an insurance policy you can't afford, then elbows you aside when he sees someone more important. And an introvert is a fellow the extrovert does all these things *to*.

Now though my little girl Georgia is only four, we could tell at an early age she was no extrovert. She never told any off-color jokes, or smoked cigars . . . What I mean is, she was shy. But not so my younger daughter, Leslie. Leslie is a true extrovert. Talk about outgoing! Leslie is so outgoing that sometimes she's gone for days. I don't know where she goes, but she's sold over $5,000 worth of child endowment policies in the last month.

Actually, she doesn't sell insurance. I just said that for a joke. She's too young to sell insurance. You know that. What she was doing was selling ka-ka's. At least, that's what she told me. She's always telling me that.

To get back to Georgia, though. Up until a few months ago, she was so introverted she stumbled over her own feet. She was lonely, moody, depressed . . . and always hungry. Naturally we were concerned. You know, she had that strange look about her that . . . well, you couldn't help but notice the extent to which this development had . . . She was getting fat; is what she was doing. So we took her to this child-guidance expert. You know—one of those jokers who know *all* the answers. The way he explained it, the child's intensive morbidity patterns had converted themselves into a food-substitution complex. And what that all boiled down to was that since she didn't feel like a part of the crowd, she had decided to make a crowd of herself.

At first I was inclined to disregard this fellow's diagnosis. But that was before I realized how smart he was. It was all the certificates and diplomas on the walls that convinced me. Why, he had more degrees than Fahrenheit had at his height. And what really proved he was smart was that he didn't have any kids of his own.

His solution to Georgia's problem was very interesting. What he did was put her on a week's starvation diet. This so frustrated her that she was transformed from a quiet, brooding child into a loud, nasty one. So I went back to this child-guidance fellow and I said to him, "Look, friend; you have transformed my quiet, brooding child into a loud, nasty one."

He looked up slowly from his Terror Tales Comic Book.

"You say that I have transformed your quiet, brooding child into a loud, nasty one?"

"That's right," I told him.

"And what is your name, sir?"

"Gobel. George Gobel."

"And the patient, sir. What is her name?"

"Georgia. Georgia Gobel."

"Ah-ha," he chortled gleefully. "Then you were expecting a boy."

"Noooo," I answered, chortling right back at him. "*I* wasn't expecting. See, it was my wife Alice who—"

"*Mister* Gobel," he interrupted me, "you're not co-operating with us." (You notice how these jokers always try to make you feel outnumbered?)

"Look, friend," I said. "*I'm* co-operating. It's my little girl who's not co-operating. She's loud and . . ."

"Naturally, Mr. Gobel. She's merely going through a phase."

"I know that," I said. "But does she have to be so loud and nasty about it?"

Well, we went round and round on this thing until he got so loud and nasty about it that it was a relief to get back to Georgia. And I might say that she's perfectly all right now. All I did was tell her we were never going back to the child-guidance expert. Now she's her old quiet, brooding self. A little fat, but *very* quiet.

One thing cannot be overemphasized. And that is how important it is for your child to have a healthy start in life. A successful birth is a good beginning. Then the right pediatrician. Don't rely on the recommendations of friends and relatives. Choose your doctor from among the yellow pages of the telephone book. If possible, pick a doctor with three middle initials, like the fellow we once picked. His name was Clarence N. M. I. Bodenheim. See, what we were looking for was a genuine family doctor . . . and you just can't hardly get that kind no more. But Dr. Bodenheim turned out to be one of those lovable, old-fashioned, horse-and-buggy doctors. He didn't know much about humans . . . or even buggies, for that matter. But he was real good on horses.

Physical well-being is only the beginning. Even when your children have good health, you sometimes have other problems. Like the problem of the only child. This is very much like the problem of people who have one car and a two-car garage. There's a vacuum that has to be filled. I know one family that had both problems: an only child *and* an only car. They solved it by putting the child into the garage with the car. The kid's perfectly adjusted. Happy, happy, happy all the livelong day. There's only one trouble: the car is so jealous that it has developed a rejection complex and leaky radiator.

Big Families Divide into Gangs

Having an only child is ideal, because there are as many problems as there are children—though there is an advantage to big families, too. The advantage to big families is that they eliminate individual rivalry. And that's a step in the right direction. What happens is, the kids divide themselves into gangs. This teaches group co-operation, leadership, obedience, mugging, sandbagging, knifing and minny, minny other social graces necessary for living in this highly competitive society.

But what we are looking for is the well-balanced family, large or small. Projects bring the family closer together. Like, you might collect leaves and place them in a scrapbook. Or try building a new retaining wall; now, there's something the whole family can do. Have Junior carry stones; let Sister wield the trowel; let Mom operate the plumb line. Tell Dad to pour the mortar. This gives the family a sense of oneness. What I mean is, it kind of cements them together.

re the nail-biters, nursery-fighters and wall-writers

One of the nicest family projects is some form of musical participation. Like, in our house we have a family orchestra. Everyone plays an instrument. I know there's nothing especially new about family orchestras. But I think the Gobel orchestra is unusual in this respect: all of us play electric guitars. Except my mother-in-law. She plays the bass drum. I'll admit you can't get much variety from five electric guitars and a bass drum, but what you lose in variety you more than make up in volume. Much more. The important thing is that you give the child an avenue of expression.

Of course, in the case of our orchestra, an avenue of escape might be more appropriate. But that's another problem (the neighbors').

Or Build Your Own Cathedral?

For those not musically inclined, another interesting family project is building full-sized replicas of the great cathedrals. This is not only enjoyable, it is also educational. It gives the children an appreciation of art, history and gargoyles. (I think they're nice.) Of course, not all families can do this. It takes special qualifications. The ideal group is a loosely knit family of gifted artisans with a large back yard, plenty of time on their hands, a small stone chisel and a mallet.

Another activity that brings the family close together is that ancient American social custom known as the Sunday drive. This consists of waking at an indecent hour in the morning, packing enormous quantities of food, clothing and pablum, chucking the golf game you've been planning all week and arbitrating a dispute between two of the children as to who will sit in the front seat. Once everyone is crowded into the car, the question of destination arises. So I ask, "Where shall we go?"

And Alice will say, "Anywhere. It doesn't matter."

So I say, "Okay, we'll go to Turkey Foot Lake."

And Alice will say, "No."

"How about the Tohachee Indian Village?"

And Alice just says, "George, don't be silly."

"Then let's try Lagree's Kiddyland."

"Too crowded," says Alice. "And besides, it's dangerous."

"But you promised you'd take us," whines Gregg.

Then Georgia starts to cry, my mother-in-law begins pouting loudly in one corner, Gregg yells for a sandwich, Alice yells at Gregg . . . and the baby launches into that special wail which means her diaper has to be changed.

There are times, of course, when these trips actually do get under way. Then I feel like a good father. The children get to see long, endless miles of scenery through long, endless miles of car sickness. Everyone gets to eat dry peanut-butter sandwiches and spill cold drinks into their laps. You see so many ice-cream stands that the kids set up a clamor for cones. Whereupon you agree . . . and for the next 50 miles not a solitary ice-cream stand appears on the horizon. By the time you arrive at your destination, you are disgusted, frustrated and exhausted . . . and envious of all the bad fathers asleep at home under the sports pages of the Sunday newspaper.

If this seems like a grim picture, be comforted. There are rewarding moments. Like on the way home, after two near collisions, a dozen hairpin turns and three poorly marked detours . . . after you have been jammed bumper-to-bumper with 50,000 other good fathers, you come within sight of home . . . and *then* the children drop off to sleep. It's at such tender moments that a man begins to realize what he has. I'll look at Alice, and she'll look at me, and I'll look at her again and she'll look at me again . . . and she'll say: "Honey."

And I'll turn and say: "What?"

And she'll say: "Watch it, buster. You better keep your eye on the road."

But the Sunday drive is not the problem it used to be. Most kids would rather stay home and watch television. Now, goodness knows, I've got nothing against television. But there are certain ill effects . . . like, too much television causes eye strain. It keeps the child indoors. It induces him to neglect his homework. And it runs up the electric bill.

Then there are the psychological effects. Like, for a long time Gregg got to believing he was Superman. And we could have handled that too, but he kept switching back and forth between Superman and mild-mannered Clark Kent so much that he developed a very bad case of split personality. And he didn't have too much personality to begin with.

The minute he got home from school he'd dress up. He'd tie his mother's damask tablecloth around his neck for a cape, paint the letter "S" on his sweat shirt with Mercurochrome and filch his mild-mannered Clark Kent glasses from the dresser of fierce-mannered Grandmother Humecke. And what made her fierce was, without her glasses she couldn't watch Superman, hardly.

So I called him in and said sternly, "There will be no more television in this house the rest of the week."

"Grandma's not gonna like that," he warned.

Not wishing to incur the wrath of fierce-mannered Grandmother Humecke I altered my dictum slightly. "In that case," I altered slightly, "*you* will not watch television any more this week."

He pondered this a moment and then asked, "Can I watch the radio?"

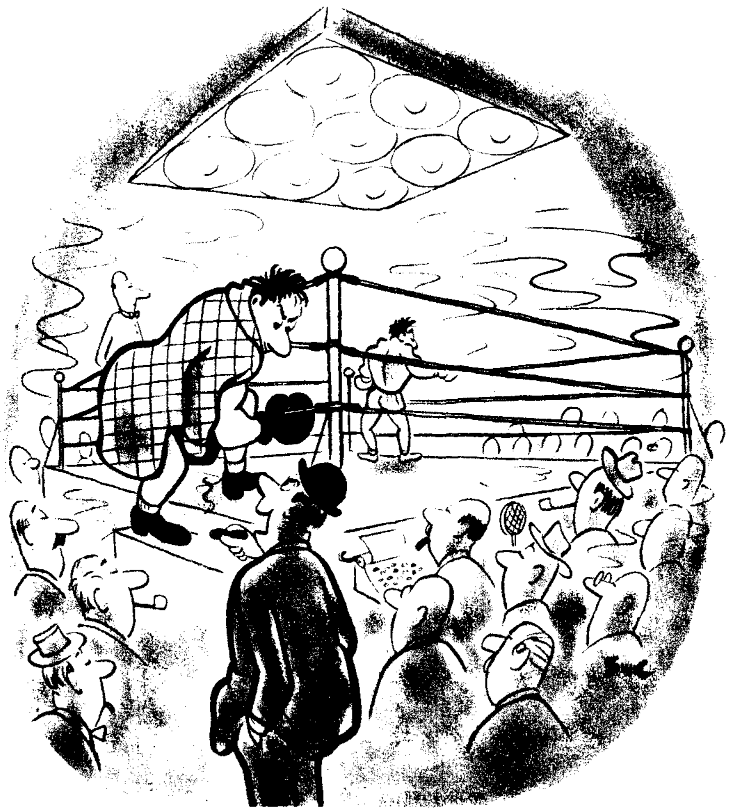
Well, now what are you gonna do? A kid comes up with a silly question like that. Now, how ridiculous can . . .

Although I will say this. We found it to be an interesting change of pace. Now, every Monday night is radio-watching night at the Gobel home. It's restful, easy on the eyes, and besides that, it's a lot less shocking *listening* to your favorite announcer than *seeing* him on television. Haven't you noticed that? Suuure you have.

Too Many Types of Children

Now I don't pretend that in this brief space I've covered all the problems of child training. There are minny, minny others. There is the problem of children who run away from home, children who refuse to run away from home, destructive children, tense children, intense children and drunken children. There are also nail-biters, nursery-fighters, wall-writers, as well as window-ledge walkers, bath-balkers and back-talkers, to say nothing of table-kickers, toe-pickers and finger-lickers.

Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: How come this fellow George Gobel who has so many problems with children *has* any? Well, I'll tell you why. It's because *Alice* likes children. And *I* like Alice. And, to be serious for a moment, I really like children, too. I really do. And you can put this down in your little black book: Old Lonesome George would be a lot more lonesome if he didn't have any. Believe thee me.



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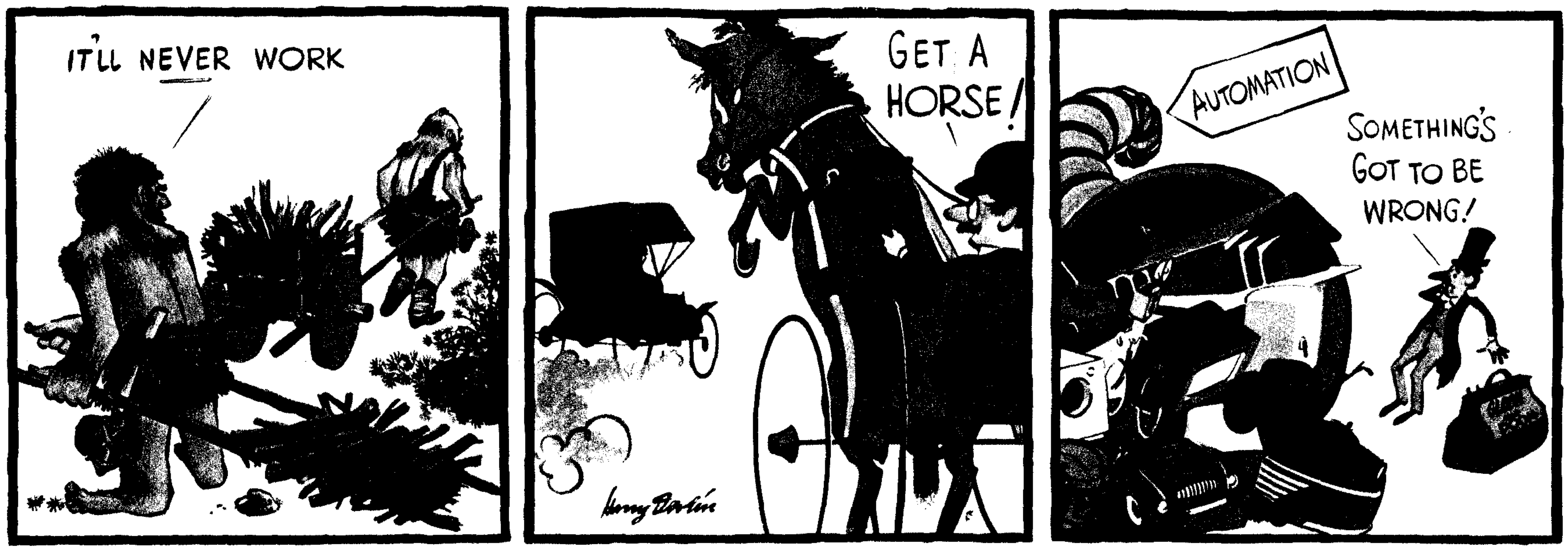
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HARRY DEVLIN

Automation—Friend or Foe?

THE CURRENT TALK about automation and its impact upon the security of American labor has a frantic tone—as though automation were some monster newly turned loose upon the country, threatening to throw millions out of work and wreck the economy.

Automation is big and important, but it is neither new nor evil. It is nothing conjured full-blown out of a magic lamp; it has nothing to do with mechanical men or automatic reasoning machines. Automation is what enables the thermostat to turn off your furnace, what triggers the successive shots of an automatic rifle, what regulates the speed of an ordinary steam engine. It is the process by which a part of the energy output of any operation is fed back in such a way as to regulate the operation.

Automation is not a "second industrial revolution"; applications of the principle, such as James Watt's fly-ball governor for his steam engine, were around long before the industrial revolution began. "Evolution" is a far more accurate term to describe the present burgeoning application of the principle. The industrial revolution placed machines under control of men. Automation, woven into such spectacular developments as electronics and assembly lines, is steadily placing machines under control of themselves.

A century ago men stoned factories because a single machine promised to do the work of a hundred men. Today the doom-criers are trying to spread the same kind of panic because automation is promising machines that will do the work of a thousand, or ten thousand, men.

But the nineteenth-century stone-throwers learned that machines did not create unemployment; they created employment. Machines, they learned, put goods into people's hands at low cost, and demand created more jobs than machines could possibly displace. Machines, taking over more and more of the handwork and backwork, made men's jobs less arduous and more rewarding.

The tremendous impact of technology upon America in this century, in terms of more real wages, more leisure and better living, is amply documented; there is no parallel anywhere for the American way of life we have built with our machines.

Automation promises unimaginably more of the same—and has already begun to deliver it.

Automation has been utilized increasingly in large segments of American industry over the last decade or two. And in that area where it has been applied most intensively—manufacturing—employment has risen three times faster than the nation's population rate. Employment has naturally tapered off in some pursuits, like farming and coal mining (as it would have anyway), but the slack has been taken up with a good deal to spare. Automation has had much to do with taking up the slack—and adding the "to spare." As Benjamin Fairless of U.S. Steel pointed out recently: "In the specialized field of automation itself, the mere manufacture of the necessary instruments of measurement and control has mushroomed into a $3,000,000,000 business which already employs as many men as the auto industry did in the middle 1930s."

The prime mover in this continuing upward spiral is productive efficiency, creating more and better goods, bringing them into reach of more and more buyers.

Automation holds out the sure promise of an era of undreamed-of productive efficiency. It promises to create vast new net wealth—among other things, to enable millions to enjoy earlier retirement, other millions to spend more years at school. Far from threatening widespread unemployment, automation promises not only a greater availability of jobs, but better jobs. These will, increasingly, be jobs calling for those human attributes that automation can never duplicate; jobs calling for judgment and imagination; jobs appropriate to the dignity all men seek.

An unhurried appraisal of automation is vital at this time, when labor leaders in four large American industries are proposing a "guaranteed annual wage" as a bulwark against the fancied wholesale displacement of men by machines. There will be displacements, of course, and labor is right in seeking to cushion the temporary hardships to the maximum practicable degree. Labor also has a right to secure for itself a fair share of the benefits that automation will provide.

But labor also has a duty, to itself and its own long-range interest, to re-examine the word "guaranteed," and discover whether it is not counterfeit in this context. For the guarantee is asked without regard to a company's ability to bear the costs and still make a profit, and no such guarantee can have any meaning. Underlying all that the American economy has been and ever will be—underlying the fact of American productive efficiency—is this freedom to make and sell goods at a profit in the competitive market place. It is the sole guaranty of any worker's security, the one sure road to the richer life ahead.

What Man Can Do

A MEASURE of a man's capacity to overtake his dreams was afforded recently by the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Jules Verne. In the brief time since the passing of the most fertile, unbridled imagination of his time, man has now produced, or is on the way to producing, nearly everything Verne dreamed of—and has topped some of Verne's wildest fantasies.

Stanley Hiller, whose company has just brought the flying saucer from the stratosphere of the imagination to operative reality, expressed in a recent issue of Collier's his faith that "anything man can think of, man can do."

The evidence supporting his estimate is impressive—and immensely challenging. For man can think of something beyond the dreams of Jules Verne, beyond anything science has yet set its hand to. Man can think of building peace.

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